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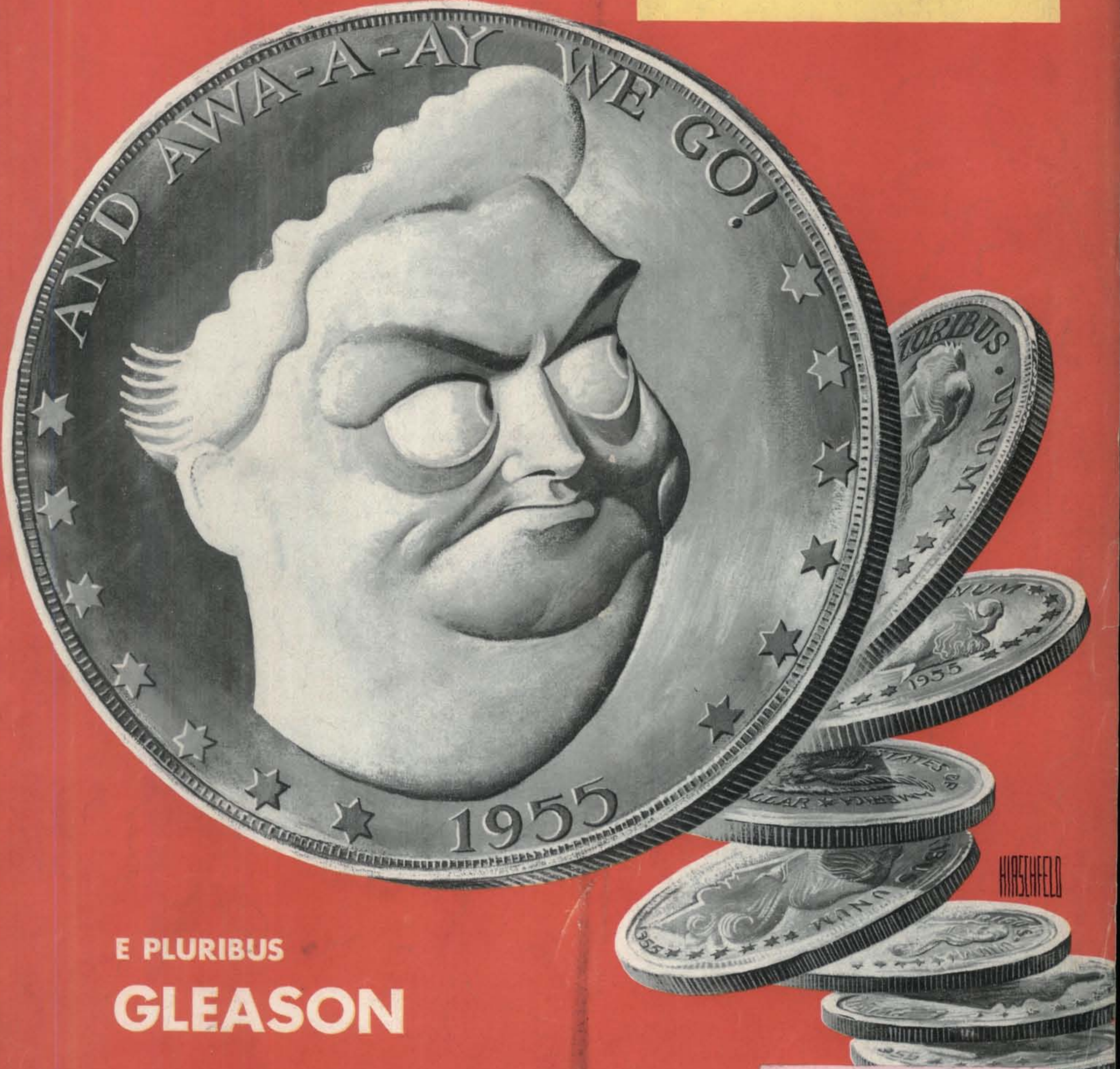
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1955
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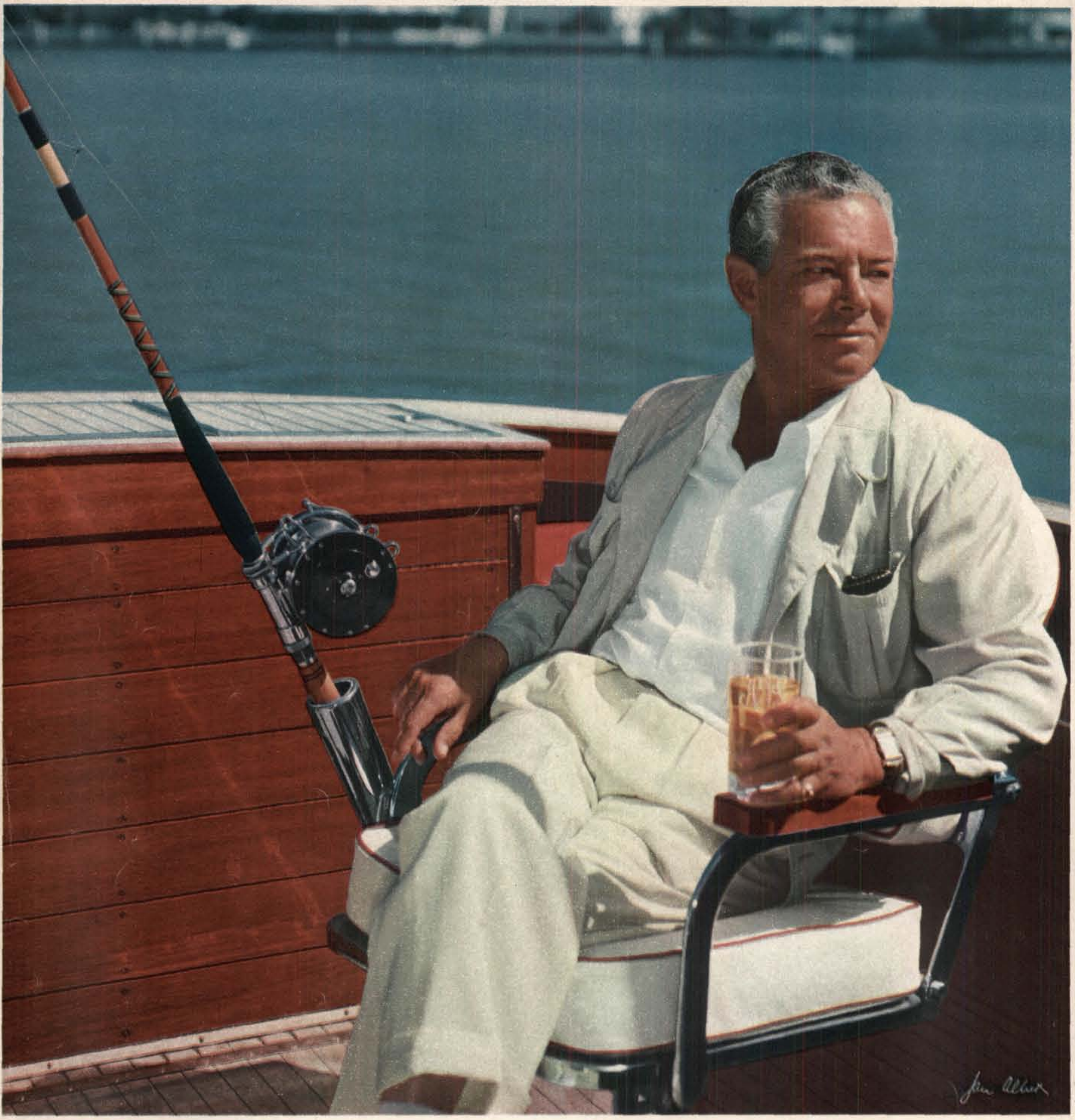

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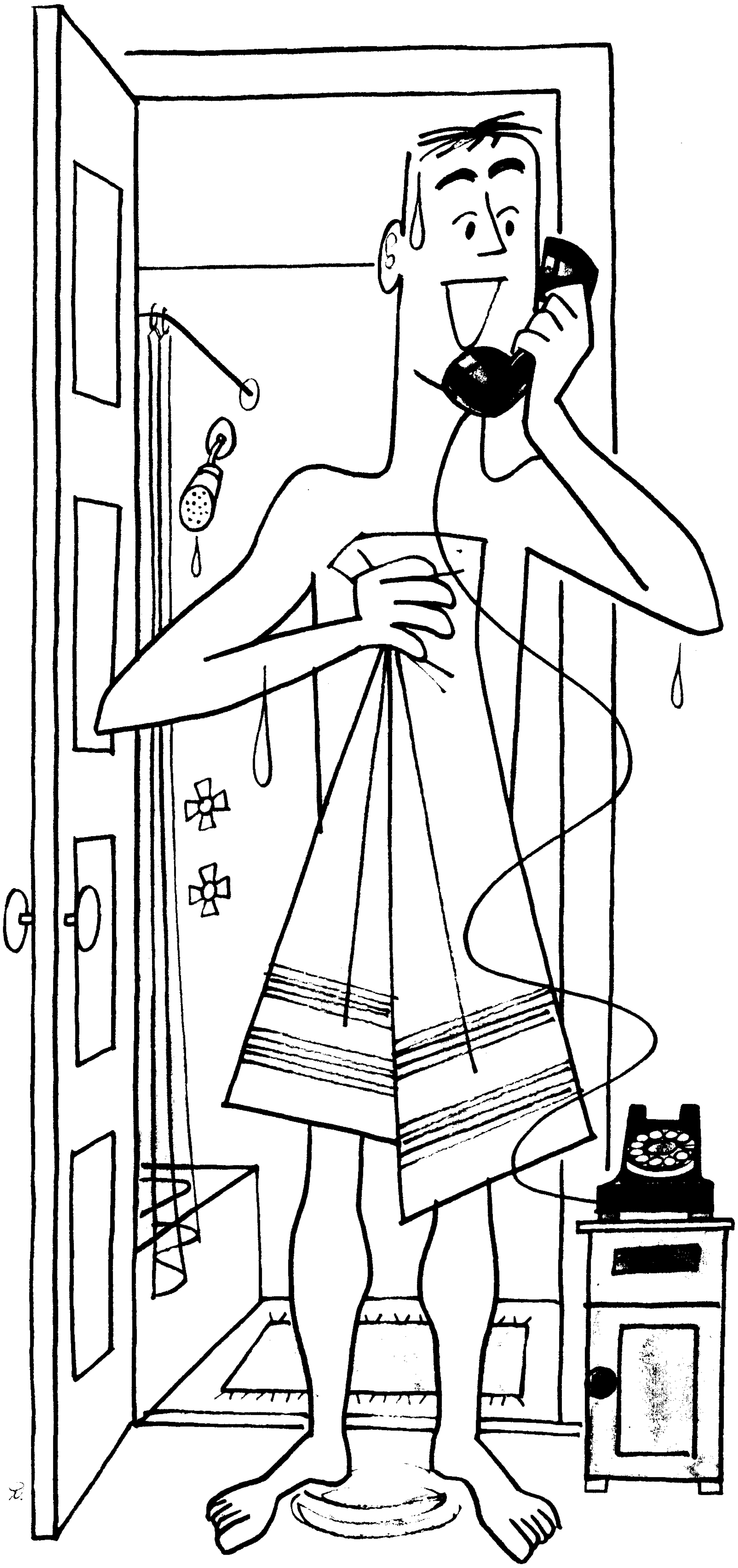

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Collier's

MARCH 18, 1955

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THE COVER . . Al Hirschfeld

The flamboyant pixy shown in the cover painting is, of course, Jackie Gleason, the distinguished television entrepreneur, bus driver, composer and clown—and, according to widely circulated reports, new owner of several million dollars. That there is another side to this coin, however, is explained by writer Michael Drury in a two-part series on the TV performer which begins on page 34 of this issue

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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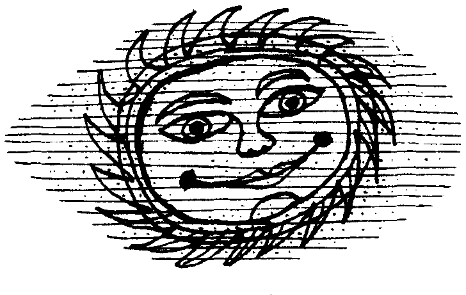
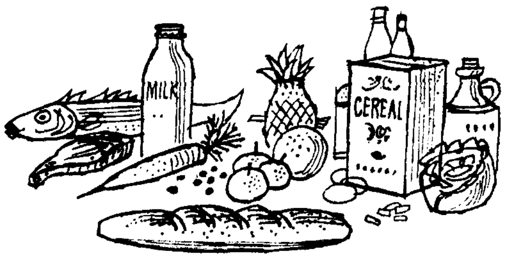
A "primer" of GOOD NUTRITION



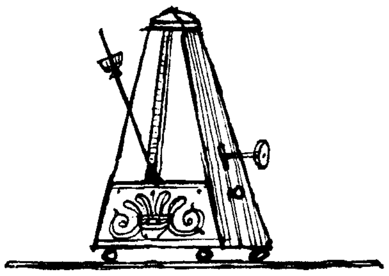
B is for breakfast

A well-balanced breakfast is needed every day, even if one is overweight. After going without food for 12 hours or longer, a hearty breakfast is required to renew energy and sustain efficiency. Breakfast also eliminates mid-morning hunger which causes many people to eat "snacks" or too much lunch. So, always have an adequate breakfast of foods that provide both proteins and calories.



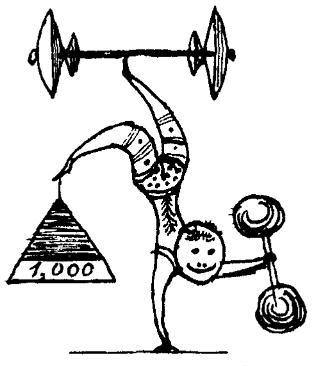
V is for variety

Variety is the most important factor in good nutrition. No single food has any "magic powers" healthwise. So, for good nutrition and good health, select daily meals from a wide variety of vegetables, fruits, milk, meat and cereals. Remember, good nutrition can increase vitality and resistance to disease. It will also help control weight.



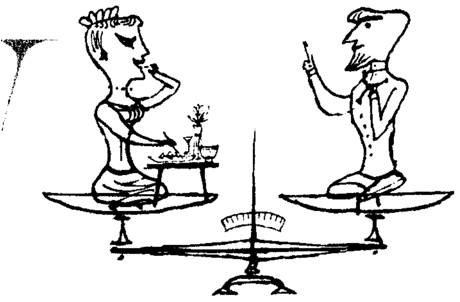
R is for regulator foods

Vital body processes, such as the regular beating of the heart and proper functioning of the thyroid gland, depend upon foods that supply essential vitamins and minerals. Any diet that is well balanced usually provides all the vitamins and minerals necessary to keep body organs working properly.



E is for energy foods

Energy for work, play and all other activities comes from carbohydrates, or those foods which contain sugars, starches and fats. To make the best use of these foods, proteins, vitamins and minerals are also necessary. Energy foods are especially needed for growing, active children and adults who do heavy labor.



W is for weight control

It is best always to eat just enough of the right foods to keep your weight at the level which the doctor recommends. If one tends to put on excess pounds, it is wise to cut down on those foods that are weight producers. These include rich desserts, gravies, sauces and other foods of high-calorie, but little nutritional, value.

P is for protective foods

The most important of these are the proteins. High-quality proteins come from milk, cheeses, meats, fish, fowl and eggs and supply many essential substances for the upkeep and repair of bones, blood, skin and other parts of the body. Proteins also increase resistance to disease.

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A SINGLE SHAMPOOING with new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo will brighten your hair up to 35% ... remove loose dandruff and recondition hair at the same time.

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Only FITCH guarantees cleaner, brighter hair... free of ugly dandruff!

Think of it! Scientific "Reflectance" tests prove new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo brightens hair up to 35%! Yes, brightens hair up to 35%—and it's guaranteed to remove every trace of dandruff too, with just *one* lathering or your money back!

Most amazing, new milder Fitch is so gentle, it's wonderful for baby's hair! So, if you have only used Fitch when you really wanted to get your hair clean—if you thought it was too harsh and strong to use regularly—listen! New milder Fitch is so gentle, so free of bite and sting, you can use it *every* single time you wash your hair!

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What's more, its remarkable reconditioning action leaves hair softer, easier to manage, inclined to wave.

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Also ask for a Fitch shampoo at any Barber or Beauty Shop.

IMPROVE HAIR LOOKS *or money back!*

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

YOU are not going to see many pictures as good as Bad Day at Black Rock. There just haven't been many pictures as good as Bad Day at Black Rock, and mindful of the law of averages, I can predict there won't be many. This is one of the finest motion pictures ever made.

It arrives at a time when I was beginning to believe that the movie industry, characteristically, had spent millions of dollars in the development and exploitation of the new filming processes, and then didn't know what to do with them. But at last at least one man knows what to do with bronchoscope, or whichever process this M-G-M picture employs. John Sturges, who directed Bad Day at Black Rock, demonstrates the proper use of the new device, and demonstrates it from the very first foot of film. His cinematographer, William C. Mellor, and Sturges should get some sort of prize, not an Academy Award, Heaven forbid! Academy Awards have fallen into such disrepute that they have become hardly more than attention-callers—calling attention to the exploitation jobs, successful and unsuccessful, done by the studio tympanists.

Some sort of desk ornament should also be given to the Messrs. Millard Kaufman, Don McGuire and Howard Breslin, among whom the writing credits are split.

As to the acting, well, at least a gold cigarette case to everyone in the cast. Everyone, from Spencer Tracy on. I'm sure Spencer Tracy has a gold cigarette case, but he ought to get a special one for this performance and so ought the other actors, so that in future when Tracy runs into Robert Ryan or Robert Ryan encounters Anne Francis or Anne Francis sees Walter Brennan they can always flash the case at each other, the memento of a professional experience they can all be proud to have shared.

You don't often see the oversigned oversigning a notice as enthusiastic as this one, so maybe it might be a good idea to write about the inside of the picture and suspend this belated valentining.

For the first time in four years the streamliner halts at Black Rock, a hamlet that isn't even a whistle stop. A one-armed man gets off the train—and the suspense begins to build. The inhabitants of this desert patch wonder why he is there and *you* wonder. They are kept wondering; you are kept wondering. You try to get ahead of the script and you decide he is a scientist, something to do with the H-bomb. Or an FBI man. By the time the reason for his being there is doled out to you, you feel no disappointment in having pegged him wrong. Your intelligence and emotions have been handled respectfully, but they have been handled. Sturges and, I suppose, Kaufman have worked on you so artistically, so subtly, that you don't know you've been handled in the skillful way a smart trial lawyer has with a witness, the way the Secret Service has with a White House crowd. You are a victim of suspense, and you are an easy victim because you feel yourself to be not a person in an audience, but a spectator in the action at Black Rock. You feel the heat and aridity of the desert; you want to know what shameful thing is eating the citizens of this town. And above all, you *have* to know what's going to happen.

What does this man Macreedy want? What are the people hiding?

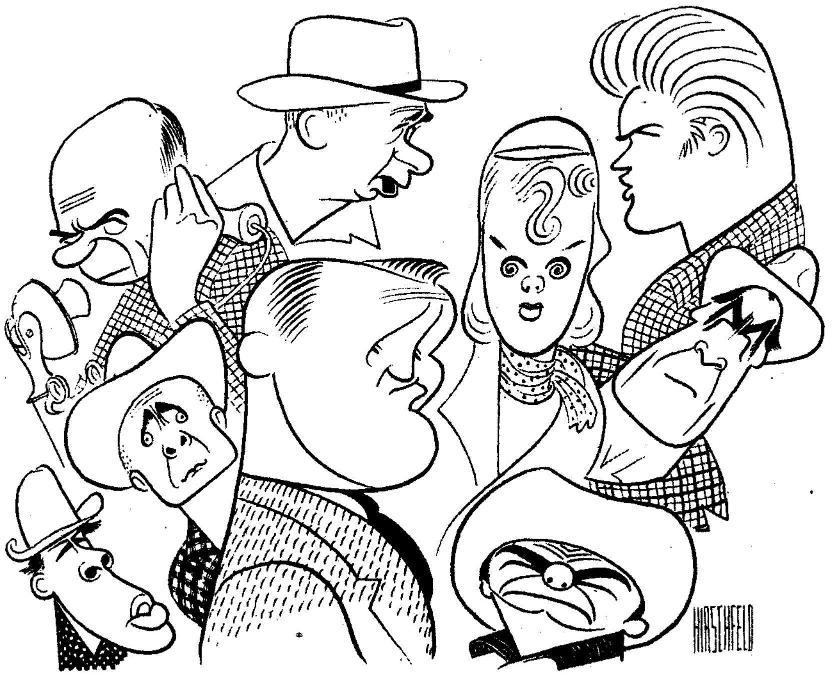
While you are in the theater those two questions become the most important matters in your life, and as you are given the answers you are given them without a phony note. You see one of the greatest fights since Tom Santschi and William Farnum were matched in The Spoilers. You see a Molotov cocktail in civilian use, and you believe that a one-armed man can fight so well, and you believe he would use a Molotov cocktail.

In my various jobs—and they've been various—I've known what it is to enter a small town or a big-city neighborhood where the hostility is so frightening that it immobilizes you. When the fight starts you try to protect yourself and if you throw a punch it is in desperation, with no hopes of its accomplishing anything. Why do they hate you so?—you ask yourself. That feeling is one thing Bad Day at Black Rock resurrected for me; and if you've never had the feeling, you'll get a hint of it at Bad Day at Black Rock. An actor named Lee Marvin will give you that hint, playing the kind of small-town lout that you know you're going to have to fight because he isn't going to let you get away without fighting. By the time he gets his head bashed in, you hate him so that you wish you could supply a supererogatory kick in the face.

I want to get everybody's name in this piece: Dean Jagger as the ineffectual sheriff; Ernest Borgnine as the creep who gets a beating from Tracy; John Ericson as the sycophantic hotel clerk; Russell Collins as the stationmaster. What I want to do is to communicate some of my own enthusiasm for this picture, so that it will help to make the picture a financial success and maybe convince those Hollywood junk dealers that the good ones pay off too.

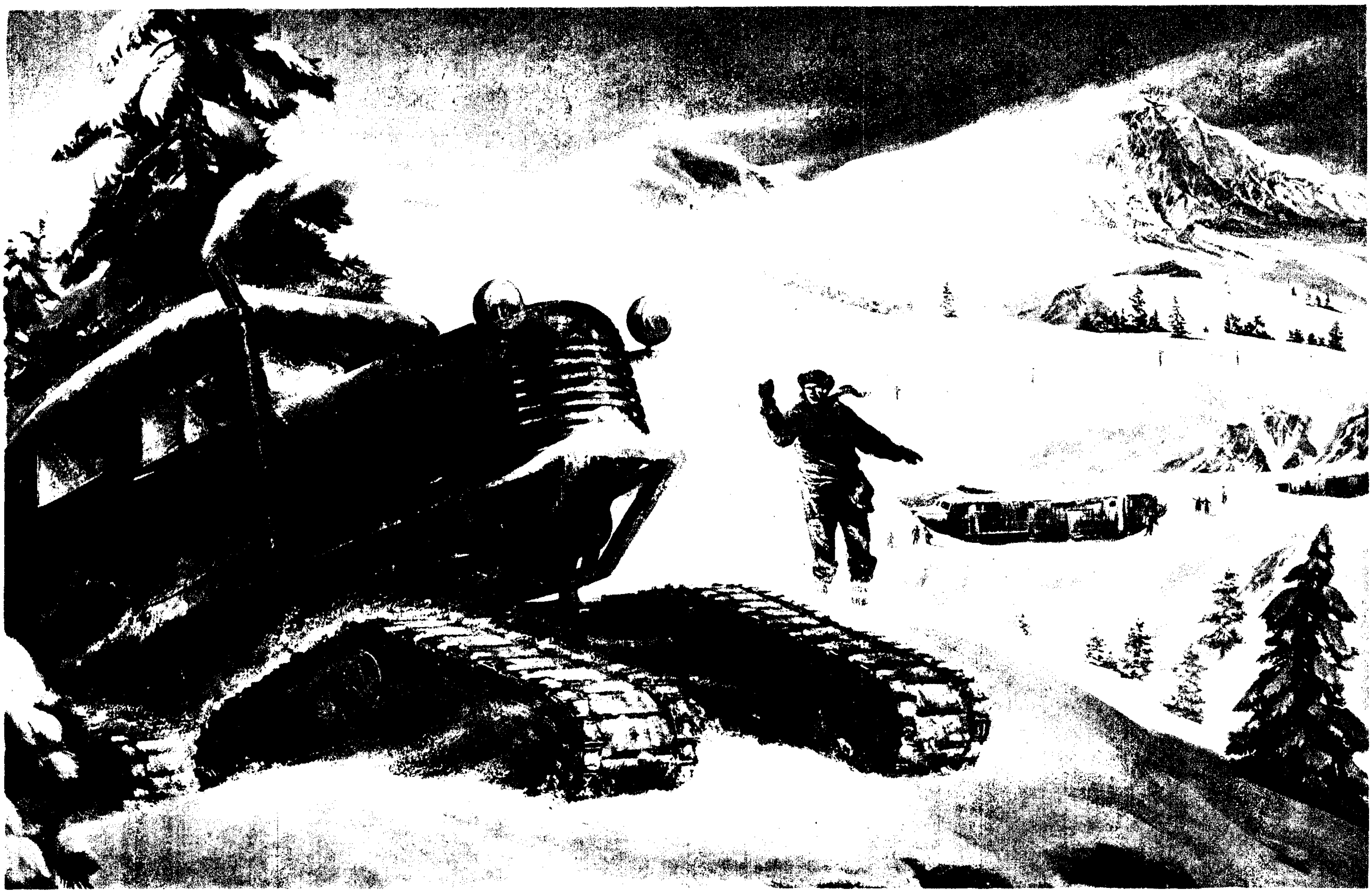
★ ★ ★

THE QUALITY of writing in the Soviet Union is "mediocre," and that judgment is not mine, or



AL HIRSCHFELD

You won't see many films as good as Bad Day at Black Rock: Spencer Tracy; (clockwise) Lee Marvin, Dean Jagger, Russ Collins, Walter Brennan, Anne Francis, John Ericson, Bob Ryan, Ernest Borgnine



Made for mountain going, this unique machine travels over the snow on pontoons. It glides over deep drifts, crawls up steep side slopes, with ease.

"No snow too deep No road too steep"

for "snow-boat" pontoons with Inco Nickel in them

In the high Sierras, the towering Rockies, on New England's winding, wind-swept mountain roads, a howling blizzard can stop most anything that moves.

Anything but this blizzard-blitzing "snow-boat!"

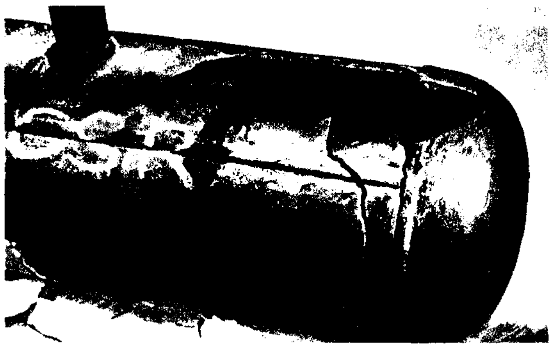
This unique machine, developed in the Northwest, slides swiftly over the snow on broad pontoon type runners. Propelled by cleated tracks, these pontoons take the deepest drifts, the steepest slopes, in stride.

As you might expect, there's Inco Nickel in them. It's in the pontoon bottoms, the smooth, rugged stainless steel sliding surfaces.

Snow, ice, and slush could soon cause these sliding surfaces to corrode or rust. So Inco Nickel is there to check corrosion, to help make these pontoon bottoms dependable and lasting.

Inco Nickel is also there to counteract the strength-sapping effect of the extreme cold. That's why these pontoons have so much resistance to shock and abrasion when sliding over frozen ground and rocks.

Today, Inco Nickel is a metal of many uses. If you want to see how this has come about, write for a free copy of "The Romance of Nickel." The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 43d, New York 5, N. Y.



Sub-zero temperatures can be fatal for metals. At minus 320°F., this is what happened to an ordinary metal vessel, hit by a hammer with 1000 foot-pounds behind it. At the same temperature, a vessel made of steel with Inco Nickel in it withstood blows of 1500 foot-pounds. No fracture, no shattering!

With Inco Nickel in them . . .
metals perform better, longer!

In addition, Inco Nickel often makes metals easier to fabricate. It's used in the stainless steel that goes into the "snow-boat's" pontoon bottoms. As a result, this steel forms and welds easily, is more resistant to corrosion.

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COFFEE

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You smell a fresher aroma
You taste an extra richness

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THE COFFEE THAT TELLS YOU IT'S FRESHER!

Senator McCarthy's, or Norman Thomas', or Allan Dulles'. It is the opinion of Mikhail Sholokhov, author of Quiet Flows the Don, who says it is a calamity, this "gray flood of colorless, mediocre literature that in recent years has been pouring from the pages of our magazines and flooding the book market." (Quiet *flows* the Don, indeed.) Comrade Sholokhov was speaking at the Second All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers, which lasted 10 days.

The easiest thing I do is withhold help or information from the Soviet writers. But I can use their predicament to illustrate certain literary points. Young writing aspirants are always asking me for help in learning the profession, or begging me to assist them in getting jobs. (Two or three of them have even volunteered to take over this delightful job, and so, for that matter, have several writers not so young. But I created this department and I'll remain till I'm fired. Meanwhile, let us return to the comrades.)

Mr. Sholokhov's highly critical speech came at the end of the 10-day convention, and what they haven't learned over there is that 10 days is much too long for a bunch of writers to be together. I can think of cases where 10 minutes would be too long.

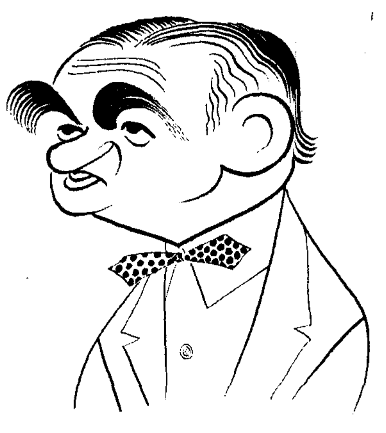
Writers should be independent individuals. I am a union man, but even when we are fighting for higher royalties and better working conditions we ought to do it by mail. Fill the small ballroom of a hotel with writers in convention, and you have a crowd of men and women who are going to get nowhere, who waste their own and your time, and end up hating one another. Gobs of caviar and scoops of vodka are not going to change that. Comrade Sholokhov rises and says in effect, "You are all a bunch of nothings, and I, Sholokhov, have said so." At a New York literary cocktail party he would have been stoned to death with olive pits, but in Moscow he wears the Order of Lenin, and the comrades would no more harm him than the American writers would throw pies at the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club. So it just may be that Sholokhov behaved like a rude bully because the convention lasted too long.

But as to the quality of the writing in the Soviet Union, I have what may be the explanation for its mediocrity. I have heard, and I have read, that everybody is happy in Russia, even the writers, or perhaps especially the writers. I have been informed that a successful Russian writer can make himself a bundle of rubles, sufficient for luxuries. He gets special rates at apartment houses, special food rations, motorcars, etc. They give him a box at the ballet (for me that would be punishment) and allow him to travel more or less at will. But according to some versions, when he travels he sees nothing but happy people, happy, happy people, working on collectivized farms and in the tractor plants and uranium mines. Now what the hell can a writer, particularly a moody Russian writer, do in the midst of such happiness? Practically all good writing is a form of protest. Not all, but practically all. If there is nothing to protest about, as I am told is the case in happy, happy Russia, the quality of the writing is bound to suffer.

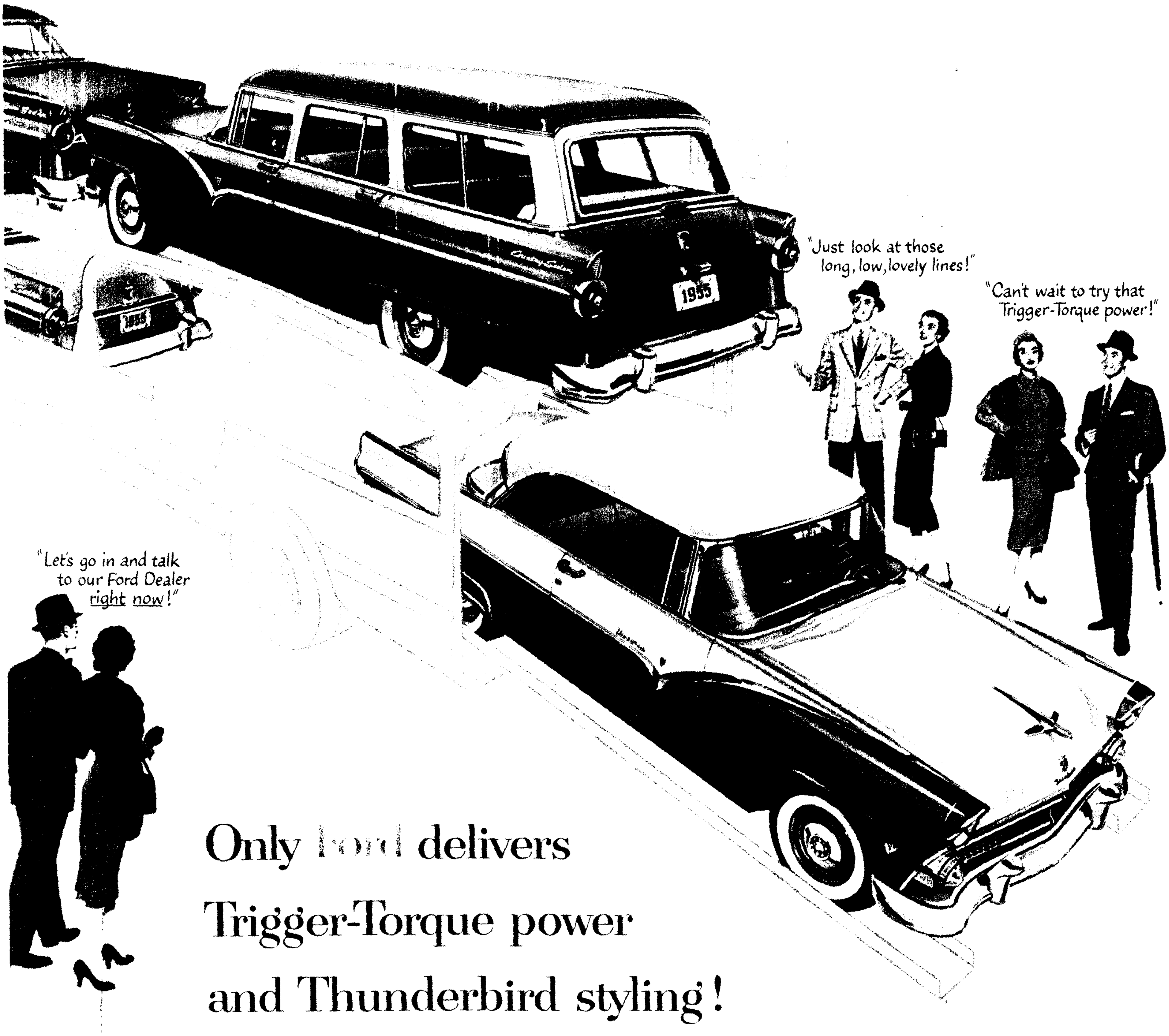
This leads me to some speculation about the future well-being of Comrade Sholokhov. If I understand the Kremlin way of thinking, Sholokhov would do well to put in for an overseas assignment. Someone in the Central Committee may be brooding at this very minute: "Sholokhov is unhappy. Sholokhov is intellectual. Sholokhov is an unhappy intellectual. *Sholokhov is a wrecker!*" In Russia if the right man decides you are a wrecker you're going to have plenty to write about, but I gravely doubt that you're going to have the time to write it.

* * *

THERE MUST BE, or soon will be, people who know the name of Max Liebman but don't know the name Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. Liebman, in case *you* don't recognize his name yet, is the producer of spectaculars on TV, and so far the most spectacular thing about the spectaculars is that they're called spectaculars. I suppose the budget for any one of them is spectacular, but when money is being spent and I'm not getting any of it, my interest is liable to be only slightly more keen than my concentration on the appropriation for the Bureau of Fisheries. What the word spectacular means in my household is, "Oh, heck. No Mr. Peepers." Any program that is responsible for the absence of Wally Cox and Pat Benoit and Georgiann Johnson and Tony Randall and Marion Lorne and Ernest Truex is faced with a resistance movement, and when the substitute is no better than the spectaculars have been, you got double-trouble. When I was a small boy, during World War I, they had a group of speechifiers called Five Minute Men, who used to hold up the movies with short talks about the Liberty Loans. I was a patriotic small boy, but I can remember how irritated I used to be at those men, and all they were doing was delay the show. The spectaculars deprive us of real entertainment while—let's face it—breaking in Steve Allen as an actor. I have nothing against Steve Allen, as the files will show, but I don't want him to learn acting on Mr. Peepers' time. ▲▲▲



Max Liebman is the producer of those spectaculars on television


"Just look at those long, low, lovely lines!"
"Can't wait to try that Trigger-Torque power!"
"Let's go in and talk to our Ford Dealer right now!"
1955
1955

Only Ford delivers Trigger-Torque power and Thunderbird styling!

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• • •

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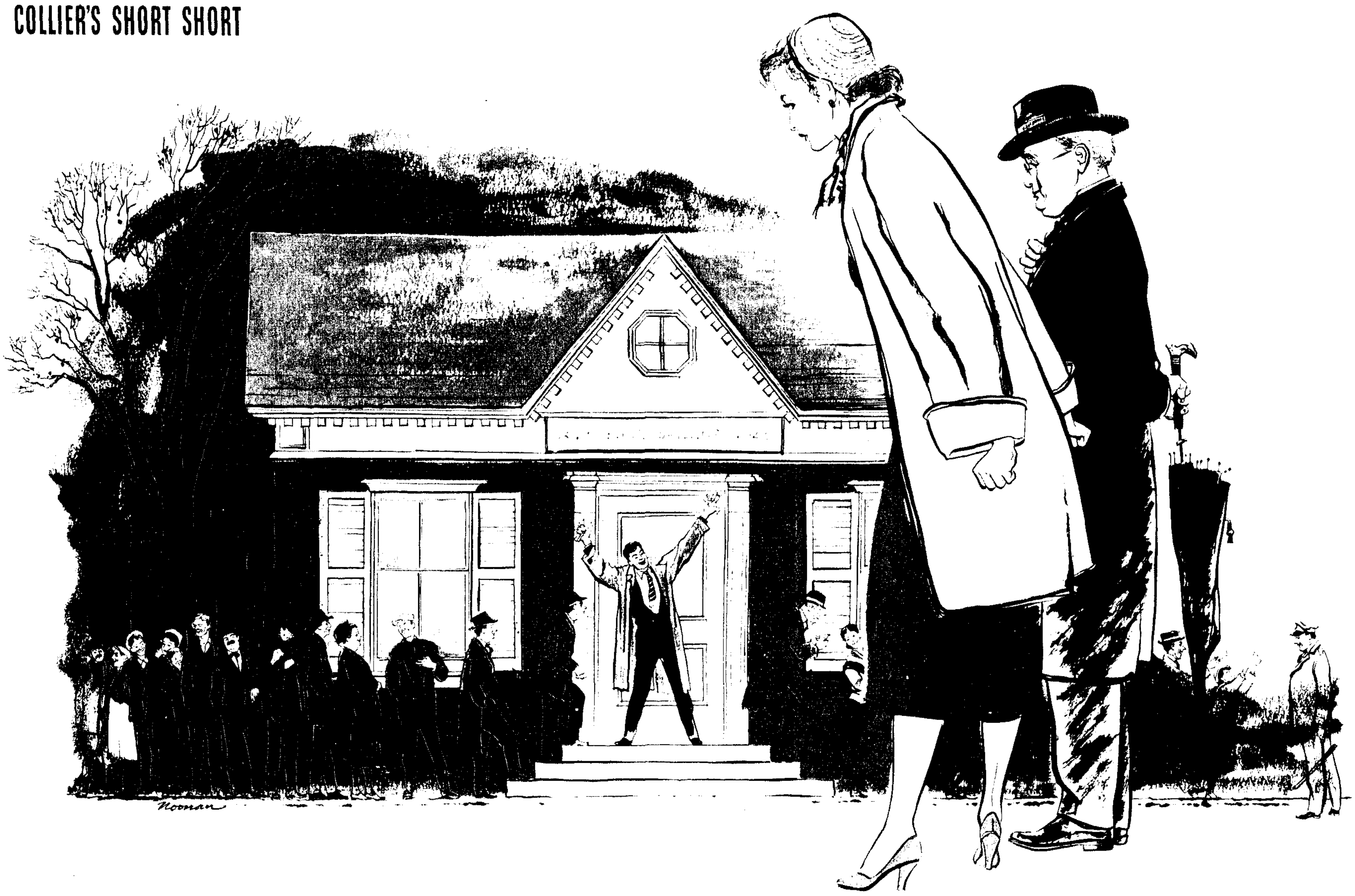
'55 Ford

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT



"It's wicked, Father," Celie cried. "Tim's giving away all our wedding money!"

The Day Dollars Were Free

By JO LUNDY

FATHER TABOR was sorry for both of them—the handsome, pigheaded son of Dennis Bourke and the red-haired, rattlebrained daughter of Giffy Sullivan; and in a way he felt a good bit responsible for their troubles. If he hadn't allowed his anger to overcome his judgment that day more than a year ago, he never would have spoken as he had to Tim Bourke, and Tim Bourke would never have postponed his wedding to Celie Sullivan until he had half a year's pay put by in savings.

He ought to have foreseen that it might end like this, Father Tabor thought—with Tim, grandly drunk at the main doors of the bank, giving away his dollar bills to all who'd take them, and Celie distractedly trying to get somebody, anybody, to stop him before the whole of his two thousand dollars was gone.

"Oh, he'll surely be sorry for this, won't he, Father? Our good wedding money he worked so hard for!" She danced her little high-heeled shoes on the pavement till she sounded like a pony running. "I never thought he'd really do it, Father. Look at the line! There's Mrs. Glynn and Katie Farrell and Bob O'Day—the shame of them, getting up an hour before dawn just to be here waiting when the bank opened. There'll be beer running in rivers tonight, and all bought with my Tim's money!"

The crowd was surprisingly well behaved, Father Tabor noted. With only minimum encouragement and guidance from Officers O'Donnel and Ryan, it had quickly formed a line that entirely circled the block; and nobody seemed to find it at all amiss that those who had already received dollar bills kept right on marching and would eventually be in a position to receive another. After all, Tim wasn't being selective.

"Oh, it's wicked," Celie wept. "It's heartless!" Her hair was bright as sunshine, her tears were bright as rain.

"Who was it," asked Father Tabor sternly, "who told a fine, well-meaning boy that she'd never marry a penny pincher?"

"But my wedding dress is growing yellow with age!" she flashed. She stood on tiptoe, making herself tall so the boy would see her. "Tim! Tim!" she shouted. "Oh, please use the sense you were born with. Think of the honeymoon trip we could have, or the elegant sofa for the parlor!"

It was heart-rending the way he took no notice of her. A lock of his black hair fell down over his black brows, and he pushed it up with the hand holding the greenbacks. The smell of good Irish whisky hung over him, but he was steady on his feet and only sang a bit now and then.

"Good luck to you all," he beamed, and wet his thumb to peel another bill from the great wad. "A fine lot of my neighbors are here, I see, but many a stranger too and all are welcome. Did you know it was to be my wedding day? I wish myself luck too, in that I escaped it."

Father Tabor saw the look on Celie's face and

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*Pronounced Mō-Lay

knew that it was time for him to say a word. "There's no luck bought with stubbornness, Timothy Bourke," he called. "Have a thought for your girl, here; you've punished her enough."

Tim's dark eyes glinted, warm yet hard. "Is it the redhead you're pointing at, Father? But that's Brian Salter's girl, the one he took to the Knights' Carnival week before last. Or maybe she's Danny Riordon's girl; she went with him on the excursion boat—I forget which day."

"And didn't I ask you first if you'd take me?" Celie cried hotly. "Didn't I beg you first? 'I've got my bankbook nearly filled,' you said. 'I'll not start spending all that good money on flimflams and foolishness.' 'Then I'll go with somebody else,' I said, and I did!"

BUT Tim was not listening. "You're heartily welcome, I'm sure," he said and bowed to a little girl in pigtails. "It's a pleasure indeed," he said to a gaunt old lady. "There are some people," he lectured to anybody listening, "who think holy wedlock should be planned for and sacrificed for and entered into soberly and God-fearingly." He almost lost his balance bowing to Mrs. Duffy, but caught himself nobly. "There's others who'd prance into it with their pockets empty."

He gave Bill Kane a greenback and a wink. "Everybody can think what they like about it," he roared happily, "but those that think one way shouldn't wed with them that think the opposite! And a good day to you, Mrs. Delaney."

Father Tabor shifted guiltily. These were his own words coming back to him—the way he'd said them to Tim the day young Mark Haggerty was hauled from the river with only the bare breath of life left, after a terrible quarrel with his wife over money. Father Tabor had been so upset by the trouble that he'd said either too much or too little to a boy already uneasy about marriage.

"Sure, it's true what you're saying, Tim, darling," Celie was coaxing. "I never thought for a minute that we shouldn't have savings. Why, what if I should take sick, the week after we're married? There'd be the doctor and the hospital and all—"

"And how is your mother?" asked Tim of young Sean McMurtry. "Oh, there she is behind you. I couldn't see her at first—you've grown so big. Mrs. McMurtry, will you have a dollar bill?"

"That I will," said the stout woman, smiling. "Wouldn't I be wanting something for nothing?"

Celie was shocked. "There she goes, taking money like any common beggar, and her with a husband pulling down twelve eighty a day! I never thought I'd see my friends taking the very bread from my mouth!" . . .

A man came out of the bank with another parcel of greenbacks for Tim. "Here's the last of it, Mr. Bourke," he said. "And I must say I've never before encountered such foolishness." He gave Father Tabor a withering glance, as if to say that it was a poor shepherd who could manage his flock no better than this, and then he turned and went back into the bank.

"The last of it!" Celie echoed, almost beside herself. "He'll never marry me now." She put a hand to her forehead and rolled up her eyes, and Tim himself was beginning to look a bit green. Two thousand dollars was a fearful lot of money to give away, now that the drink was wearing off. If Celie had held her tongue just then, he might have weakened. But no, she had to choose that moment to remind him of the full solid year she'd waited, with never a movie nor a Saturday dance nor a box of candy to help with the courting; and under the storm of her words, Tim rallied to give out the last of the bills almost as blithely as he had given the first.

It was when he had only a thin sheaf of them left, and Father Tabor's attention was taken by a small man in a plaid coat wanting to know where the end of the line was, that Celie gave a wild shriek of woe and turned and ran blindly out into the street. The fender of a panel truck struck her, and in an instant she was lying there quiet and broken-looking, with her bright hair spread like melted gold on the dark pavement.

A groan from a hundred throats mixed with the screeching of brakes, and then the line bulged and Tim's terrible cry lifted to the heavens. His face was dark with self-hatred as he took her into his arms.

"Celie, Celie, darling," he wailed. "Celie, I never meant for anything to hurt you—"

Celie's eyes opened, closed, and then opened again with wonder and delight. "Do you forgive me, Tim darling? Do you forgive me after all?"

"Do I forgive you! Oh, Celie, my little love, where would you find another such fool as me? Here I've gone and murdered you with my wickedness, while I'd kill any other man that harmed a single hair of your head."

The tears were pouring from his eyes; he was a man stricken to the soul, and if ever Celie could have got the upper hand, then was the time. But instead of taking her advantage, she only wriggled around a bit to get herself closer into his arms and crooned some foolish nonsense into his ear. It was plain to see she was not injured, and very soon the traffic was honking to be let by, and Officers O'Donnel and Ryan were dispersing the crowd.

FATHER TABOR gathered up a dollar or two that had been overlooked in the excitement and thoughtfully trudged away to the side door of the bank, where his good friend Father Lansing of St. Rose Parish waited with the basket. For a minute there, Father Tabor had been more than a little disturbed, but his faith had strengthened when he'd seen Celie open her eyes.

"Did they give you all of it, Father?" he asked.

"Indeed. Father, and a bit over. There was a stranger or two, who had the idea they were giving to the church—I couldn't know what it was that Officers O'Donnel and Ryan had been telling them—but they seemed quite reconciled to giving one of their own dollars, as well as Tim's."

"God's blessing on them," said Father Tabor. "And on the good people of St. Rose Parish, and of my own parish, for their unselfishness."

He closed the basket of greenbacks and gently patted the lid. After Tim and Celie were married they'd have their savings whole again; a bit of worry in the meantime would do them no harm.

"Will you walk into the bank with me, Father?" he asked. —JO LUNDY

IT DARES TO BE DIFFERENT!

(And you'll love it)

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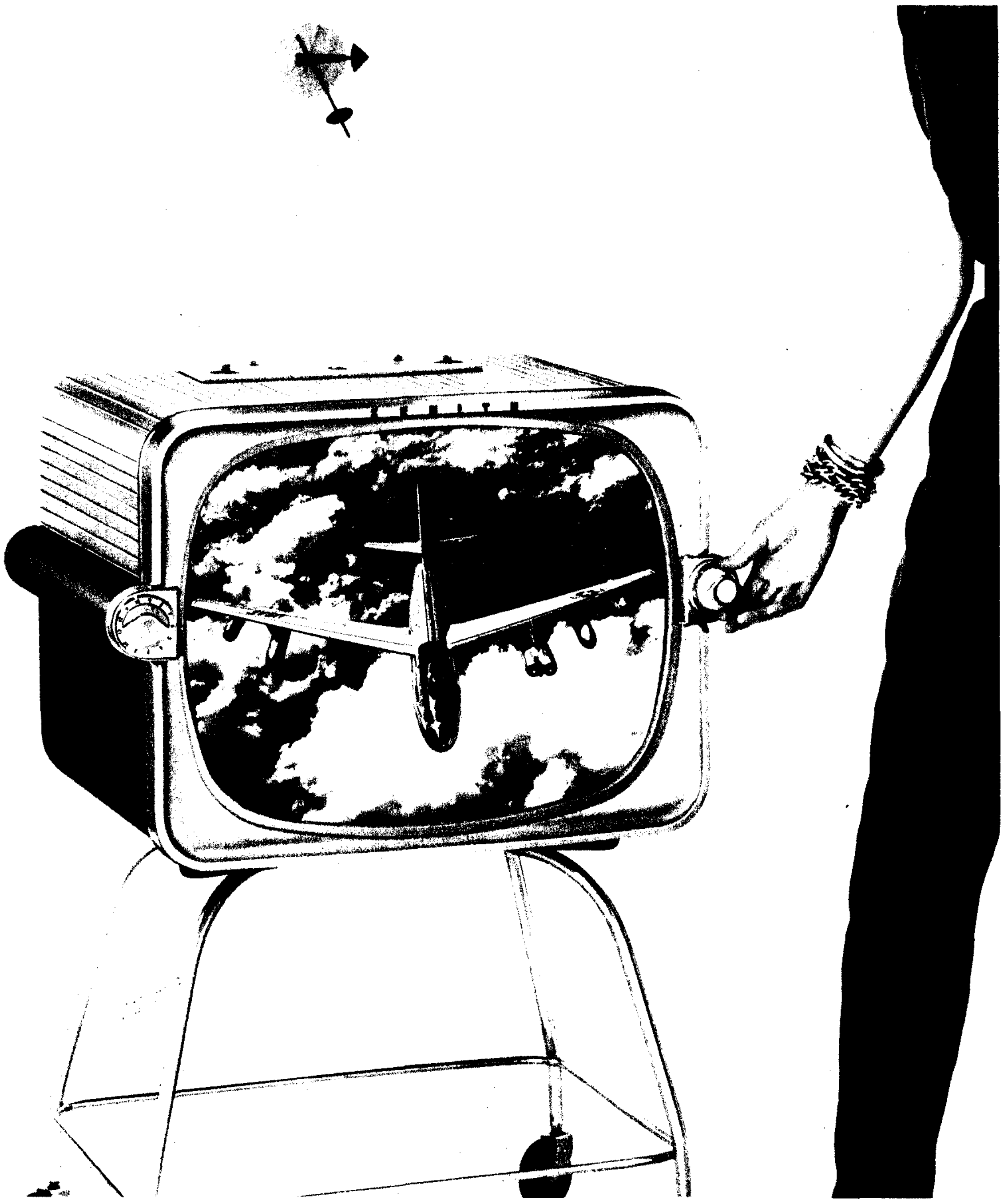

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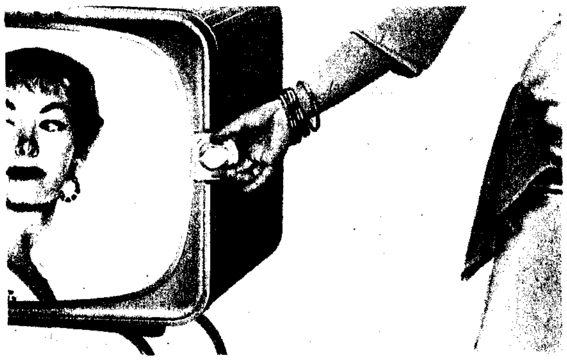

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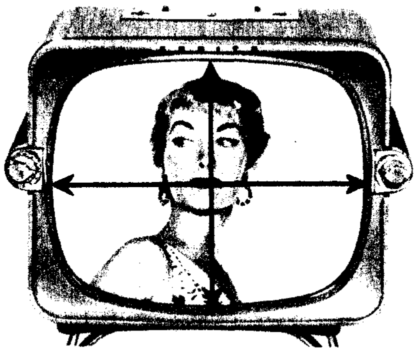

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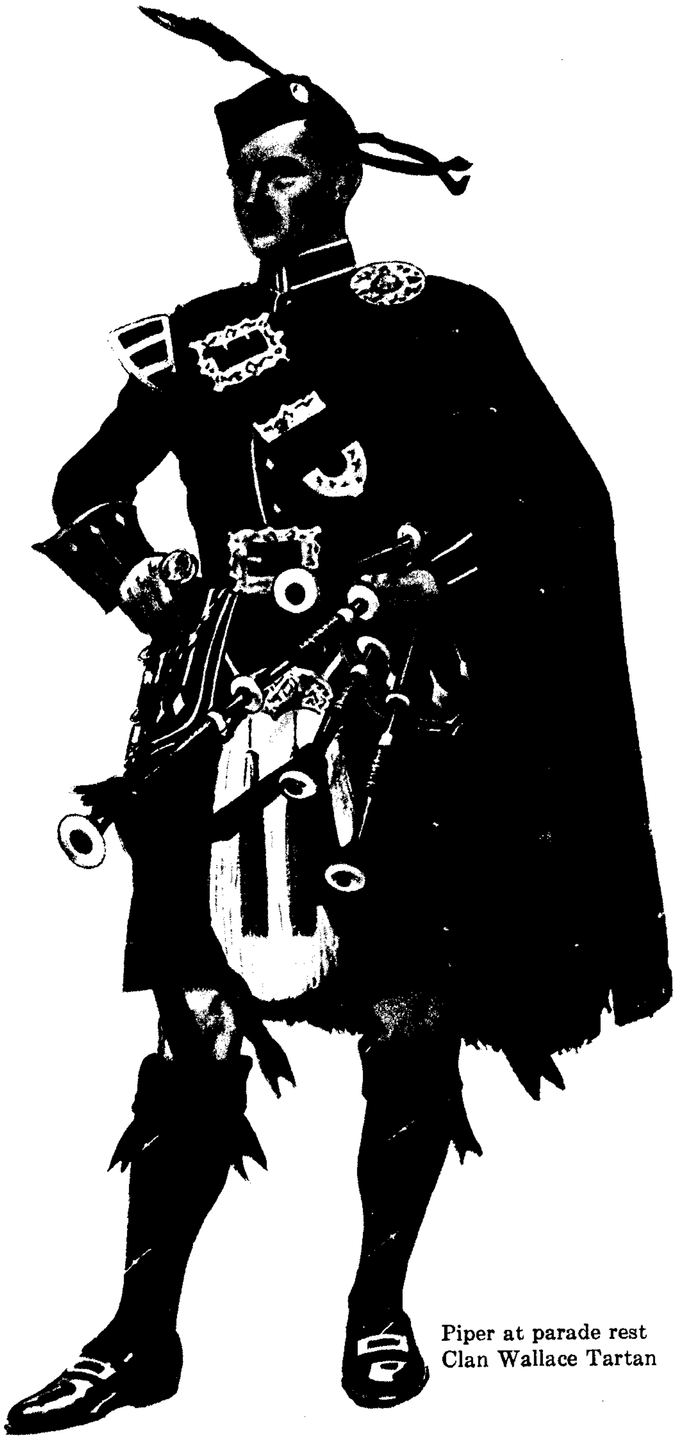

Piper at parade rest
Clan Wallace Tartan

White Label
Blended Scotch Whisky
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Dewar's
Victoria Vat
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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

It was getting cold and dark, and after a tiring day Captain William Paul Babcock was driving home to Nyack, New York. Before his peering eyes loomed a sign on a combination filling station and diner: "Eat Here and Get Gas." So he did.

★ ★ ★

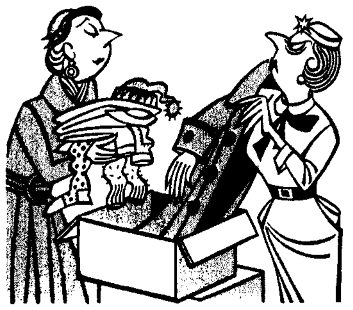
With his customary perseverance old 48 has found the man in Kansas City, Missouri, who regrets the coming of big-league (in a manner of speaking) baseball in that city. Says so many people will be driving in and out of town to see the transplanted Athletics that the state's new and expensive roads will be tired out before their time, thus making it necessary to levy additional taxes on the populace for repairs. His name is Mr. Carl Juliuson and that mirth-provoking pun "tired out" is his, not ours.

★ ★ ★

You lose nothing by skipping this paragraph. It's merely that this gentleman in Concord, New Hampshire, telephoned his Aunt Hattie, a vigorous hypochondriac who, he says, has sent several doctors to early graves. "How are you today?" he asked. "Fine," came the answer. "Sorry," said he, hanging up. "Wrong number."

★ ★ ★

A St. Louis, Missouri, lady we shall not name is no longer speaking to the lady next door. They left home as the best of friends to help other ladies pack a few boxes of clothes for needy Koreans. The boxes had to be packed just so—the best clothing on top and the worst on the bottom. You know—like apples. They were about to go home when the first lady missed her coat. Yes, children, you guessed it. It had been packed by the other lady—on the bottom. And they used to be so fond of each other.



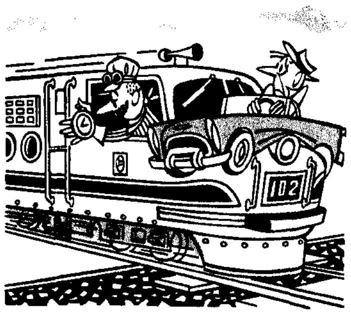
IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

So painlessly that we scarcely noticed it, we got to talking to Mr. Gomer Littvack, who had come East to sell somebody a parcel of North Dakota real estate. He was so worked up about things, we couldn't learn the location of the land he was hawking. "Take Honduras, for example," cried Mr. Littvack. We nodded. "Honduras," said he, groping hard for self-control, "has forbidden politicians to broadcast by either radio or television. What are we doing while small Latin-American countries are making such fine progress?" Of course, there was more to our conversation, but we've got to hurry along.

★ ★ ★

Due to the all-absorbing eye of Mr. Ray Boden, of Nokomis, Florida, we are able at last to inform you that there is a railroad-crossing sign in that state which warns motorists as follows: "The average time it takes a train to pass this crossing is 10 seconds, whether your car is on it or not."



★ ★ ★

Dr. Charles Foster, professor of English at Grinnell College, Iowa, courageously undertook to define "intellectual" but a gentleman named Mr. Ole Neibert vigorously disagrees. Professor Foster: "An intellectual is an intelligent person who has fallen in love with books and ideas." Mr. Neibert: "An intellectual is a person who has fallen in love with books and himself." (All in favor of dropping the subject right here, please raise hands.)

★ ★ ★

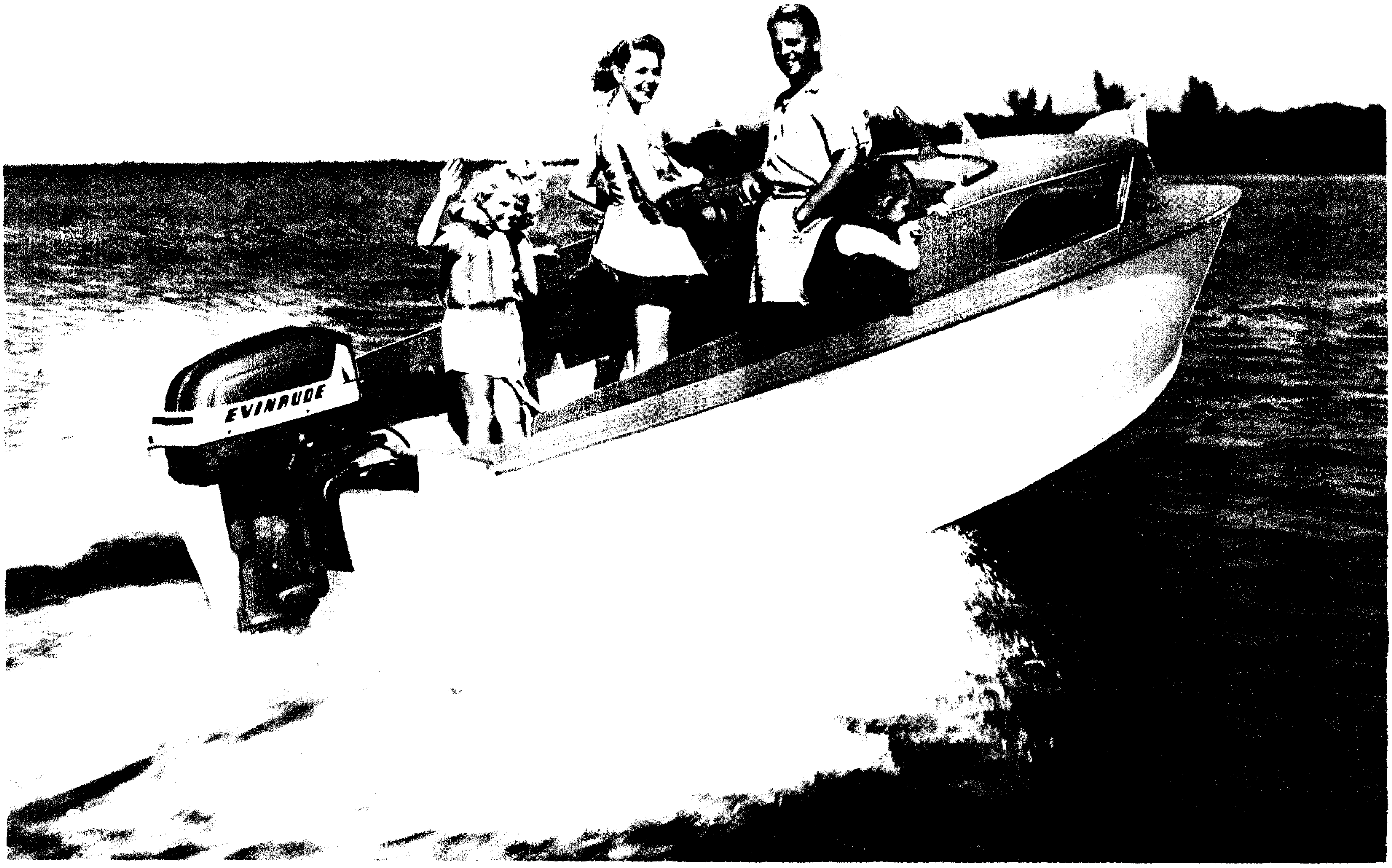
Into the office of the Sabula, Iowa, Gazette strode a man. He was in no mood for peaceful coexistence either, fire in his eyes and a crackle in his heels. Just wanted to announce that he ate better during the depression 25 years ago than today. The editor was much too busy to argue. Just looked up long enough to say: "Why not? You had teeth then."

★ ★ ★

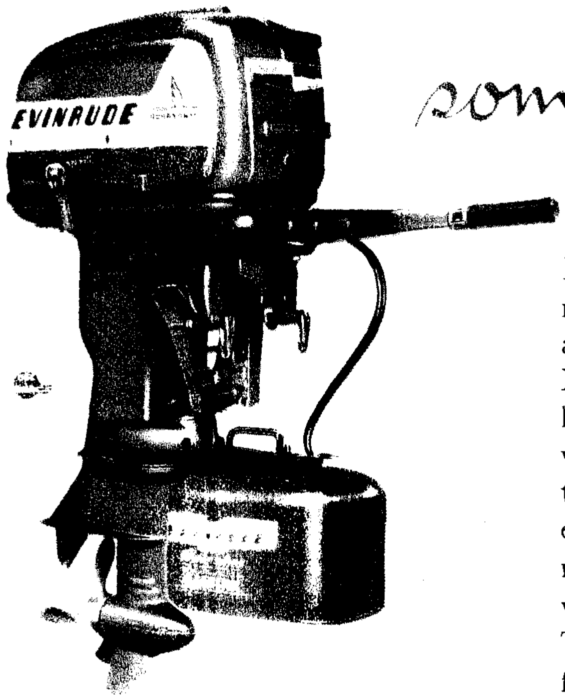
He told his son, a recent graduate of Ann Arbor, Michigan, that things had changed since he had got out of college. "We dads," said he, "were advised to go forth and set the world on fire. We seem to have overdone it. My advice to you is to get busy putting out a lot of fires."

★ ★ ★

Smog talk from a patient sufferer in Los Angeles: "Our air," wheezes Mr. Dick English, "can be inhaled by the more rugged of us without fracturing ribs. It's when you try exhaling that you get stuck." ▲▲▲



some people have the most fun!



ISN'T IT THE TRUTH! Some folks with modest budgets have more fun than millionaires! Boating families particularly — and Evinrude families *most* of all! For Evinrude has brought something entirely new and wonderful to outboard boating...quiet, vibrationless *Whispering Power!* You ride in *quiet*, for engine noises are hushed at their source. You ride in luxury—the luxury of utter *smoothness*—with all vibration isolated from your boat. There's motor car handling ease — and even finger-touch electric starting if you wish!

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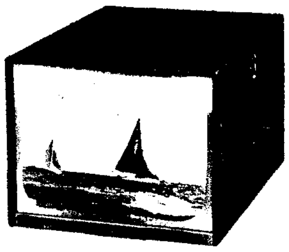

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

TO OUR mind it was a stroke of genius to send Michael Drury to write about Jackie Gleason. For Miss Drury (Mike's a girl) doesn't own a television set and wouldn't have known Jackie Gleason from Lowell Thomas. The result is the most candid and surprising piece about Jackie that you're likely to read in a dog's age. It starts in this issue.

Curious, Collier's Credits prevailed on Mike Drury to let us know how she got along with the big man. Here's what she told us:

"I had never seen so much as a photograph of him before I started this story and the first day I went to rehearsal he was leaning against the stage, silhouetted in the dark theater, with his back to me. I whispered, more loudly than I intended, 'Who is that?', and his amazed production assistant replied, 'Jackie Gleason.'

"Gleason turned and bowed very low from the waist. All I could think of was to ask if he'd play poker with me. From then on, during the weeks I was on the story, I kept him confused by calling him Mr. Gleason (everybody from William S. Paley, boss of CBS, to his office receptionist calls him Jackie). He called me 'Hon' most of the time. The worst thing he ever did to me was to make me go without lunch. I had a midday interview with him and he was on a diet. Sometimes when he diets he just stops eating, and if you're around him during meal hours, you stop eating too. I suppose it was good for what I fondly call my figure; it didn't seem to do much for Gleason's."

* * *

EVANS HARRINGTON, author of the unusual fiction story Jail Break, tells us about himself: "I'm twenty-nine, married, and the father of a seven-year-old daughter. I was born in Alabama but have lived in Mississippi since I was three months old. I was graduated from Mississippi College in 1948, taught high-school English for two years, took a master's degree in English at the University of Mississippi in 1951, and since then have been critic teacher of English and Speech in the university's Laboratory High School.

"When I wrote Jail Break, I knew that it was going to be off-trail: it's about an old man, it has no girl, and it has an unhappy ending, in a way. So I'm very pleased to have it in Collier's the way I saw it."

* * *

THE beautiful but simple hamburger sandwich seen on page 30 is the work of Anton Bruehl, color photographer, and Elise Sticht, home economist. They are both self-effacing about the job, declaring that it's much harder to find a plain hamburger in an eating establishment than it is to cook one up and photograph it.

Bruehl, for example, says, "That hamburger is a lovely object, but not anywhere near as temperamental as tapioca pudding, which has always behaved badly for me in my thirty years of photographing food."

Miss Sticht's specialty is preparing food for people such as Mr. Bruehl. She followed our worth-while recipe for hamburger, but added a couple of professional tricks she wouldn't recommend for the kitchen at home.

"First," she explains, "I took along four times as much chopped chuck as I needed, which is my insurance against mistakes. And secondly, I browned the patty very quickly in a frying pan so that the edges are just the right shade for the color camera. Actually that hamburger is raw inside, so when the picture taking was completed no one grabbed it and ate it, if that's what you were thinking." (We were *really* thinking: Tapioca pudding has a lot of nerve being temperamental.)

* * *

TO US, the most consequential item in Henry La Cossitt's story about Eugene Nida (page 56) is that his young wife, Althea, has traveled with him on his trips to the remotest, wildest parts of the world. She has paddled a dugout in the Gulf of San Blas, walked through Yucatán, ridden through the dangerous Mau Mau country in Africa, and gone through a Pacific typhoon.

More perilous, Mrs. Nida believes, is the exotic food that has confronted her—fried termites in the Congo, for example (Gene ate 'em). Next biggest problem is plumbing, and the Nidas always carry pliers, tape and wire to fix balky bathroom fixtures.

How does a fellow get his wife to go through all this?

Why, it's simple: Nida carries a home permanent. He has done Althea's hair in 39 countries.

* * *

JIM HAGGERTY has written so many (a dozen) articles for us about—or close to—aviation subjects that it's time we told you he's the biggest aviation writer in the business. No one disputes the claim. He weighs 283 pounds.

Seriously, there is more to it than that. During the war Haggerty flew 52 combat missions with the 15th Air Force in Italy, was later assigned to the Pentagon as public-relations officer. He took off the uniform in 1948 and covered aviation for a number of trade publications. Since 1953 he's been on our staff.

Haggerty has flown in more than 100 different types of aircraft, and we'll no doubt send him out in 100 more. With one exception: a jet fighter cockpit is too small for the world's biggest aviation writer. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

GARRY WINOGRAND

Michael Drury shows how she kept Mr. Gleason in a co-operative mood

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
Distilled and Bottled by
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN·KENTUCKY

Pour it proudly, for as the label says:

"There is nothing better in the market"

Prestige. Satisfaction. Years of skill and tradition. A unique rareness of flavor and aroma. These are the qualities that make Old Forester a great bourbon—great to enjoy, great to serve, a compliment everyone recognizes. Enjoy it soon . . . pour it proudly.

OLD FORESTER

©1955—B. F. D. CORP.

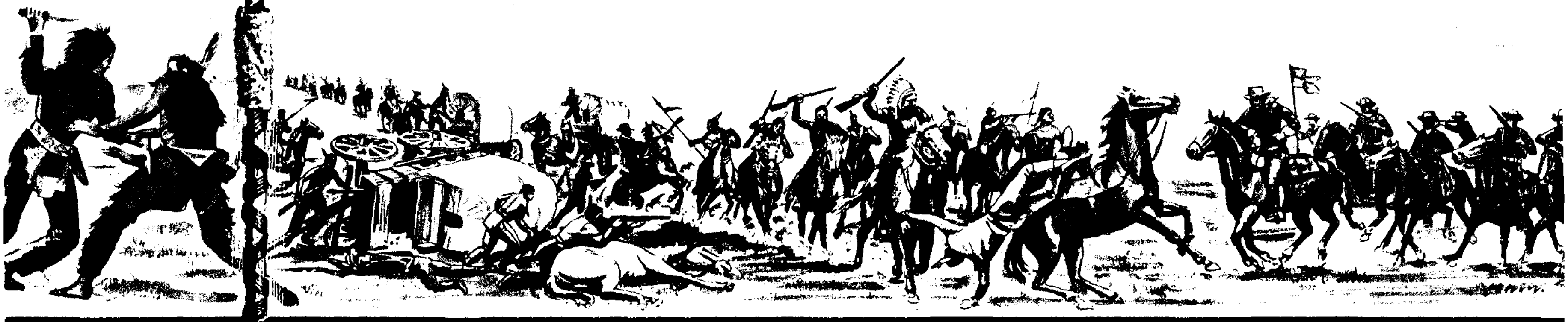
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

HE HURLED THE LANCE THAT SMASHED CUSTER THA

Universal-International presents

The saga of
the greatest
of all the
Sioux warriors
...the story
of his love
...the glory of
his strength
...the legend
of his deeds!

CHIEF CRAZY HORSE



with **KEITH LARSEN** **ROBERT WARWICK** *and introducing* **RAY DANTON** • Directed by GEOR

THESE ARE SOME
OF THE THEATRES
THAT WILL BE PLAYING
"CHIEF CRAZY HORSE"
FROM MARCH 15TH
THROUGH APRIL

ALABAMA

ANNISTON	RITZ
BIRMINGHAM	MELBA
DECATUR	PRINCESS
DOTHAN	MARTIN
FLORENCE	NORWOOD
GADSDEN	PITMAN
HUNTSVILLE	GRAND
MOBILE	AUTO SHOW DRIVE-IN
MONTGOMERY	PARAMOUNT
OPELIKA	MARTIN
SELMA	WILBY
TUSCALOOSA	BAMA

ARKANSAS

BOONEVILLE	SAVAGE
EL DORADO	RIALTO
FORT SMITH	TEMPLE
HAMBURG	PASTIME
HOT SPRINGS	PARAMOUNT
LITTLE ROCK	CENTER
MARKED TREE	POINSETT DRIVE-IN
OSCEOLA	MURR
PINE BLUFF	SAENGER
TRUMAN	MAXIE
WALNUT RIDGE	SHARUM
WARREN	PASTIME

CALIFORNIA

ANTIOCH	STAMM
BAKERSFIELD	FOX
BERKELEY	OAKS
BURBANK	PICKWICK DRIVE-IN
CHICO	SENATOR
COMPTON	COMPTON DRIVE-IN
EL CENTRO	FOX
EUREKA	EUREKA
FRESNO	WILSON
HANFORD	FOX
HIGHLAND	BASELINE DRIVE-IN
LOS ANGELES	PARADISE EDWARDS DRIVE-IN & STUDIO DRIVE-IN
MARTINEZ	STATE
MARYSVILLE	STATE
MERCED	MERCED
MODESTO	STATE
MONTEREY	STATE
NORTH HOLLYWOOD	VICTORY DRIVE-IN
OAKLAND	T & D
REDDING	CASCADE
RIVERSIDE	DE ANZA
SACRAMENTO	DEL PASO ESQUIRE TOWER
SALINAS	VOGUE
SAN DIEGO	SPRECKLES
SAN FRANCISCO	RKO GOLDEN GATE
SAN JOSE	UNITED ARTISTS
SAN LUIS OBISPO	OBISPO
SAN MATEO	MANOR
SAN PEDRO	SAN PEDRO DRIVE-IN
SAN RAFAEL	RAFAEL
SANTA ANA	PAULA DRIVE-IN
SANTA CRUZ	DEL MAR
SANTA ROSA	CALIFORNIA
STOCKTON	ESQUIRE
VISALIA	FOX
WATSONVILLE	FOX
WHITTIER	WHITTIER DRIVE-IN

COLORADO

ALAMOSA	RIALTO
BOULDER	BOULDER
COLORADO SPRINGS	UTE
DENVER	DENVER
FORT COLLINS	AGGIE
FORT MORGAN	COVER
GLENWOOD SPRINGS	GLEN
GRAND JUNCTION	COOPER
GREELEY	STERLING
LONGMONT	FOX
LOVELAND	RIALTO
PUEBLO	MAIN
ROCKY FORD	GRAND
STERLING	FOX
TRINIDAD	FOX

CONNECTICUT

BRIDGEPORT	*LOEW'S MAJESTIC*
DANBURY	PALACE
HARTFORD	STRAND
NEW HAVEN	ROGER SHERMAN
NEW LONDON	GARDE
NORWICH	PALACE
SOUTH NORWALK	PALACE
STAMFORD	STAMFORD
TORRINGTON	WARNER

DELAWARE

WILMINGTON	QUEEN

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON	COLUMBIA

FLORIDA

AUBURNDALE	AUBURN
CLEARWATER	*CARIB*
COCOA	STATE
DAYTONA BEACH	EMPIRE
EUSTIS	STATE
FERNANDINA	ILAN
FORT MEYERS	LEE
FORT PIERCE	SUNRISE
GAINESVILLE	STATE
JACKSONVILLE	FIVE POINTS
KEY WEST	SAN CARLOS
KISSIMMEE	ARCADE
LAKE CITY	LAKE
LAKE WALES	STATE
LEESBURG	PALACE
LIVE OAK	ALIMAR
MARIANNA	RITZ
MELBOURNE	VAN CROIX
NAPLES	NAPLES
ORLANDO	ASTOR
PENSACOLA	FLORIDA
PLANT CITY	CAPITOL
SAINT PETERSBURG	PLAYHOUSE
SARASOTA	FLORIDA
STUART	LYRIC
TALLAHASSEE	FLORIDA
TAMPA	PARK
VERO BEACH	FLORIDA
WEST PALM BEACH	SURF
WINTER HAVEN	RITZ

GEORGIA

AMERICUS	MARTIN
ATHENS	PALACE
ATLANTA	PARAMOUNT
AUGUSTA	MILLER
BAINBRIDGE	MARTIN
BRUNSWICK	RITZ
COLUMBUS	GEORGIA
CORDELE	CRISP
ELBERTON	*ELBERT*
FITZGERALD	GRAND
GAINESVILLE	ROYAL
MACON	CAPITOL
MOULTRIE	COLQUITT
ROME	FIRST AVENUE
SAVANNAH	LUCAS
WAYCROSS	LYRIC

IDAHO

BLACKFOOT	ROXY
BURLEY	BURLEY
IDAHO FALLS	RIO
JEROME	VORIS
MOSCOW	KENWORTHY
POCATELLO	CHIEF
RUPERT	WILSON

ILLINOIS

ALTON	GRAND
AURORA	*PARAMOUNT*
BENTON	CAPITOL
BLOOMINGTON	IRVIN
CANTON	CAPITOL
CARLINVILLE	MARVEL
CENTRALIA	ILLINOIS
CHAMPAIGN	VIRGINIA
CHARLESTON	WILL ROGERS
CHICAGO	ROOSEVELT
DANVILLE	FISCHER
DECATUR	LINCOLN
DIXON	DIXON
EFFINGHAM	HEART
ELGIN	CROCKER
FREEPORT	PATIO
GALESBURG	ORPHEUM
GREENVILLE	BOND
HERRIN	MARLOW'S DRIVE-IN
HILLSBORO	ORPHEUM
JACKSONVILLE	ILLINOIS
JERSEYVILLE	JERSEY
JOLIET	RIALTO
KANKAKEE	PARAMOUNT
KEWANEE	WANEE
LAWRENCEVILLE	AVALON
LINCOLN	LINCOLN
LITCHFIELD	CAPITOL
MACOMB	ILLINOIS
MARION	ORPHEUM
MATTOON	MATTOON
MOLINE	PARADISE
MOUNT VERNON	GRANADA
OLNEY	ARCADIA
OTTAWA	ORPHEUM
PEORIA	RIALTO
QUINCY	WASHINGTON
ROBINSON	LINCOLN
ROCKFORD	MIDWAY
SALEM	SALEM
SHELBYVILLE	ROXY
SPRINGFIELD	*ROXY*
STERLING	STERLING
STREATOR	PLUMB
TAYLORVILLE	CAPITOL
WAUKEGAN	GENESEE
WEST FRANKFORT	STRAND

INDIANA

ALEXANDRIA	TOWN
ANDERSON	PARAMOUNT
BATESVILLE	GIBSON
BEDFORD	VON RITZ
BLOOMINGTON	INDIANA
COLUMBUS	CRUMP
CONNERSVILLE	TIMES
CRAWFORDSVILLE	STRAND
ELKHART	STATE
ELWOOD	VOGUE
EVANSVILLE	MAJESTIC
FORT WAYNE	JEFFERSON
FRANKFORT	*ROXY*
FRANKLIN	ARTCRAFT
GARY	PALACE
GREENCASTLE	VON CASTLE
HAMMOND	PARAMOUNT
HUNTINGTON	HUNTINGTON
INDIANAPOLIS	INDIANA
KOKOMO	SIPE
LA FAYETTE	MARS
LA PORTE	LA PORTE
LOGANSPORT	STATE
MICHIGAN CITY	LIBERTY
MUNCIE	RIVOLI
NEWCASTLE	CASTLE
OAKLAND CITY	STORM
PERU	WALLACE
RICHMOND	TIVOLI
SOUTH BEND	PALACE
TERRE HAUTE	GRAND
VINCENNES	NEW MOON
WABASH	EAGLES

IOWA

AMES	AMES COLLEGIAN
BURLINGTON	PALACE
CARROLL	CARROLL
CEDAR RAPIDS	IOWA
CHEROKEE	ARROW
CLARINDA	CLARINDA
CLINTON	CAPITOL
COUNCIL BLUFFS	STRAND
CRESTON	STRAND
DAVENPORT	RKO ORPHEUM
DENISON	RITZ
DES MOINES	PARAMOUNT
DUBUQUE	STRAND
FORT DODGE	DODGE
FORT MADISON	FOX
HARLAN	HARLAN
IOWA CITY	VARSITY
KEOKUK	GRAND
MARSHALLTOWN	ODEON
MASON CITY	CECIL
MUSCATINE	UPTOWN
OSKALOOSA	RIVOLA
OTTUMWA	OTTUMWA
RED OAK	GRAND
SHENANDOAH	STATE
SIOUX CITY	RKO ORPHEUM
SPENCER	SPENCER
STORM LAKE	VISTA
WATERLOO	PARAMOUNT

KANSAS

ABILENE	PLAZA
ARKANSAS CITY	BURFORD
ATCHISON	ORPHEUM
CHANUTE	PEOPLES
COFFEYVILLE	MIDLAND
COLBY	COLBY
CONCORDIA	STRAND
DODGE CITY	COOPER
EL DORADO	EL DORADO
EMPORIA	GRANADA
FORT SCOTT	FOX
GARDEN CITY	STATE
GREAT BEND	CREST
HUTCHINSON	FOX
IOLA	IOLA
JUNCTION CITY	KAW
KANSAS CITY	GRANADA
LA CROSSE	DRIVE-IN
LAWRENCE	GRANADA
LEAVENWORTH	HOLLYWOOD
LIBERAL	TUCKER
MANHATTAN	WAREHAM
OTTAWA	PLAZA
PHILLIPSBURG	MAJESTIC
PITTSBURG	COLONIAL
PRATT	BARRON
RUSSELL	DREAM
SALINA	WATSON
TOPEKA	JAYHAWK
WICHITA	CREST
WINFIELD	REGENT

KENTUCKY

ASHLAND	CAPITOL
BENTON	BENTON
BOWLING GREEN	CAPITOL
CARROLLTON	RICHLAND
FULTON	FULTON
HICKMAN	RITZ
HOPKINSVILLE	ALHAMBRA
MADISONVILLE	CAPITOL
MAYFIELD	LEGION
OWENSBORO	CENTER
PADUCAH	KENTUCKY
PIKEVILLE	WEDDINGTON
PRINCETON	CAPITOL

LOUISIANA

ALEXANDRIA	DON
BATON ROUGE	PARAMOUNT
HOUMA	BIJOU
LAFAYETTE	NONA
LAKE CHARLES	PARAMOUNT
MONROE	JIM
NEW ORLEANS	JOY
SHREVEPORT	DON

MAINE

AUGUSTA	COLONIAL
BANGOR	BIJOU
PORTLAND	CIVIC

MARYLAND

HAGERSTOWN	HENRY'S

MASSACHUSETTS

FALL RIVER	ACADEMY
HAVERHILL	PARAMOUNT
LOWELL	KEITH
NEW BEDFORD	STATE
PITTSFIELD	STATE
SPRINGFIELD	CAPITOL

MICHIGAN

ADRIAN	CROSWELL
ALLEGAN	REGENT
ALPENA	MALTZ
ANN ARBOR	STATE
BATTLE CREEK	REGENT
BAY CITY	WASHINGTON
BIG RAPIDS	BIG RAPIDS
BRONSON	BRONSON
CADILLAC	LYRIC
DETROIT	PALMS
ESCANABA	DELFT
FLINT	PALACE
GRAND HAVEN	GRAND
GREENVILLE	SILVER
HILLSDALE	DAWN
HOLLAND	HOLLAND
IONIA	IONIA
ISHPEMING	ISHPEMING
JACKSON	CAPITOL
KALAMAZOO	CAPITOL
LANSING	GLADMER
LUDINGTON	LYRIC
MANISTEE	VOGUE
MARQUETTE	DELFT
MONROE	MONROE
MT. PLEASANT	WARD
MUSKEGON	REGENT
NEGAUNEE	VISTA
NILES	READY
OWOSSO	CAPITOL
PONTIAC	*OAKLAND*
PORT HURON	DESMOND
SAGINAW	TEMPLE
SAULT STE. MARIE	SOO
SOUTH HAVEN	MICHIGAN
THREE RIVERS	RIVIERA
TRAVERSE CITY	MICHIGAN
YPSILANTI	MARTHA WASHINGTON

MINNESOTA

AUSTIN	STERLING
FAIRMONT	NICHOLAS
MANKATO	TOWN
MINNEAPOLIS	RKO ORPHEUM
ROCHESTER	CHATEAU
SAINT PAUL	RKO ORPHEUM

MISSISSIPPI

BATESVILLE	EUREKA
BILOXI	SAENGER
BOONEVILLE	JERAN
GREENVILLE	LAKE
GULFPORT	LEGION
HATTIESBURG	BEVERLY DRIVE-IN
JACKSON	ROYAL MUSIC HALL
LAUREL	ARABIAN
MC COMB	STATE
MERIDIAN	ROYAL
NATCHEZ	RITZ
OXFORD	RITZ
VICKSBURG	JOY

MISSOURI

BOONVILLE	LYRIC
BROOKFIELD	DE GRAW
CAPE GIRARDEAU	BROADWAY
CARTHAGE	ROXY
CLINTON	LEE
COLUMBIA	UPTOWN
DEXTER	WEEKS
FAIRMONT	MAYWOOD
FESTUS	MILLER
HANNIBAL	TOM SAWYER
INDEPENDENCE	ENGLEWOOD
JEFFERSON CITY	STATE
JOHNSON COUNTY	FAIRWAY
JOPLIN	FOX
KANSAS CITY	MISSOURI
KIRKSVILLE	*KENNEDY*
LEXINGTON	MAINSTREET
MALDEN	LIBERTY
MARSHALL	AUDITORIUM
MARYVILLE	MISSOURI
MEXICO	LIBERTY
MOBERLY	GRAND
SAINT JOSEPH	ELECTRIC
SAINT LOUIS	
SEDALIA	
SPRINGFIELD	
TRENTON	
WEBB CITY	

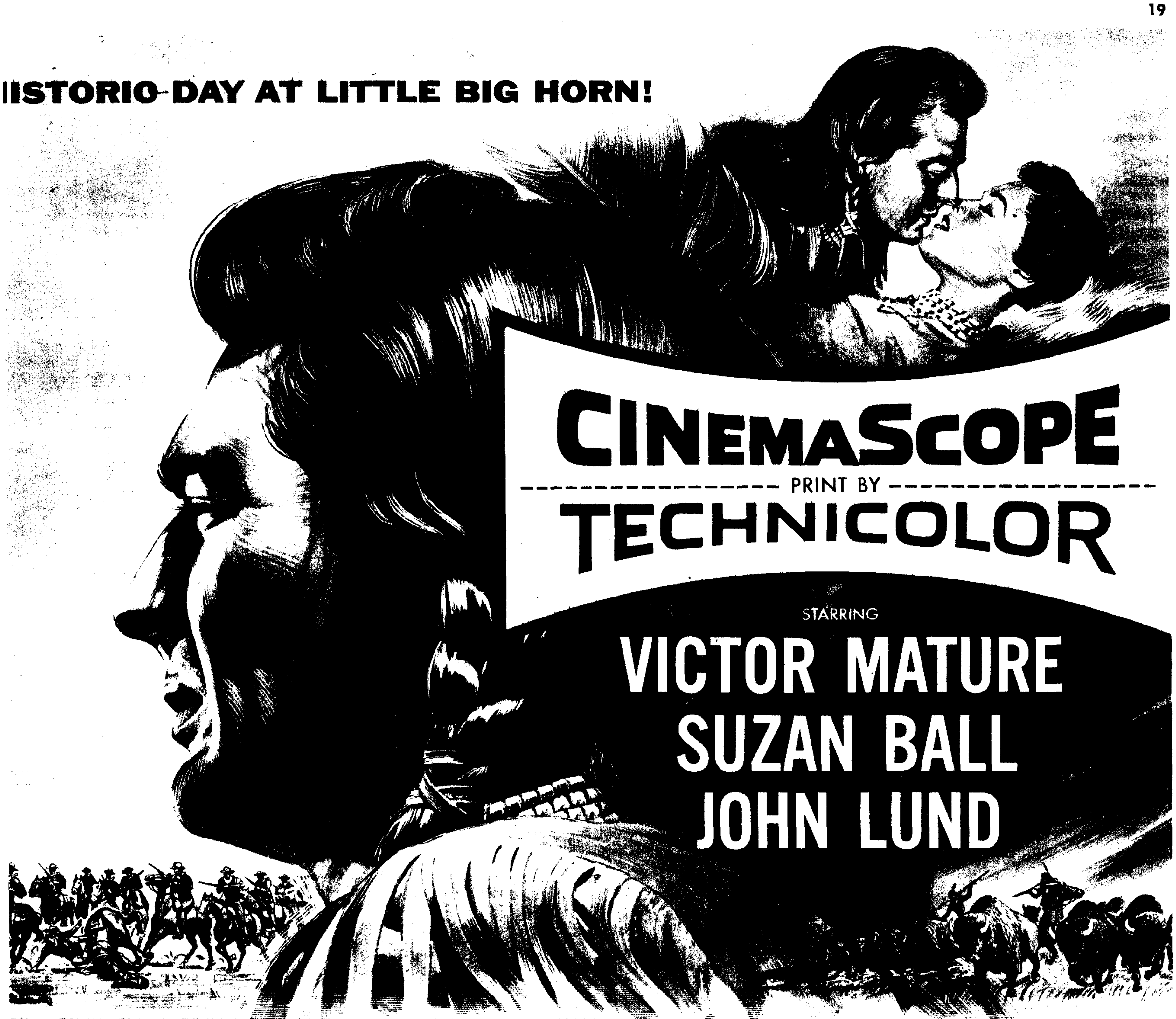
MONTANA

BILLINGS	
BUTTE	MON
GLENDIVE	
GREAT FALLS	CIVIC C
HAVRE	
KALISPELL	LI
LIVINGSTON	
WOLF POINT	LI

NEBRASKA

AINSWORTH	AINSW
AUBURN	
BEATRICE	
CENTRAL CITY	
CHADRON	
COZAD	R
CRETE	
FAIRBURY	BO
FALLS CITY	OIL
FREMONT	EM
GORDON	
GRAND ISLAND	CA
HASTINGS	
KEARNEY	
LEXINGTON	MA
LINCOLN	ST
NEBRASKA CITY	PIC
NELIGH	NEW
NORFOLK	GRA

ISTORIC DAY AT LITTLE BIG HORN!



CINEMASCOPE

PRINT BY

TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

VICTOR MATURE

SUZAN BALL

JOHN LUND

ERMAN • Screenplay by FRANKLIN COEN and GERALD DRAYSON ADAMS • Co-Producer LEONARD GOLDSTEIN • Produced by WILLIAM ALLAND

RTH PLATTE	PARAMOUNT
LLALA	PRAIRIE
AHA	STATE
EILL	ROYAL
ORD	GRANADA
NT PAUL	RIVIERA
TTSBLUFF	BLUFFS
VARD	RIVOLI
ENTINE	JEWEL

NEVADA

IENTE	REX
LON	FALLON
VEGAS	FREMONT
CHE	GEM
IO	GRANADA

IEW HAMPSHIRE

ICORD	CAPITOL
SHUA	STATE

NEW JERSEY

ANTIC CITY	SHORE
NTON	RKO CAPITOL

NEW MEXICO

IUQUERQUE	TERRACE DRIVE-IN
MINGTON	TOTAH
CRUCES	RIO GRANDE
ON	EL RATON
ITA FE	SANTA FE
VER CITY	GILA

NEW YORK

AKRON	PARK
ALBANY	STRAND
BINGHAMTON	CAPITOL
BUFFALO	BASIL'S LAFAYETTE
GOWANDA	HOLLYWOOD
NIAGARA FALLS	STRAND
ONEIDA	KALLET
ROCHESTER	RKO PALACE
ROME	CAPITOL
SCHENECTADY	PLAZA
SYRACUSE	PARAMOUNT
TROY	TROY
UTICA	STANLEY
WESTFIELD	GRAND

NORTH CAROLINA

ALBEMARLE	STANLEY
ASHEVILLE	PLAZA
BEAUFORT	BEAUFORT
BELMONT	IRIS
BREVARD	CO-ED
BURLINGTON	STATE
CHAPEL HILL	VARSITY
CHARLOTTE	CENTER
CLINTON	CLINTON
CONCORD	CENTER
DRAPER	BALMAR
DUNN	DUNN
DURHAM	CRITERION
ELIZABETH CITY	CAROLINA
ELIZABETHTOWN	ROWE
FAIRMONT	CAPITOL
FARMVILLE	PARAMOUNT
FAYETTEVILLE	CAROLINA
GASTONIA	WEBB
GREENSBORO	CENTER
HENDERSON	EMBASSY
HICKORY	CAROLINA
HIGH POINT	PARAMOUNT
JACKSONVILLE	STATE
KINGS MT.	JOY
KINSTON	PARAMOUNT
LAURINBURG	CENTER
LIBERTY	CURTIS
LILLINGTON	LILLINGTON
LINCOLNTON	CENTURY
MARION	MARION
MONROE	CENTER
MOREHEAD CITY	MOREHEAD
MORGANTOWN	MIMOSA
MOUNT AIRY	EARLE
MOUNT HOLLY	GASTON
MOUNT OLIVE	CENTER
NEW BERN	MASONIC
NEWTON	NEWTON
NORTH WILKESBORO	ALLEN
OXFORD	ORPHEUM
RALEIGH	COLONY
RICHLAND	RICHLAND
ROCKINGHAM	STRAND
ROCKY MOUNT	CAMEO
ROXBORO	KIRBY
SALISBURY	CENTER
SANFORD	CENTER
SHELBY	STATE
SOUTHERN PINES	SUNRISE
SPINDALE	CAROLINA
THOMASVILLE	PALACE
WASHINGTON	TURNAGE
WHITEVILLE	COLUMBUS
WILLIAMSTON	WATTS
WILMINGTON	MANOR
WILSON	CENTER

NORTH DAKOTA

FARGO	TOWN

OHIO

AKRON	STRAND
ALLIANCE	MORRISON
ASHTABULA	SHEA
ATHENS	VARSITY
CAMBRIDGE	STATE
CANTON	OHIO
CHILLICOTHE	MAJESTIC
CINCINNATI	RKO GRAND
CLEVELAND	RKO PALACE
COLUMBUS	RKO PALACE
CONNEAUT	STATE
COSCHOCTON	STAR
DAYTON	RKO COLONIAL
DEFIANCE	VALENTINE
DOVER	BEXLEY
EAST LIVERPOOL	CERAMIC
ELYRIA	CAPITOL
FINDLAY	STATE
FOSTORIA	STATE
FREMONT	PARAMOUNT
GENEVA	SHEA'S
GREENFIELD	RAND
GREENVILLE	WAYNE
LANCASTER	LYRIC
LIMA	OHIO
LORAIN	TIVOLI
MANSFIELD	MADISON
MARION	PALACE
MASSILLON	LINCOLN
NELSONVILLE	MAJESTIC
NEWARK	MIDLAND
PORTSMOUTH	GARDEN
SALEM	STATE
SANDUSKY	STATE
STEUBENVILLE	PARAMOUNT
TOLEDO	RIVOLI
WARREN	DANIEL
YOUNGSTOWN	WARNER
ZANESVILLE	LIBERTY

OKLAHOMA

ADA	MC SWAIN
ALVA	RIALTO
ARDMORE	PARK
BARTLESVILLE	ARROW
BRISTOW	PRINCESS
CHICKASHA	WASHITA
DUNCAN	RITZ
DURANT	PLAZA
EDMOND	BRONCHO
EL RENO	ROCKET
ENID	ESQUIRE
GUYMON	AMERICAN
LAWTON	LAWTON
MC ALESTER	OKLA
MIAMI	COLEMAN
MUSKOGEE	RITZ
NORMAN	SOONER
OKLAHOMA CITY	WARNER
OKMULGEE	ORPHEUM
PONCA CITY	KAY
SEMINOLE	SEMINOLE
SHAWNEE	HORNBECK
STIGLER	TIME
STILLWATER	AGGIE
TULSA	TULSA, WILL ROGERS
WETUMKA	REDSKIN
WOODWARD	WOODWARD

OREGON

ASTORIA	LIBERTY
BAKER	ELTRYM
BEND	TOWER
BURNS	DESERT
COOS BAY	EGYPTIAN
COQUILLE	ROXY
EUGENE	HEILIG
GRANTS PASS	ROGUE
KLAMATH FALLS	ESQUIRE
LA GRANDE	GRANADA
LEBANON	PARK
MEDFORD	CRATERIAN
PENDLETON	UNITED ARTISTS
PORTLAND	LIBERTY
SALEM	CAPITOL
THE DALLES	CIVIC
TILLAMOOK	CASTLE

PENNSYLVANIA

ALLENTOWN	EARLE
ALTOONA	STATE
BEAVER FALLS	GRANADA
BETHLEHEM	NILE
BRADFORD	SHEA'S
BUTLER	PENN
CHARLEROI	STATE
CLEARFIELD	RITZ
EASTON	STATE
ELLWOOD CITY	MANOS
ERIE	SHEA
GREENSBURG	STRAND
HANOVER	STRAND
HARRISBURG	SENATE
HAZLETON	GRAND
INDIANA	MANOS
JEANNETTE	MANOS
JOHNSTOWN	CAMBRIA
LATROBE	OLYMPIC
LEBANON	COLONIAL
LEWISTOWN	MILLER
MEADVILLE	PARK
MOUNT CARMEL	STATE
NEW CASTLE	PENN
OIL CITY	LATONIA
PHILADELPHIA	MASTBAUM
PITTSBURGH	FULTON
POTTSVILLE	HOLLYWOOD
READING	ASTOR
ROCHESTER	ORIENTAL
SHAMOKIN	CAPITOL
SHENANDOAH	STRAND
STATE COLLEGE	CATHAUM
SUNBURY	RIALTO
UNIONTOWN	STATE
VANDERGRIFT	CASINO
WARREN	COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON	BASLE
WILLIAMSPORT	CAPITOL
YORK	SOUTHERN

RHODE ISLAND

NEWPORT	PARAMOUNT
PROVIDENCE	RKO ALBEE

SOUTH CAROLINA

AIKEN	PATRICIA
ANDERSON	OSTEEN
BAMBERG	LITTLE
BATESBURG	CAROLINA
BEAUFORT	BREEZE
CHARLESTON	RIVERIA
CHERAW	CHERAW
CHESTER	POWELL
COLUMBIA	RITZ
CONWAY	CAROLINA
DARLINGTON	DARLINGTON
DILLON	301 DRIVE-IN
EASLEY	COLONY
FLORENCE	COLONIAL
FORT MILL	CENTER
GEORGETOWN	PALACE
GREENVILLE	PLAZA
GREER	GRAND
HARTSVILLE	BERRY
HEMINGWAY	ANDERSON
INMAN	INMAN
KINGSTREE	ANDERSON
LAKE CITY	PROPST
LANCASTER	MIDWAY
MARION	RAINBOW
MULLINS	ANDERSON
MYRTLE BEACH	GLORIA
NEWBERRY	RITZ
OCEAN DRIVE	OCEAN DRIVE
ORANGEBURG	CAROLINA
ROCK HILL	STEVENSON
SPARTANBURG	STATE
UNION	DUNCAN

SOUTH DAKOTA

ABERDEEN	ORPHEUM
BELLE FOURCHE	BELLE
BROOKINGS	COLLEGE
CANTON	CANTON
CUSTER	HARNEY
HOT SPRINGS	HOT SPRINGS
HURON	STATE
LEAD	HOMESTAKE
NEWELL	ARCADE
PIERRE	STATE
RAPID CITY	STATE
SIOUX FALLS	HOLLYWOOD
STURGIS	DAKOTA
WATERTOWN	LYRIC
YANKTON	DAKOTA

TENNESSEE

BOLIVAR	LUEZ
BRISTOL	PARAMOUNT
CHATTANOOGA	ROGERS
CLARKSVILLE	CAPITOL
COVINGTON	RUFFIN
DRESDEN	UPTOWN
DYERSBURG	FRANCES
ELIZABETHTON	BONNIE KATE
GREENFIELD	PALACE
HALLS	HALLS
JACKSON	PARAMOUNT
JOHNSON CITY	MAJESTIC
KINGSPORT	STRAND
KNOXVILLE	TENNESSEE
MARTIN	VARSITY
MEMPHIS	LOEW'S PALACE
NASHVILLE	TENNESSEE
OAK RIDGE	GROVE
SAVANNAH	SAVANNAH

TEXAS

ABILENE	PARAMOUNT
ALVIN	ALVIN
AMARILLO	STATE
ANGLETON	ANGLETON
AUSTIN	STATE
BALLINGER	TEXAS
BAY CITY	STATE
BAYTOWN	BRUNSON
BEAUMONT	LIBERTY
BIG LAKE	SHOOTING STAR DRIVE-IN
BIG SPRING	RITZ
BORGER	REX
BRADY	BRADY
BRECKENRIDGE	PALACE
BROWNFIELD	REGAL
BROWNSVILLE	MAJESTIC
BROWNWOOD	BOWIE
BRYAN	PALACE
CANYON	VARSITY
CHILDRESS	PALACE
COLEMAN	RANCHO
COLORADO CITY	PALACE
COMMERCE	PALACE
CONROE	CRIGHTON
CORPUS CHRISTI	CENTRE
CORSICANA	PALACE
CROCKETT	RITZ
DALHART	MISSION
DALLAS	MAJESTIC
DEL RIO	RITA
DENISON	RIALTO
EAGLE PASS	EAGLE DRIVE-IN
EDINBURG	CITRUS
ELECTRA	GRAND
EL CAMPO	NORMANA
EL PASO	PLAZA
ENNIS	PLAZA
FORT WORTH	HOLLYWOOD
FREEPORT	SHOWBOAT
GALVESTON	STATE
GLADEWATER	GREGG
GREENVILLE	TEXAN
HARLINGEN	ARCADIA
HENDERSON	PALACE
HILLSBORO	TEXAS
HOUSTON	MAJESTIC
JACKSONVILLE	PALACE
KENEDY	RIALTO
KERRVILLE	ARCADIA
KILGORE	CRIM
KILLEEN	SADLER
KINGSVILLE	TEXAS
LA PORTE	PORT
LAREDO	TIVOLI
LITTLEFIELD	PALACE
LONGVIEW	ARLYNE
LUBBOCK	CLIFTON
LUFKIN	PINES
MCALLEN	PALACE
MCKINNEY	RITZ
MARSHALL	PARAMOUNT
MIDLAND	RITZ
MINERAL WELLS	GRAND
MOUNT PLEASANT	MARTIN
ODESSA	ECTOR
ORANGE	STRAND
PALESTINE	TEXAS
PAMPA	LA VISTA
PARIS	GRAND
PERRYTON	PALACE
PORT ARTHUR	VILLAGE
PORT NECHES	PORT
ROBSTOWN	GULF
ROCKPORT	COVE DRIVE-IN
ROSENBERG	COLE
RUSK	CHEROKEE
SAN ANGELO	TEXAS
SAN ANTONIO	AZTEC
SHERMAN	TEXAS
SINTON	RIALTO
SNYDER	PALACE
SULPHER SPRINGS	MISSION
SWEETWATER	TEXAS
TEMPLE	ARCADIA
TERRELL	IRIS
TEXARKANA	OAKLAWN
TEXAS CITY	SHOWBOAT
THREE RIVERS	RIALTO
TYLER	TYLER
VERNON	PLAZA
VICTORIA	UPTOWN
WACO	WACO
WAXAHACHIE	TEXAS
WHARTON	RIO
WICHITA FALLS	STRAND
YOAKUM	GRAND

UTAH

BEAVER	FIRMAGE
CEDAR CITY	CEDAR
MILFORD	FIRMAGE
OGDEN	EGYPTIAN
PAROWAN	FIRMAGE
PLEASANT GROVE	GROVE
PROVO	PARAMOUNT
ROOSEVELT	ROOSEVELT
ROY	ROY
SALT LAKE CITY	UTAH
SOUTH OGDEN	COUNTRY CLUB
VERNAL	VERNAL

VERMONT

BURLINGTON	STRONG

VIRGINIA

ALEXANDRIA	VIRGINIA
CHARLOTTESVILLE	PARAMOUNT
DANVILLE	NORTH
HARRISONBURG	STATE
LYNCHBURG	WARNER
MARTINSVILLE	RIVES
NEWPORT NEWS	PARAMOUNT
NORFOLK	COLLEY & NEWPORT
PETERSBURG	BLUEBIRD
PORTSMOUTH	STATE
RICHMOND	LOEW'S
ROANOKE	AMERICAN
STAUNTON	VISULITE
VIRGINIA BEACH	BEACH
WINCHESTER	PALACE

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN	ABERDEEN
ANACORTES	ISLAND
BELLINGHAM	GRAND
BREMERTON	ROXY
ELLENSBURG	LIBERTY
EVERETT	ROXY
KENNEWICK	BENTON
LONGVIEW	LONGVIEW
MOUNT VERNON	LYRIC
NORTH RICHLAND	NORTH STAR
OLYMPIA	OLYMPIC
PASCO	PASCO
PORT ANGELES	ELWHA
PULLMAN	AUDIAN
RICHLAND	UPTOWN
SEATTLE	ORPHEUM
SUNNYSIDE	LIBERTY
TACOMA	ROXY
TOPPENISH	LIBERTY
WALLA WALLA	LIBERTY
YAKIMA	CAPITOL

WEST VIRGINIA

BECKLEY	BECKLEY
BLUEFIELD	GRANADA
CHARLESTON	CAPITOL
CLARKSBURG	RITZ
ELKINS	MANOS
FAIRMONT	LEE
LOGAN	GUYAN
MARTINSBURG	APOLLO
MONTGOMERY	KAYTON
MORGANTOWN	METROPOLITAN
OAK HILL	KING
PARKERSBURG	PARKER
RONCEVERTE	GRAND
WELCH	POCAHONTAS
WHEELING	VICTORIA
WHITESVILLE	BOONE

WISCONSIN

BARABOO	AL-RINGLING
FORT ATKINSON	FORT
KENOSHA	ORPHEUM
LA CROSSE	RIVOLI
MADISON	STRAND
MILWAUKEE	WARNER
WAUSAU	WAUSAU

WYOMING

CASPER	AMERICA
CHEYENNE	LINCOLN
EVANSTON	STRAND
GREYBULL	BIGHORN
LARAMIE	FOX
LOVELL	HYART
ROCK SPRINGS	WEST
SHERIDAN	WYO
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think of
your garden"

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(Regular 15c value)
included without extra charge
in Family Packs of delicious

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Baby Ruth
BACHELOR BUTTONS 15¢
Free OF EXTRA CHARGE WITH THE PURCHASE OF THIS CURTISS PRODUCT
Baby Ruth
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AND FREE FLOWER SEEDS NOW!

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makers of Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip *candy bars*, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops *and* Mints

LETTERS

Germany

EDITOR: I was deeply impressed by Theodore H. White's report on Germany (Germany—Friend or Foe?, Feb. 4th). The insight with which he exposed the German personality was astounding.
RICHARD L. WATTS, Ortonville, Mich.

. . . The Germans will be friend or foe according to what suits their rulers best at the time . . . LOUISE S. NIEMEYER, N. Hollywood, Cal.

. . . Germany's legitimate efforts since 1870 in defending herself against a predatory France and an imperialistic Russia are hardly to be condemned as "martial lust." Had Mr. White been as objective as he is emotional he would have been overwhelmed by historical evidence supporting German innocence. WALTER J. BIEHL, Chicago, Ill.

Congo Coward

EDITOR: Art Buchwald's Coward in the Congo (Jan. 21st) is as fine a bit of humor as I've enjoyed in many moons. Now if you will have Art climb a mountain and tell us about it, he can attend to another class of pseudo heroes.
B. L. MOSS, Soso, Miss.

Poetic License

EDITOR: The account of our Oak Ridge activities, Now—An Atomic Drugstore (Jan. 21st), was very readable; however, the author took some "poetic licenses" which should be clarified. Our Oak Ridge operation is in no sense a "drugstore." It is a modern plant manufacturing radioactive pharmaceuticals for prompt shipment to hospitals and doctors having Atomic Energy Commission permits.

Obviously, this operation requires a high degree of professional ability and skill on the part of every member of the staff. Although the importance of the contributions of these specialists was, in our opinion, not properly reflected by the author, the article did give timely recognition to this vital work in which our company is endeavoring to be of service to medicine.
ELMER B. VLIET, Vice-President, Abbott Laboratories, N. Chicago, Ill.

Think Your Way Up

EDITOR: Congratulations on the article How to Think Your Way to the Top (Feb. 4th). This office issues a semimonthly letter to its employees which bears the motto: "Let's Think—Creatively." These letters have paid handsome dividends, and this may prove that even in a government service the willingness to think creatively can be encouraged.
WM. H. WOODARD, Postmaster, U.S. Post Office, N. Chicago, Ill.

. . . Why not run nation-wide contests in creative thinking in different fields rather than confine brain-storming to the employees of firms? This would enable executives to find interesting ideas, as well as people, and also would allow nonemployees to express themselves freely and perhaps even find jobs better suited to their ability.
MRS. JAQUELINE H. DISMUKES, Memphis, Tenn.

. . . I don't know how unorthodox you considered the suggestions you ran about improving a water cooler, but one of them (below), proposing to install a coffee maker in the machine, seems to have proved practical. Recently a salesman offered to change my water cooler for a new model which contains, in addition to ice water, steaming hot water for instant coffee.
MRS. E. L. BUSBY, Hollywood, Fla.

Now There Are Two

EDITOR: In your article The Picture That Will Live Forever (Feb. 18th) you say that of the six flag raisers at Iwo Jima, only three survive. However, do you know that one of your listed survivors, Ira Hayes, died shortly before your article appeared on the stands?
GERALDINE M. SLOTE, New York, N.Y.

Yes. The issue had already gone to press when his death was announced.

What Gives?

EDITOR: I was happy to read Bill Mauldin's report, Today's Teen-Agers—"What Gives?" (Jan. 21st). So many writers recently have condemned the youth of America that it is good to see an article which talks about young people sensibly, realistically and fairly. The adolescents of today are by no means the monsters that many people seem to believe . . .
JOHN B. KENNY, Principal, School of Industrial Art, New York, N.Y.

. . . Didn't Mr. Mauldin stumble across even one religious youngster? As a priest, I challenge his unchristian statement that morals were "thought up" by grownups. What teen-agers need is solid knowledge and practice of revealed religion to withstand the neo-paganism that surrounds them . . .
FATHER JOHN FEENEY, St. Joseph Congregation, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

. . . Here at a local hospital, teen-agers come in two or three days a week after school or work to entertain the wheelchair and bed patients. And once a month they throw a party at their own expense for the patients, who sure are grateful to these fine teen-agers.
WILLIAM DOYLE, Hondo, Cal.

WIN THIS RACE HORSE

Just name this Granddaughter of Sir Gallahad III

And she's yours

"She sure looks good,"

says famous jockey

TED ATKINSON

Ted Atkinson Looks Over Prize Granddaughter of Sir Gallahad III

Chestnut Thoroughbred filly sired by Rippey, son of Pompey—Broad Ripple, by Stimulus. Dam: Delphi, daughter of Sir Gallahad III—Portrayal II, by Gainsborough.

PLUS CHOICE SEATS TO KENTUCKY DERBY AND $500.00 CASH

Over $14,000,000.00 has been won by other granddaughters and grandsons of Sir Gallahad III. This famous horse has sired three Kentucky Derby winners. Yes—this year's Kentucky Club prize filly may well bring you a fortune.

Kentucky Club *Annual Derby Day Contest*

Imagine the thrill of owning a Thoroughbred race horse! The Kentucky Club Annual "Derby Day" Contest brings you an easy way to win the Thoroughbred of your dreams—a beautiful chestnut filly—a granddaughter of illustrious Sir Gallahad III.

Just name her and she's yours—plus choice seats to the 1955 Kentucky Derby on May 7th—plus $500.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

Don't worry about how you would take care of a race horse—even if you live in an apartment. Kentucky Club has arranged for and pays the bills for board, training, and other maintenance expenses to July 1, 1955. You get all the fun and thrills of owning a race horse without spending a dime. Later, you can race your prize filly or sell her, as you wish. We hope she's a winner and will bring you a fortune.

Here's more exciting news! It is planned to have this prize filly make her first start in one of the races during Kentucky Derby week. Kentucky Club takes care of the jockey, entry fees, etc. Whatever she wins is *yours!*

Yes—women can enter this contest. The 1954 Kentucky Club prize filly was won by a charming grandmother for the prize-winning name *Fillequine*. This year may be *your* "big-fortune" year. It's easy to win. Awards will be made for the best names for this granddaughter of Sir Gallahad III. Send in as many entries as you like. Be sure each name does not contain more than 14 letters. For example, a name might be *Gallant Lady*. Don't send in this name. Think of better ones. Buy Kentucky Club tobacco and start now!

KENTUCKY CLUB—GUARANTEED FRESH TOBACCO

No danger of getting dry, stale smoking tobacco when you buy Kentucky Club. Open the outer package and out comes the new Kenseal Pouch—in smart colors—and factory filled with fresh Kentucky Club. This new-type pouch fits your pocket as comfortably as a soft glove; keeps your tobacco fresh to the last pipeful.

2 GREAT BLENDS:

Kentucky Club Regular—The mild and mellow White Burley. Smooth and satisfying, with grand taste and aroma.

New Kentucky Club De Luxe Mixture—Blended from 6 choice imported and domestic tobaccos. Refreshingly aromatic.

FIRST PRIZE GIVES YOU ALL THIS

1. Chestnut Thoroughbred filly bred and raised by Henry H. Knight's famous Almahurst Farm in Lexington, Kentucky. Selected by Ted Atkinson and other experts.

2. All expenses for your prize filly to July 1, 1955 paid by Kentucky Club. This covers board; training by the experienced trainer L. K. Haggin; and incidentals. You don't have to spend a dime.

3. Two choice seats for 1955 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus $500.00 in cash for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

CONTEST RULES

1. In not over 14 letters nor more than three words, write a name for the Kentucky Club Thoroughbred filly. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. For example, *Gallant Lady* counts as 12 letters. Use entry blank or ordinary paper. Print your name and address.

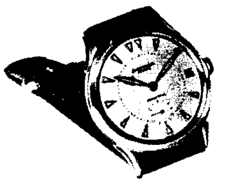
2. Send as many entries as you wish to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 94, New York 46, N. Y. Each entry must be accompanied by a picture of the red-coated rider cut from the front of a package of Kentucky Club. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 9, 1955. No entries returned. All become the property of Mail Pouch Tobacco Company.

3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought and sincerity. Sponsor reserves the right to use or not to use the winning name, as he sees fit. Judges' decisions final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.

4. Everyone in United States may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club Tobacco, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

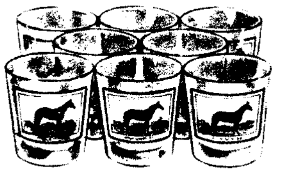
5. Top winner will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby; other winners will be notified by mail approximately four weeks after close of contest. Prize filly will be presented to winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If, because of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the filly described above, another Thoroughbred of comparable value and promise will be awarded. List of winning persons available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

TOTAL OF 500 GREAT PRIZES



2nd to 10th Prizes

Famous MONODATE *Universal Genève* automatic wrist watch. Tells the date and correct time *automatically*. Winds itself with every flick of the wrist. 17-jewel Universal movement protected against normal moisture, dust and shock. Concealed radium dial. 14 kt. gold-filled case beautifully engraved with your name.



11th to 500th Prizes

Eight English highball glasses especially created for this contest. Perfect for all occasions. Each glass beautifully decorated with color picture of 1955 Kentucky Club Thoroughbred prize filly and appropriately inscribed for contest winners.

ENTRY BLANK

Just write name for Kentucky Club prize filly in not over 14 letters and not over three words. Count punctuation or space between words as letters.

NAME FOR HORSE ....

Mail to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 94, New York 46, New York, Dept. CL-14

Send with each entry a picture of the red-coated rider cut from the front of a package of Kentucky Club Tobacco. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 9, 1955.

PRINT YOUR NAME ....

STREET ....

CITY .... ZONE .... STATE ....

Lively winter performance!

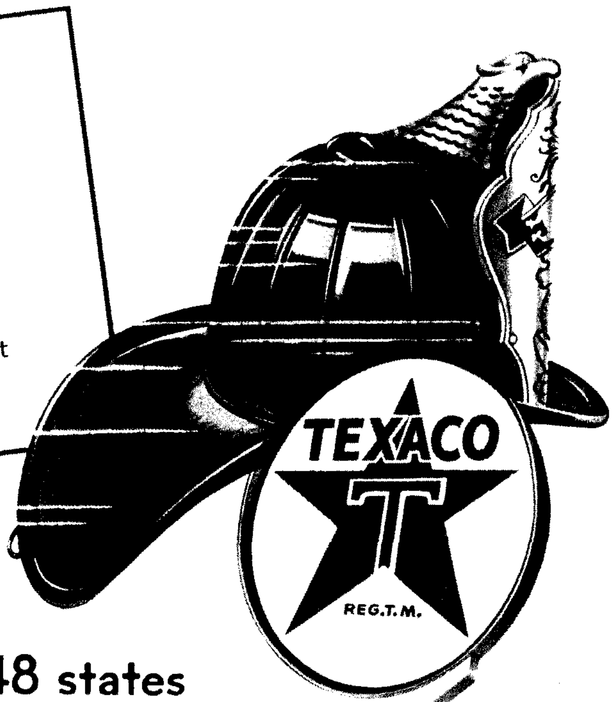
SKATING TODAY

. . . with TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF* 100% CLIMATE-CONTROLLED

Cold day? No problem with Fire Chief gasoline in your tank. Your engine snaps awake in a *hurry* . . . warms up quickly, too . . . and gets you away strong and smooth.

Know why you get this performance? Because Texaco Fire Chief gasoline is 100% *Climate-Controlled* to give you fine performance wherever you fill 'er up—at home or anywhere in the 48 states.

What's more, it sells at *regular* gasoline prices. Try it. Fill up with Fire Chief at your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had.*



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No More PARATROOPS?

The high-booted glory boys of World War II may be on their way out, replaced by new developments that will enable shock troops to get behind enemy lines faster, attack harder . . . and leave safely. Military officials plan to make tomorrow's GI so fast-moving that even Communism's huge manpower resources will be neutralized

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

THE tried-and-tested battle methods of the U.S. Army are due for an overhauling. Just as the trench warfare of the first World War gave way to the armored mobility of the second, the Army must now develop new tactics to fit the pattern of a future war that probably would be fought with atomic and hydrogen weapons.

So the Army is taking to the air. Within a few years, it will be almost completely airborne, capable of rapid movement from one battle area to another. Its transportation will be provided by giant helicopters, as big as or bigger than some present-day airliners, and by convertiplanes, the helicopter-airplane which combines the agility of the first with the speed of the second.

The possible use of nuclear bombs in any future war, I found, is one of two major reasons for the Army's decision to put wings on its troops. Because a large mass of men would make an inviting target for an enemy atomic bomb or missile, most of the time troops will be dispersed. But they will have to be brought together again, over distances of hundreds of miles, to launch a major attack. Conventional ground vehicles would require so much time for such an operation that enemy reconnaissance could determine where the concentration was to be. A motorized infantry column, for example, averages only 15 miles per hour in daylight, 10 at night; confined as it is to the road network, it offers a choice target for enemy aircraft while en route.

The airborne cavalry—as the Army calls its copter troops of the future—provides the answer. In half an hour, the slowest helicopter can move as far as a ground convoy does in three hours. Helicopters—and convertiplanes—can land and take off in any area large enough to accommodate their rotor blades. And they recognize no confining road network; the sky is their highway.

The second reason for the Army's change of format is Russian mass. The Soviet Union and its satellites have an estimated 4,500,000 men under arms in ground forces alone, outnumbering the U.S. Army—which has 1,350,000 men at latest count—by better than three to one. In an emergency mobilization we would still be outnumbered. The answer, again, is to make one GI equal to several Ivans through the mobility of the airborne cavalry.

"We can't match Russian manpower and we don't intend to," I was told by Major General James M. Gavin, famed World War II paratrooper and now the Army's Assistant Chief of Staff for Operations. "Furthermore, we don't have to. The mobility that helicopter movement of troops can give us will permit us to fight with discrimination—to match the enemy where we must. The helicopter is a means of multiplying limited resources."

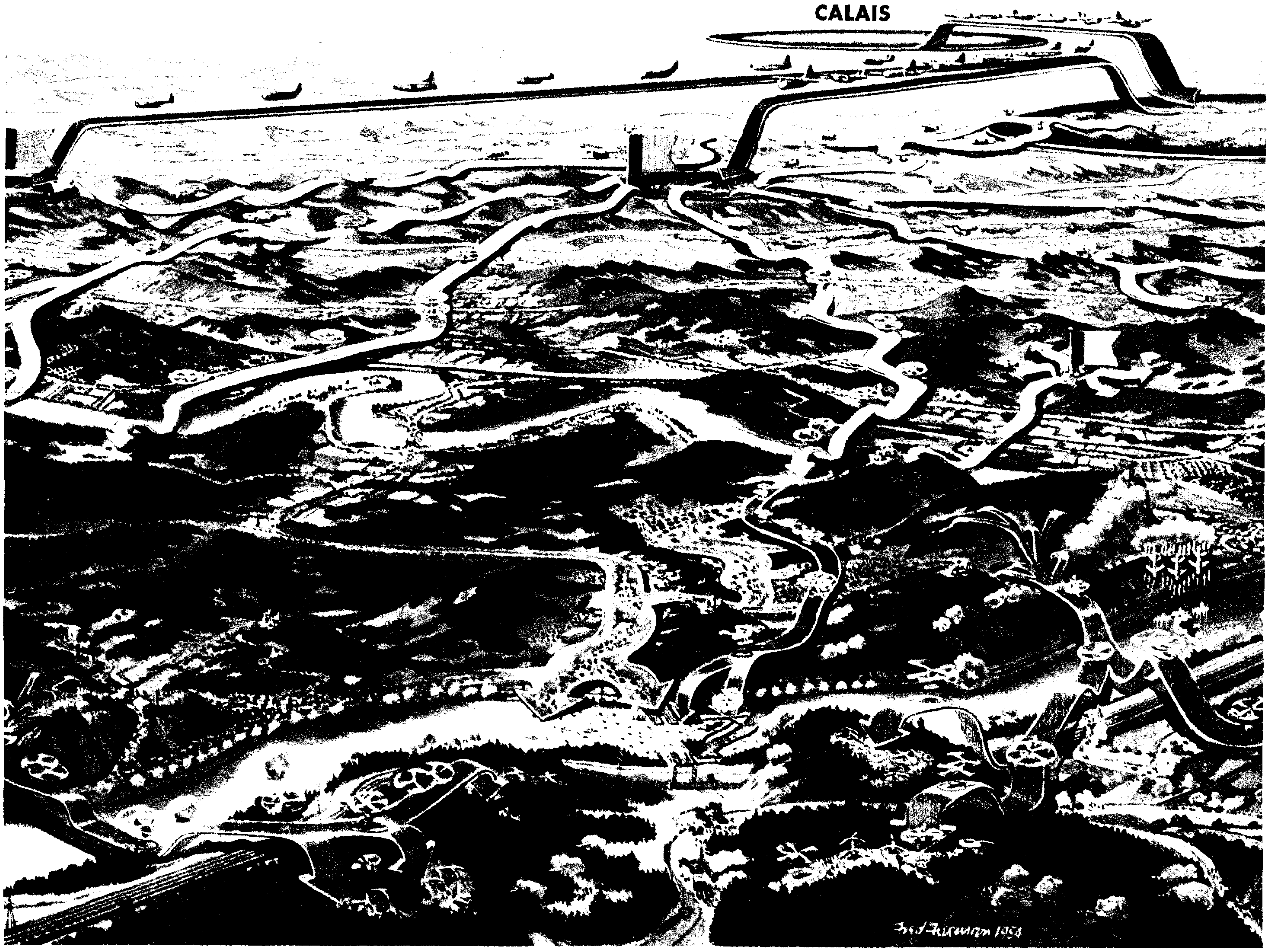
The Army has already formed seven helicopter transportation companies, and is engaged in a five-year plan under which it will equip 29 more. It will spend, over the next five years, more than a billion dollars for helicopters alone. It will then have several hundred copters and its own trained crews to fly them, as a nucleus for wartime expansion which would push the number "well up into the thousands." The five-year program also will permit manufacturers to set up a production base which would allow them to turn out copters in large quantities should another war come.

Today's Army might be termed a two-dimensional force. It can make a frontal assault on an enemy position or an enveloping movement around it—both on the ground, of course. The airborne cavalry would add a third dimension—aerial attack behind enemy lines, or what the Army calls vertical envelopment.

In a sense, the Army has a force capable of vertical envelopment today—the paratroops. But this force is limited to one-way attack; it cannot move out the way it arrived. It must fight on the ground until it links up with the main force, and therefore it lacks the mobility the Army is trying to achieve.

Paratroop employment has other disadvantages. First, not every soldier is paratroop material. The assignment takes men who can overcome the basic psychological fear of jumping into space with only a sheet of nylon between them and eternity.

Then, too, paratroops require special training, which is both time-consuming and expensive. Their heavy equipment must be dropped with them, which involves a good deal of additional expense and also limits the equipment they can use to items small and light enough to be



Artist Fred Freeman, after consultation with top military men at Pentagon, shows how they would use new helicopters in a situation like that which confronted Gen. Patton in World War II, when he ran out of gas at the Rhine. Colored ribbons in painting represent flight paths of aircraft. Supplies landed at ports (Calais at upper left, Antwerp upper right) might be flown by airplane (blue ribbons) to base area near Liége, Belgium, and from there to field headquarters (shown by blue, red and yellow flags) by plane and transport copter (yellow ribbons). The big helicopters could

carried in the drop airplane. Such equipment is frequently damaged in the drop and must be abandoned. Miscalculations by the crews of the dropping aircraft can result in some of the force missing the drop zone and becoming entangled in trees, causing either injury or delay in grouping for the attack.

Helicopters or convertiplanes would be much more effective, rotary-wing enthusiasts argue. The airborne cavalryman needs no special training. There is no danger of missing the drop zone. Since any area the size of a football field would suffice to land a whole battalion, the enemy could not possibly mount a defense at all the possible assault areas. The soldier can carry more fighting equipment, unencumbered by the two parachutes used by paratroopers (one is a spare in case the main chute doesn't work). And there is an added psychological advantage: the helicopter-borne soldier knows that if necessary he can leave the assault area the same way he came in.

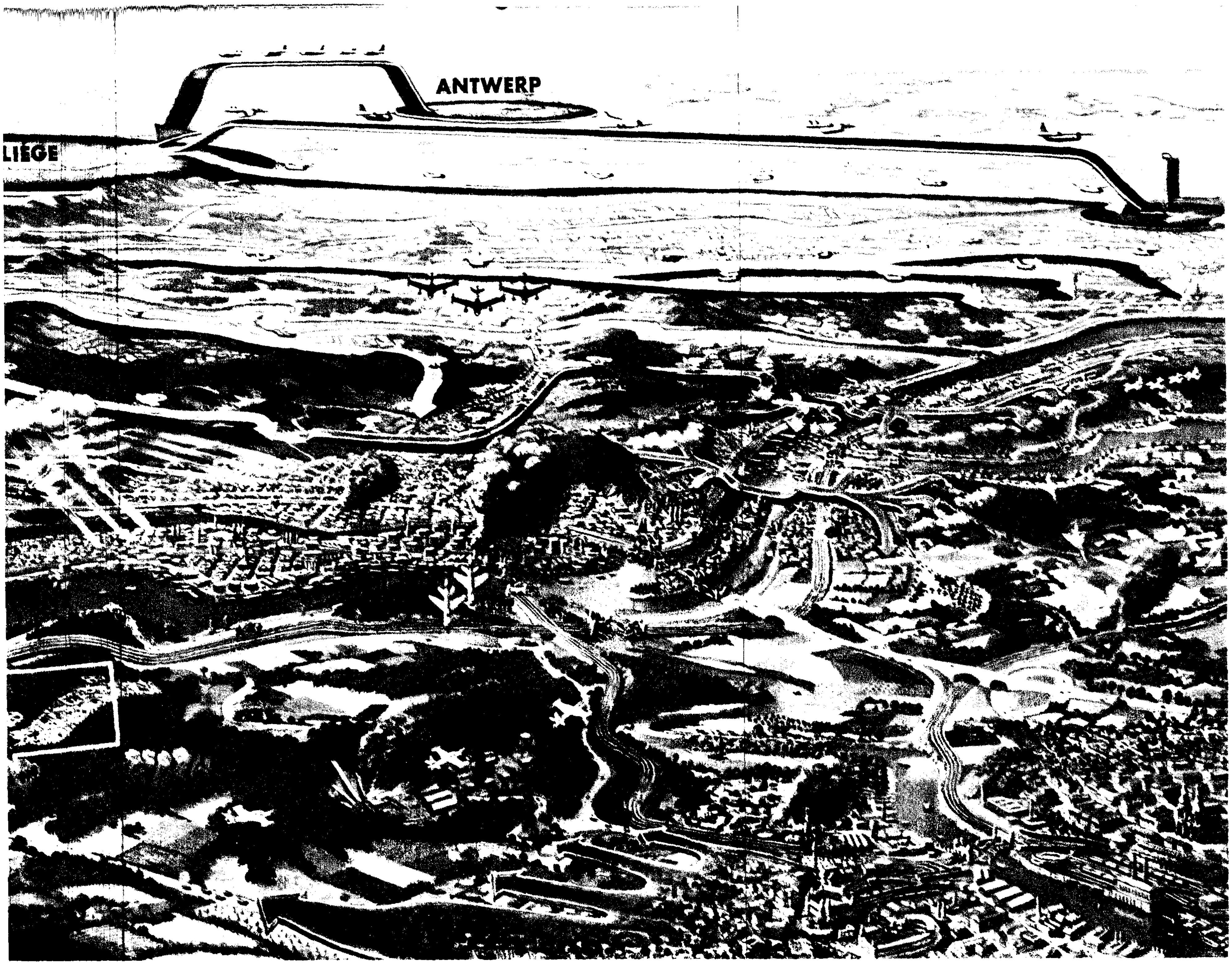
Thus, the paratrooper, the glamor soldier who so captured public fancy during World War II, may be on the way out. Although there never has been a question as to his worth, there may be a more efficient way of doing his job. Some top-level planners believe paratroops will be abolished outright. Others feel that they still will be used to complement the airborne cavalry of the future. Of course there is a third and completely unanimous viewpoint among the paratroops themselves. With pardonable prejudice, they agree to a man that the helicopter will never replace the parachute.

Not long ago, the Army tested the capabilities of the helicopter in maneuvers called Operation Sky Drop II. I rode in helicopter troop movements during the test with paratroops of the 82d Airborne Division and had an opportunity to get firsthand impressions of their attitude toward this new challenger to their way of warfare.

Sky Drop II simulated a combat situation. From a rear base located at an airfield at Camp Mackall, North Carolina, a theoretical division was pushing steadily southwest. It needed supplies and troop reinforcements, which were to be delivered by helicopter and by light fixed-wing Army aircraft. For the first week of the maneuver, it was assumed that the division had pushed about 20 miles from the rear base. In the second week, the division had moved to about 50 miles away, and in the third week it was 100 miles from the base. As a final test, a paratroop company assaulted an area assumed to be enemy-held—but the men were dropped in by helicopter instead of parachutes. In all these tests, the helicopter showed up well.

I rode on one helicopter mission with a paratroop infantry team. (It's significant that everyone connected with Sky Drop II used the term "riding" in helicopters, not "flying"—an expression of the general attitude that the helicopter is a truck, not an airplane.) We flew in a Sikorsky H-19 helicopter, one of the largest in Army service today, but a midget compared with those the Army will soon have. An Army pilot, of course, was at the controls. (The airborne cavalry concept is strictly Army. The Air Force has nothing whatever to do with it.)

Team leader was Master Sergeant George Sevits, of Kirksville, Missouri. His team—only four men besides himself due to the space limitations of the helicopter—consisted of Pfc Erwin L. Tate, of Lansing, Michigan, Pfc Victoriano Hernandez, of Mitchell, Nebraska, Private Fred McCrory, of Columbus, Georgia, and Private Mergaritl Chavez,



then carry them to the front (yellow ribbons). Even with all bridges down, armored forces (pale-blue arrows at river edge, lower left) could cross Rhine for attack against enemy's railhead, lower right. Small copters ferry infantry and supplies over (red ribbons) and carry bridgebuilding material to both sides of river (purple ribbons), while others act as liaison for unit HQ (orange ribbons around pink flag, center). Note the yellow arrow in foreground, just to the right of page fold. Scene within arrow is shown in detail on next page, with viewer facing in direction of arrow

of Denver, Colorado. All were veteran paratroopers of the 82d Airborne, with from 10 to 56 jumps to their credit.

Although this was only the second helicopter ride for the team, they took it as unconcernedly as if they were riding the bus at Fort Bragg, their home base in North Carolina. Sevits sat next to the open door-hatch and stared moodily at the ground, perhaps wondering, as I was, if this unexciting sky-truck would someday make obsolete his beloved parachute. The other members of the team toyed absently with their rifles, only occasionally glancing at the slowly passing scenery. Conversation was impossible over the roar of the engine and the heavy staccato beat of the rotor blades overhead. Once McCrory started to doze, and Sevits kicked him gently. McCrory grinned sheepishly; had his rifle slipped from his grasp and out the open hatch, he never would have heard the end of it.

As the scenery slid slowly by, I couldn't help feeling that, at 1,000 feet and about 50 miles per hour, we would make an excellent target for enemy antiaircraft. Later it was explained that we were flying at a relatively high altitude for safety purposes; in an actual mission, the helicopters would move at treetop height, where they would be harder to spot and harder to hit.

We completed the 50-mile trip in a little over 40 minutes and descended for a landing. Before the helicopter touched the ground, the pilot sounded an alarm bell and the infantry team was out the hatch and running toward a predesignated assembly area 80 yards away. They reached it in about 10 seconds, demonstrating one of the advantages of the helicopter over the parachute. In wartime, a formation of helicopters could land in a circular pattern with the assembly area in the center of the circle, enabling an entire company to assemble and be ready for action in seconds—compared to the 20 to 30 minutes it takes parachutists to assemble after a jump.

Later. I contacted Sergeant Sevits and his team to get their reactions to the ride. They had nothing against the helicopter—liked it, in fact—but all wanted to keep their parachutes.

"For one thing," said Sevits, "these helicopters aren't large enough. They should carry at least a squad"—nine men—"to be effective. And they're too slow. I think they would be pretty easy to hit. You need too many of them to carry enough men to assault a position—and the more you have of them, the greater the chance of detection."

His company commander, First Lieutenant Richard D. Reish, of Lawton, Oklahoma, agreed that helicopters are too slow and too small for use in assault operations in enemy territory.

"I don't think they'll replace anything," he said, "although they may work well in conjunction with paratroops—let us establish an airhead, then fly in straightleg reinforcements by helicopter." ("Straightleg" is the term applied by paratroopers to Army soldiers who are not jumpers, derived from the fact that paratroops are permitted to tuck their trouser bottoms into their jump boots for a knickerlike effect, while ground troops must wear their trousers straight.)

Curiously, although the seeming vulnerability of the helicopters was the major point in the paratroopers' arguments against them, none of the jumpers felt that a man dangling from a silk canopy presented a good target.

"Remember," said Reish, who has had 78 jumps, "we're moving downward pretty fast, and at the same time swinging from side to side. I'd be per-

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN

New tactics may smash an enemy trying to retreat

fectly willing to offer someone a shot at me. He'd have to be a pretty good shot. I'd feel a lot happier with that silk over me than I would in one of those choppers."

While there is no argument as to the future use of helicopter aerial trucks for reassembly of dispersed troops behind friendly lines, the question of whether they will be used as assault vehicles over enemy lines is not fully resolved. Majority opinion in the Army seems to be that they can be so employed. Major Robert L. Brown, an aviation officer in the 18th Airborne Corps, is one of the group which feels that the choppers are not so vulnerable as they might appear to be.

"The helicopter is no more a sitting duck than any other airplane," he said. "Most antiaircraft weapons are designed for use against high-flying aircraft and are ineffective at low altitudes. The helicopter can be flown in a twilight zone, above the range of small-arms fire and below the effective range of ack-ack."

Advantages of Convertiplane's Speed

Other officers think the convertiplane is the answer to the danger of enemy fire. Flying at three to four times the speed of the helicopter, it would have much less chance of being hit. Moreover, its speed would provide an element of surprise which would increase the chance that it might not be fired upon at all.

The convertiplane is a hybrid combining a plane's speed with the copter's ability to move vertically. It is not merely a dream of the future. Under Army sponsorship two experimental models of this new-type aircraft have already been built, each embodying a different principle.

The first, which made its public debut early last year, was the XV-1, built by McDonnell Aircraft Corporation of St. Louis. It has a rotor blade like a helicopter for vertical ascent and descent. Once aloft, however, the rotor is permitted to "freewheel" while forward propulsion is provided by a normal aircraft engine-propeller combination in the rear of the fuselage. The single engine drives both the rotor and the propeller.

The second type, which was demonstrated recently, requires the rotor blades themselves to convert from vertical lift to forward propulsion; it has no auxiliary propeller. This plane, known as the XV-3, was built by Bell Aircraft Corporation of Hurst, Texas. It has two rotors, one at either end of the short wing, driven by a single engine. Mounted on swiveling hubs, they rotate horizontally for take-off and landing, vertically, like ordinary propellers, for forward flight.

The McDonnell plane has made some vertical tests but has not yet converted from vertical to forward flight. The Bell XV-3 has not flown at all. A third plane, being tested under Air Force rather than Army sponsorship, has made a partial conversion to flight. It utilizes the same tilting rotor principle as the Bell XV-3, and was built by Transcendental Aircraft Corporation of Glen Riddle, Pennsylvania.

All three planes are small prototypes rather than operational aircraft. The McDonnell and Bell planes are four-place models, while Transcendental's is a single-place machine. Colonel William B. Bunker, one of the Army's top rotary-wing experts, estimates that a workable convertiplane—a large version capable of carrying a substantial number of men—will take five years to develop at a cost of $35,000,000 to $50,000,000.

Other companies, meanwhile, are building bigger helicopters. In Operation Skydrop II, two types of transport helicopter were used—the five-passenger H-19, built by Sikorsky Aircraft of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and the H-25, a four-passenger craft built by Piasecki Helicopter Corporation of Morton, Pennsylvania. These are interim vehicles, not suitable for transport use, but behind them are coming supersize helicopters.

The Army has already received its first Piasecki H-21s, which are big enough to carry 20 fully equipped troops or a 105-millimeter howitzer, largest piece of equipment yet lifted by a helicopter. Ten such planes will be able to airlift an entire company at once. A similar-sized Sikorsky helicopter, the H-34, is also being readied for Army use.

But even these huge craft, which would have been regarded as fantastic only a few years ago, are dwarfed before they've seen a day's service, so rapidly is helicopter development progressing. Already flying at Sikorsky's plant is a big twin-engine copter called the H-37, which can carry 26 troops or three jeeps and which is slated for Army service in two or three years. Piasecki has an even larger chopper, the giant H-16, largest helicopter ever built. The experimental version accommodates 40 troops. Later models will carry as many as 69.

Planes of this size will form the bulk of the equipment for the Army's airborne cavalry. Helicopters may even get larger, if the Army decides that a bigger plane is worth while.

"There is no theoretical limit to the size we can build them," said Frank N. Piasecki, founder and chairman of the board of the company which bears his name. "The only limit is how large a unit the Army wants to move on one trip. It may prove an advantage tactically and economically to have more planes of lesser capacity to accomplish the same movement."

Igor Sikorsky, the father of helicopter development, now engineering manager for Sikorsky Aircraft, agrees with his competitor on helicopter size. "We could undertake to build a 50-passenger helicopter right now," he said, "and in five years we will easily be able to build one of 100-passenger capacity."

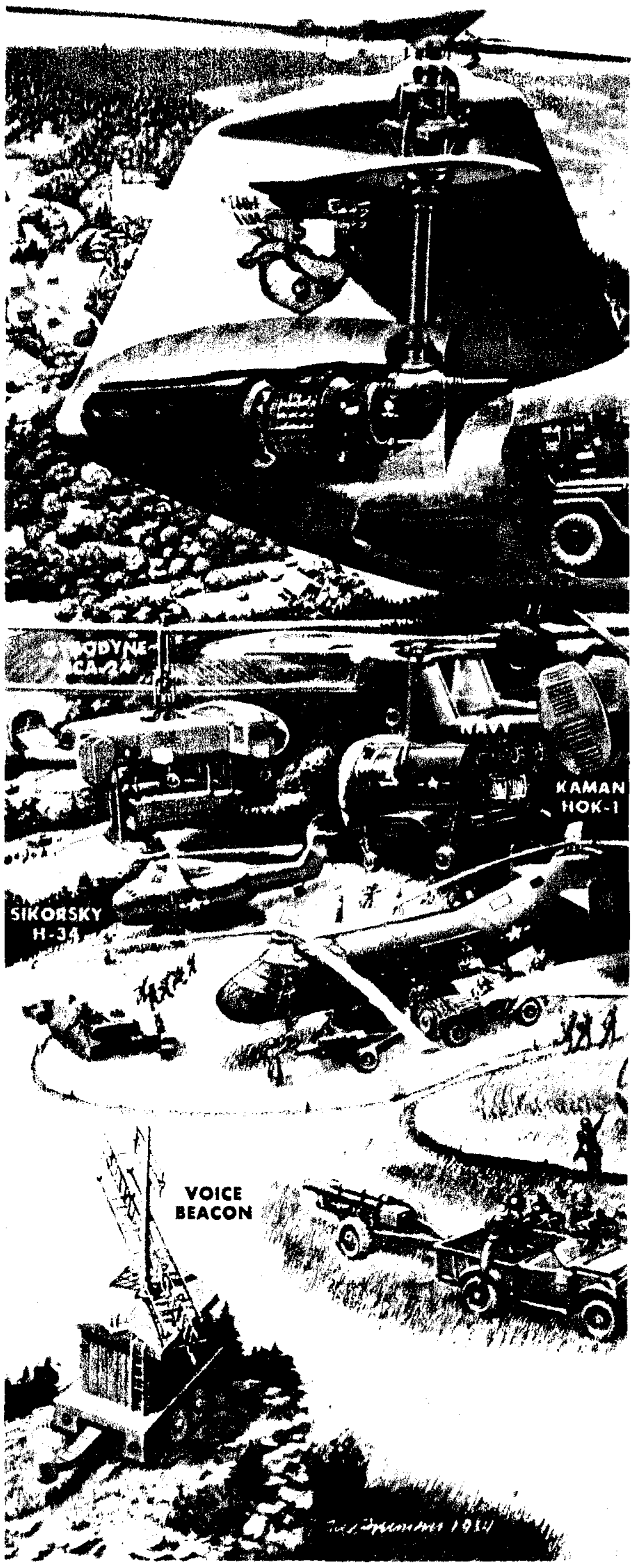
On manufacturers' drawing boards or in early stages of development are a number of other aircraft of fascinating new design which may figure in the airborne cavalry plan. One such vehicle is the so-called flying crane, an extremely powerful helicopter which would be used to lift heavy equipment for short distances. Where a bridge has been knocked out, for example, the cranes could lift heavy equipment across while the helicopters and convertiplanes carried troops. With the powerful new jet engines that will soon be available, cranes probably can be built to lift the heaviest Army equipment—a 50-ton tank or the 35-ton atomic cannon. One firm—Gyrodyne Company of America, located at St. James, New York—has already completed an engineering study for a flying crane capable of lifting up to 80,000 pounds. By means of the crane, weapons like the atomic cannons and missile-launching ramps could be kept well to the rear and out of danger, brought quickly into play when needed and moved out again later.

The Plane With a Detachable Fuselage

Another cargo-carrying idea engineers are working on is the pod—an airplane fuselage which can be detached from the airplane itself. A pod-carrying fixed-wing airplane could fly from a rear base to the airfield nearest the front lines, unhook its pod and taxi away. A flying crane could immediately pick up the pod—with no unloading or reloading—and move it to the advance area where it was needed.

The pod itself might be a large tank containing thousands of gallons of fuel for the helicopters and convertiplanes buzzing around the combat zone; it might be a complete communications shack, a command post or just a housing unit for troops; it might contain a large gun, or ammunition or food supplies; or it might be a fully equipped field hospital.

Fairchild Aircraft of Hagerstown, Maryland, has a pod design—an ordinary fixed-wing transport, like the twin-boomed Fairchild Flying Boxcar used in paratroop work, with a floor that can be dropped out of the airplane, cargo and all. The

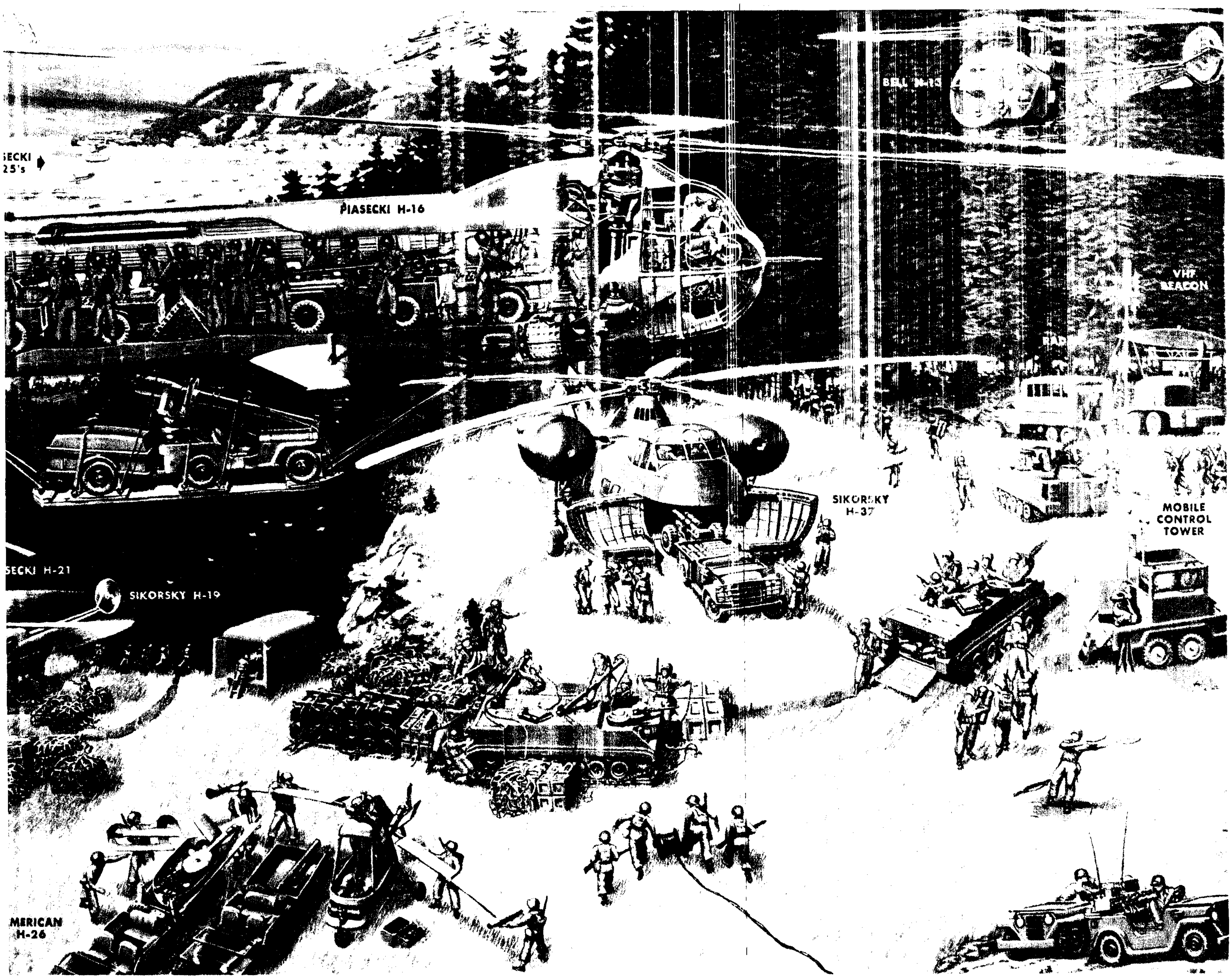


plane itself can fly off for another floor-pallet while the flying crane totes off the original—a transfer that can be handled in a few minutes by one man.

Fairchild also is working on a second airplane which may prove valuable in Army work, a design called the "potato patch transport." It's a plane of conventional appearance, but with some new design features—still company secrets—which will permit it to land at very low speeds in a "potato patch," which chief engineer Walt Tydan translates as "a couple of hundred feet." This airplane would have take-off and landing performance approaching that of the convertiplane, but unencumbered by the convertiplane's rotors it could carry a much greater pay load at higher speeds. It would not need prepared airfields, which can be knocked out easily, but could land troops or supplies as close to the front lines as there were potato patches available.

One more development adaptable to airborne cavalry use is the small, one- or two-man helicopter, models of which are being developed by Fairchild's American Helicopter Division and by Hiller Helicopters, Inc., of Palo Alto, California. These tiny craft, not much larger than a motorcycle, can be disassembled and stowed in a vehicle as small as a jeep. In conjunction with assault operations in the enemy's rear, they could be carried in convertiplanes in sections, quickly assembled on landing and used as scout planes to keep an eye on the enemy's movements.

The airborne cavalry has many tactical and stra-



An advance helicopter field displays various machines now in production or projected and shows how they can be used. Cutaway of big Piasecki H-16 indicates great load transport copters are able to carry; somewhat smaller cargoes are being discharged from Sikorsky H-37 and H-19 and Piasecki H-21 on ground. Sikorsky H-34 is medium cargo carrier. Very heavy equipment is lofted by big Gyrodyne GCA-24, far left. Upper right shows Bell H-13, being used to help direct incoming helicopters to proper parking spots (other control devices, including radar, portable control tower and VHF beacon, are along right side of painting, with another beacon system at the lower left). In center foreground is an American H-26, for one-man liaison, just being assembled. At the left center is another liaison machine —a blue-painted Navy Kaman HOK-1. Also note the Piasecki H-25s in the background, over the river, lifting bridge sections for Army Engineers

tegic potentialities. In a recent Army training operation, Exercise Flash Burn at Fort Bragg, the advance of the "friendly forces" was stalled by a swamp area through which there were only two roads, both blocked by the "enemy." A strong attack on the roadblocks would have meant destruction of the roads by the enemy—so the friendly forces pulled a surprise tactic: helicopters dropped airborne cavalry behind the roadblocks and knocked them out before there was time to destroy the roads.

A battle technique that can be just as important as controlling an enemy advance is dictating his line of retreat. This end might be accomplished, some Army officers feel, by dropping airborne cavalry at points along the enemy line of march, forcing him to detour continually until he is boxed into a position from which there can be no further retreat.

Last year's siege of Dienbienphu in Indochina offers another example of what rotary-wing troops might accomplish. Had a helicopter force been available to the French, they could have continually provided supplies, ammunition and troop reinforcements to the garrison, at the same time landing additional troops behind the siege lines to divert the enemy attack.

The major use of the airborne cavalry will be in shuttling men and equipment from the front lines to the dispersal areas in the rear, or from one point to another on the front. Suppose the enemy forces a gap in Army lines; immediately troops are flown from the rear areas to block the advance. Or say our Army drives a wedge into enemy lines: the helicopters supply additional troops to widen the gap, and haul in a steady stream of supplies to permit the advance to continue. This is the type of airborne mobility by which the Army hopes to make one American rifleman equal several of the enemy.

While the Army forges ahead with plans for its airborne cavalry, the Air Force is watching with narrowed eyes. Undoubtedly there will be charges that the Army is "building an empire," creating a third air force. The Army stoutly maintains, however, that it is merely modernizing, taking advantage of newly developed air vehicles to do its assigned job better. It should no more be deprived of helicopters and convertiplanes, its leaders say, than the Air Force should be deprived of trucks and jeeps.

For the most part, the concepts involved in the airborne cavalry principle are unproved. The Army is now in the process of testing the various theories, using the helicopters available today, planning to expand as new equipment makes its appearance.

The Army concedes that it will be expensive to develop the airborne cavalry to its ultimate degree, but it sees no alternative. To quote Colonel Bunker: "The price of victory may be high, but the price of defeat is stupendous."

The Wife Who Had EVERYTHING

Maggie had to admit it: Gina had beauty and glamor and fire and warmth. And now, it seemed, Gina also had a husband—Maggie's

By IRENE and LOUIS KAMP

IT WAS the man from the caterer who really upset Maggie. In the first place, she didn't like to have their parties handled by a caterer. She liked to do it all herself. But this time, Sam had insisted. And Maggie knew it was because of that girl—that Gina Valdi. Of course Sam said it was on account of Jake Penmeyer, the grand old man of the movies, who, Sam hoped, would sign Gina to a good contract. Well, Maggie knew Jake Penmeyer. He was as plain as an old shoe and twice as comfortable.

She had said as much to Sam. "Jake likes to come to our place because we *aren't* fancy. Caterers annoy him as much as they annoy me."

"I want you free to have a good time, Maggie," Sam had said.

And Sam had had his way. The caterer they selected was superb. Maggie and Sam had been to parties he'd handled, and Maggie had to admit they'd been very pleasant. But the man the caterer sent was another matter: he was like something out of an English movie. He looked down his nose at Maggie, whose red hair was tied with a black ribbon; and who was wearing a pair of her ten-year-old son's dungarees.

"Is madam here?" the man from the caterer had asked.

"*I* am Mrs. Wakefield," Maggie had said, summoning the cool manner that had been her trademark when she'd been Sam's most valuable assistant in the talent-agency business.

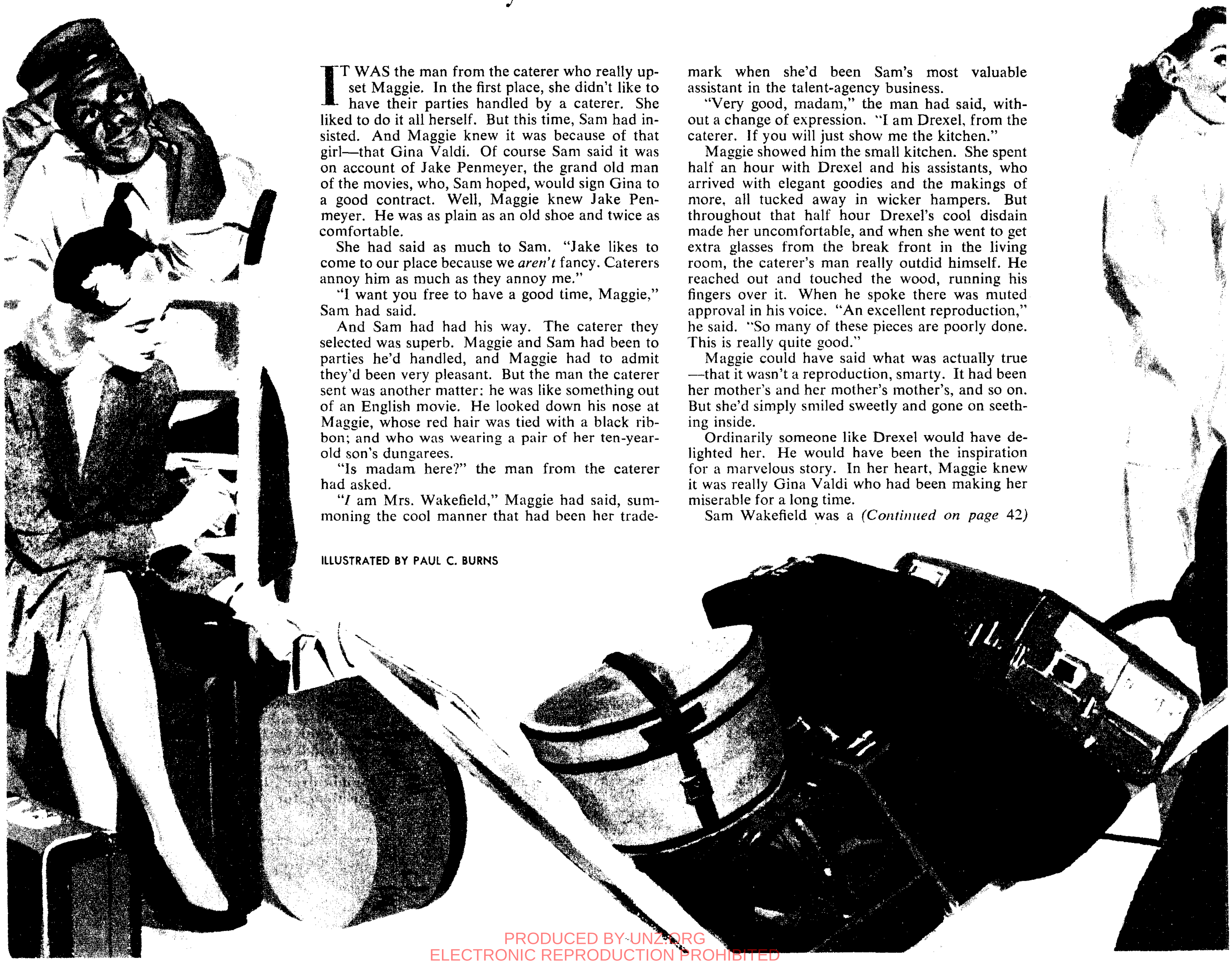
"Very good, madam," the man had said, without a change of expression. "I am Drexel, from the caterer. If you will just show me the kitchen."

Maggie showed him the small kitchen. She spent half an hour with Drexel and his assistants, who arrived with elegant goodies and the makings of more, all tucked away in wicker hampers. But throughout that half hour Drexel's cool disdain made her uncomfortable, and when she went to get extra glasses from the break front in the living room, the caterer's man really outdid himself. He reached out and touched the wood, running his fingers over it. When he spoke there was muted approval in his voice. "An excellent reproduction," he said. "So many of these pieces are poorly done. This is really quite good."

Maggie could have said what was actually true—that it wasn't a reproduction, smarty. It had been her mother's and her mother's mother's, and so on. But she'd simply smiled sweetly and gone on seething inside.

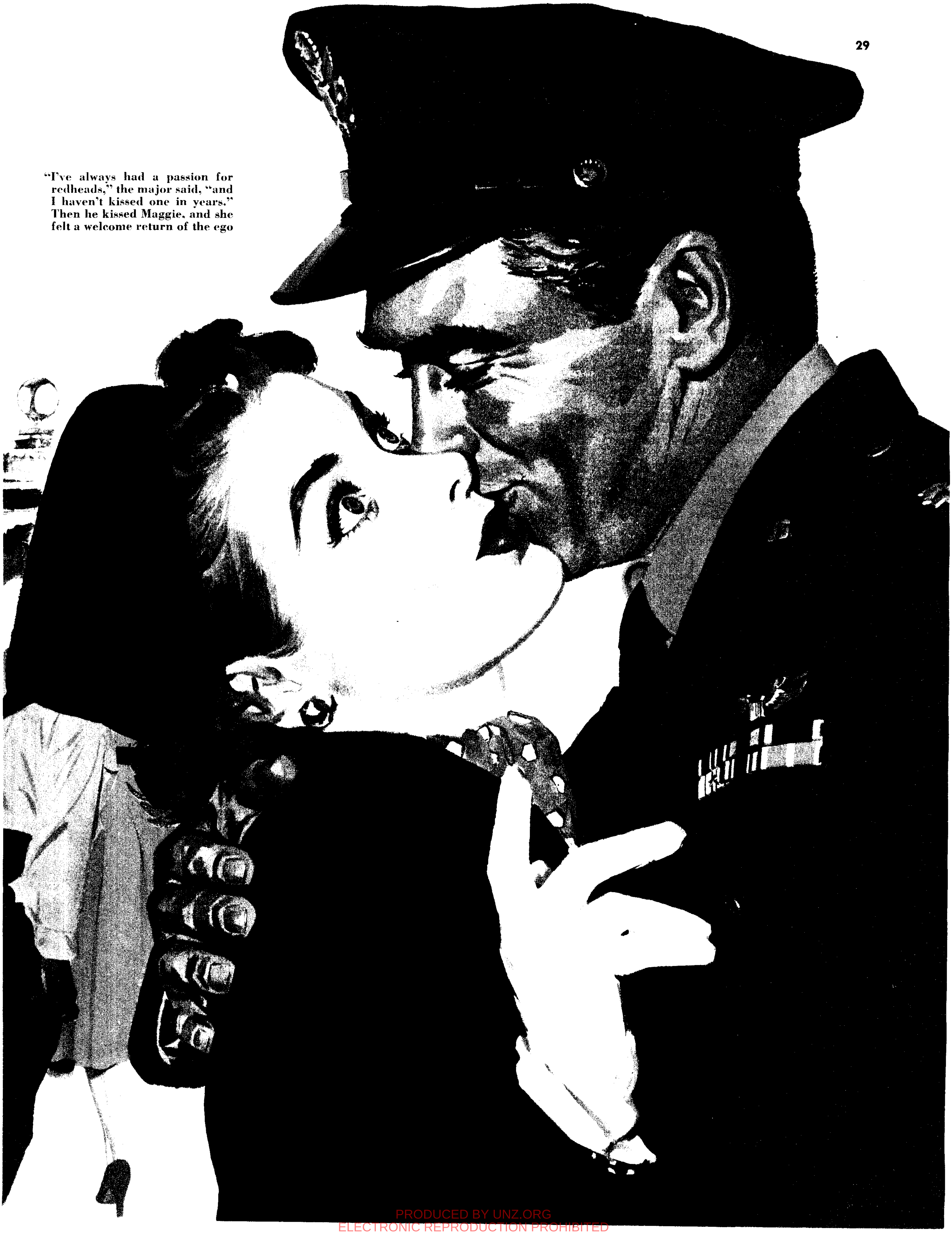
Ordinarily someone like Drexel would have delighted her. He would have been the inspiration for a marvelous story. In her heart, Maggie knew it was really Gina Valdi who had been making her miserable for a long time.

Sam Wakefield was a (*Continued on page* 42)



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

"I've always had a passion for redheads," the major said, "and I haven't kissed one in years." Then he kissed Maggie, and she felt a welcome return of the ego



NO NUTBURGERS

Hamburger lovers, arise! Your favorite food is threatened. But there's still time,

THERE is a conspiracy of monstrous proportions spreading through this kindly land. Its sinister tentacles already reach into every city and village and shadow every home. Unless you are vigilant, you may be the next victim. I refer, of course, to the diabolical assault being made on the American hamburger. The hamburger sandwich is being debauched. And, until now, not a hand has been raised in its defense.

The hamburger is a triumph of indigenous American cookery. Redolent with the savory juices of good ground beef, garnished with lettuce and tomato, the whole encompassed in a golden bun, it is one of man's greatest achievements. Prepared by loving hands, it is a delight, a meal which satisfies man's deepest yearnings. It restores his soul as it knits his tissues. It sends him on his way with a spring in his stride and a lilt in his voice, refreshed, joyous, alert, every sinew in tune with the Good and the Beautiful.

This is the superlative sandwich which has fallen into unworthy hands. On the oil-spattered griddles of misguided meat maulers, the hamburger has become a monument to grease and indigestion. A national institution has become a national disgrace. All, however, is not lost. It is not too late to rally the forces of decency. The edible hamburger shall not perish from the earth!

Now is the time to rally the national treasure and manpower. "We will fight on the beaches. We will fight on the airfields. We will fight in the streets." I forget who said that—or even if he said it exactly that way—but it pretty well sums up the idea. Unless the stout of heart gird to battle the forces of evil, the hamburger, as we have known it, is doomed.

I recently made a motor trip which took me twice across the country. I traveled the main highways, the habitat of the hamburger. I carried on scientific researches and samplings unprecedented in the hamburger field. I learned plenty:

1. A movement to make the hamburger into something else—almost anything else—is in full flower. The renegade horse players, fallen executives and disenfranchised butchers who operate hamburger stands are determined to add adulterants never meant by a wise Providence to be part of a hamburger. There should be a law to compel hamburger cooks to wear little signs stating what they are up to. If they are about to commit hamburgers containing wild rice, guava jelly, bran meal or soybeans, the customer, in common courtesy, should be warned. Cooks who put pickled beets or chopped potatoes in hamburgers should be arrested and held without bail.

2. I can make the best hamburger in the world. For the good of a noble cause, I will lend you my recipe; you'll find it later in this article.

3. Whimsey is running riot on the hamburger bourse.

I recall a visit I made to a small hamburger place in the Midwest. Friendly-like, I struck up a conversation with the waitress.

"Where's Nan?" I asked.

"Oh, Nan's went," said the waitress. She turned to the cook, a man with a lined face and sad eyes (all hamburger cooks look like Ray Bolger). "How long's it been since Nan's went?"

"She ain't been here for more'n a year," he said.

"I was interested in the name of your sandwich," I explained. "'Nanburger'—that's pretty cute. Now that Nan's gone, I imagine you'll have to change the name, won't you?"

"Can't," said the cook. "When you got a name like mine you stick with Nanburger. Name's Fred

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL

FOR ME!

By ROBERT de ROOS

the author says, to preserve for posterity the secret of this best of all hamburgers

Sprockter. You think anybody's going to order a Sprockterburger? But I got the best burgers in town," he added. "I used to be a butcher and I cut my own meat."

"Nanburger" is a comparatively mild example in the roadside lexicon. I have been offered (and, for my sins, have ordered) primeburgers, circleburgers (the stand was on a traffic circle), beefburgers, bar-b-burgers, chickburgers (cooked by a man named Chick), broilburgers, chowburgers, charburgers, steakburgers, steerburgers, burnburgers, chiliburgers, meaties, Beckyburgers, bigburgers, tunaburgers, shrimpburgers, lamburgers (made of lamb, taste like ram), huskiburgers, chuckburgers, Wimpies, Wimpyburgers, barbecueburgers, chickenburgers, hi-hat-burgers and nutburgers.

California Offers Many Varieties

In Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, there is a restaurant advertising a Grubmah—which I take to be a hamburger cooked backward, with results probably no worse than most. In the San Fernando Valley of California, there was once a place which advertised good-earth-burgers. I don't know what they contained. Locusts, probably. You can still buy a lucky-13-burger or a golfburger there. There once was a Meet-the-People-burger, named after a musical revue. There was also an oomphburger, which was a hamburger served with oomph.

Horsemeat-burgers were semipopular during the war years. Some were called whinnyburgers. Still available at various places are rabbitburgers, porkburgers, sausageburgers, pickleburgers and kirschburgers. There is a Pardburger for dogs. Senator Claghorn once concocted a yamburger for Southerners. You can buy a brunchburger, a kiddieburger, a jiffyburger, a Mexiburger, a tripleburger, a dogburger, a seaburger and a fishburger. In Mexico, where *j* is pronounced like *h*, you might try ordering a *j*amburger. What you'd get, I don't know. Probably jam.

A place in California, called The Hippopotamus, features a bourbonburger. The beef is marinated in 100-proof bourbon before it is broiled. For the life of me, I can't say why, but these things are actually popular.

So are cannibalburgers sold at the same place: raw scrapings from a top round, served on a toasted bun. On the side are onions, relish, barbecue sauce, salt and pepper, and roasted sesame seeds

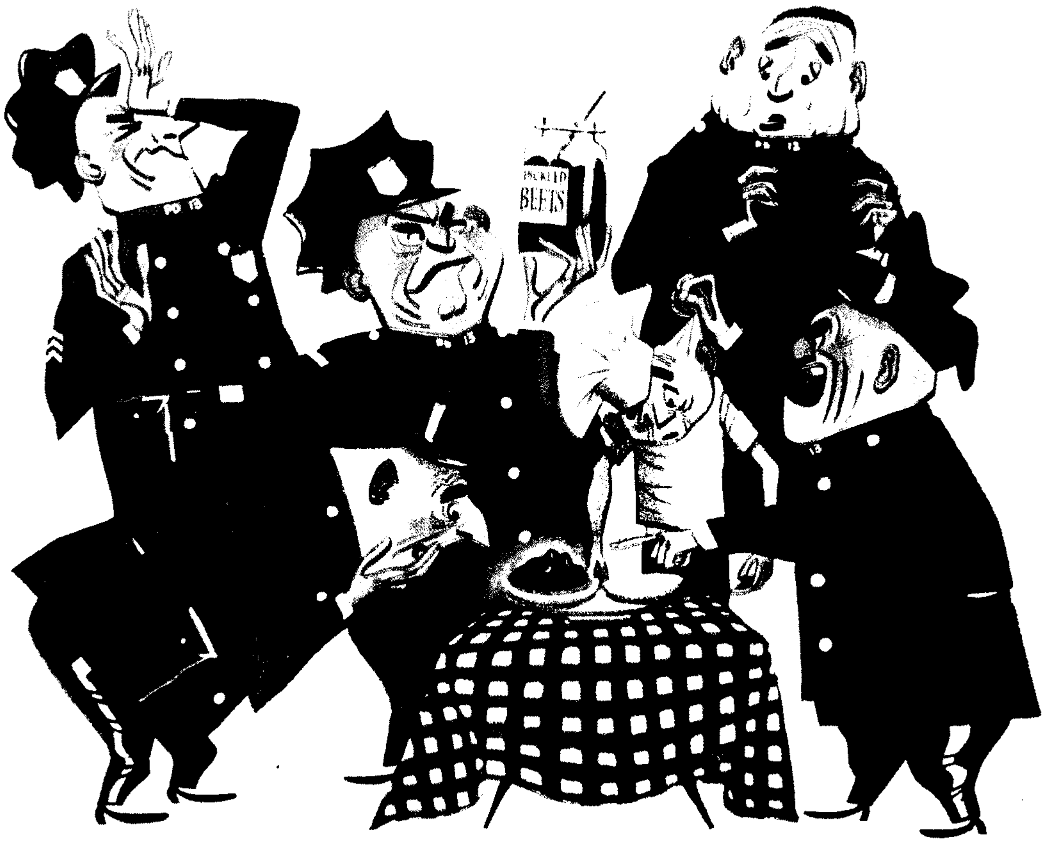
Ordering a hamburger in Texas is something like fraternizing with an H-bomb. "You jus' sit there and don' fret," said the cheery girl in a place on the road westbound out of Houston. "Cook'll make the best li'l old hamburger you ever did see."

Well, sir, that hombre just outdid hisself. That was no plain, ordinary burger like you can get in Boston or Butte. No, sir, it was called a Tay-ex-us-burger, and it must have been close kin to the chiliburger (everyone's related in Texas).

What the waitress laid down in front of me looked like a fair-sized hill covered with snow. Turned out the cook had taken a couple of meat patties and fried them up and then laid them on two half sides of a toasted bun. Then he buried them in a reddish pile of chili con carne and splashed a liberal handful of raw, rarin'-to-go

Need this succulent delicacy perish from the earth? It was cooked in accordance with the recipe given by author De Roos, with diners offered a choice of sautéed or raw onions

What is the origin of the hamburger? Well, one night a transplanted German came in



The law should step in when chefs start tampering with hamburgers, according to De Roos. He says: "Cooks who put pickled beets in them ought to be arrested and held without bail"

onions on top. Hotter than Vee-suvius in its prime!

"Hurry back now, honey," the waitress said when I left after downing that ole burger and 12 glasses of water. Three days later, as I finally bid the Lone Star State adieu, my mouth was still burning.

Near San Francisco, there is a purveyor of whizzburgers. The slogan of the place is: "A whizzburger every thirty seconds." There is an obvious opening here for a slo-burger—for people who are not in *that* much of a hurry. In the same general neighborhood there is a hamburger place which calls itself The Ground Cow.

As Hamlet Might Have Hammed It Up

Then there's Hamburger Hamlet in Hollywood, where you can buy a Burgundy-wine-burger and read on the menu: "Broil the burger, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you burn it, as many broilermen do, I had as lief the physician broil my foods. . . . I would have such a chef whipped for despoiling the art of the caterer. . . ." Which shows what happens when a hamburger dealer gets his hands on Shakespeare.

About that Burgundy-wine-burger: it's served with sautéed walnuts on a bun after the meat has been marinated in wine and broiled. The inventor of this atrocity, Marilyn Lewis, who runs Hamburger Hamlet with her husband, actor Harry Lewis, has since repented. "It's a dreadful thing," she says now. "I just wanted to see how far people would go. And darned if the wine-burger didn't become a sensation. To preserve our self-respect, we took it off the menu, but people still come in little gourmetish groups and order it."

Marilyn, the vixen, is now planning a burger-Stroganoff: a broiled burger dolloped with a sauce made of sour cream and mushrooms. On the strength of her experience with the wine-burger, she foresees a great future for it.

And it was only natural, I suppose, that a sandwich so meatily succulent as the hamburger should be simulated by the vegetarians. There are about 4,000,000 vegetarians in the land, and what they eat is a vegetableburger. In it, various vegetable proteins are camouflaged to look like hamburger. A single plant turned out 1,500,000 pounds of the stuff last year.

Even a purist (like me) can excuse a few of the infinite variations on the hamburger theme—say tunaburgers, rabbitburgers and possibly dobbinburgers. Maybe the folks just don't have any good beef and must rely on substitutes. I am not one to laugh at poverty.

But I am also not one to laugh at recipe makers who are foisting a plague of would-be-burgers on a supine public. I ask your forgiveness for quoting this recipe: "Liver-sausage-burger—Brown slices of liver sausage in butter until well browned. Split buns. Toast if desired. Serve hot liver sausage between buttered halves of buns. Add onion, pickle, relish or chili as desired." So far as I know, the perpetrator of this recipe has never been brought to justice.

It's bad enough to be faced with these concoctions on the public ways of the country. But recipe makers, not content with turning the highways into one long assault on the alimentary tract, are urging housewives to commit outrages on the hamburger in the home.

The food sections of the newspapers are probably the worst offenders. Recipe makers of the fourth estate have, within the last few months, offered the following sandwiches, all under the cover name, "burger": 'tateburger, branburger, deviledburger, moreburger (that's what it said: *moreburger*), jumboburger, herbburger (with marjoram, thyme, garlic salt), mushroomburger and bohemianburger. (A bohemianburger includes minced dill pickles, pickled beets and chopped, cooked potatoes.)

There are other offenders, too. I shudder to report that a Hollywood press agent once had a movie starlet put gardenia petals instead of lettuce in a hamburger sandwich. And the possibilities are endless. How about a benzeeburger, with just a dash of Benzedrine? Or a catfishburger-on-a-bagel for Southern song writers who move to New York? Or a pineapple-upside-down-burger?

Wimpy Is a Man of High Principle

However, the hamburger gourmets go along with Tom Sims, the man who dreams up the Sunday comic-strip activities of Popeye, the Sailor, Olive Oyl and the rest of the people in the Thimble Theatre. As legal guardian of Popeye's sidekick, J. Wellington Wimpy, the world's number one hamburger addict, Tom tells me: "I have known Wimpy to make whaleburgers, but he resorts to such low practice only in emergencies, and never, to my knowledge, has he ordered a cheeseburger or any of the other so-called burgers served by places which have no consideration for their customers. My guess is he'd rather starve than eat a nutburger."

On the other hand, Wimpy's own hamburger recipe, as quoted by Sims, leaves something to be desired: "Without a penny in your pocket, walk into a café where you're not known. Bang on the table or counter and demand instant service. Order one or more hamburgers. Enjoy your hamburgers in a leisurely fashion. Then get up and talk your way out. Or be thrown out. You must avoid having to wash dishes; insult the waiter and, if necessary, the manager to ensure being ejected by force."

The newest rage to hit the roadside stands is the 19-cent hamburger, which comes under a dazzling variety of names usually lifted from the wives of the owners. These places specialize in cooking their Toni-burgers and Nancy-Lou-burgers ahead of time. The most that can be said for them is that their sandwiches are simple: just the grilled meat and a "sauce" containing tomato catsup and sweet relish in equal parts.

Nineteen-cent hamburgers are for people who want to pay nineteen cents for a hamburger. Texas oilmen go to Jack and Charlie's exclusive "21" in New York City, where they are told with some hauteur: "We do not serve hamburger sandwiches. If we did, the recipe would be the same as for the 'Hamburger 21.' "

When a waiter hollers, "Hamburger 21!" in the kitchen of the restaurant, a qualified hamburger chef leaps to his feet, chops up a couple of stalks of celery and mixes the pieces into a quarter pound of

Rabbitburger should never be served—unless the chef can't lay his hands on ground beef

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

from painting hex signs on his Pennsylvania barns and . . .

ground sirloin. While he's about it, he also mixes in two raw eggs. Then he adds salt and pepper, pats the meat into an oval shape and sautés it gently in butter. Served up with brown sauce and string beans, this dish fetches $3 at "21." The price shows what a good location can do.

Still another variety of hamburger is served up by some San Francisco restaurants named Joe's, New Joe's, Original Joe's and possibly New Original Joe's. These are Italian places, and they feature a hamburger consisting of a hefty chunk of ground meat with built-in onions. The chefs press the onions into a great rectangular patty of the meat, grill it and then slam it into a section of a loaf of French bread which has been split horizontally. You eat it either with a knife and fork or by hand. That's usually all there is to the sandwich, just the bread and the onioned meat, although sometimes a dash of catsup is added. You have to be careful with this concoction or the sharp crust of the bread will lacerate the roof of your mouth.

Gardenia petals on a hamburger? A movie starlet once tried 'em—her press agent says

This Italian version, while tasty and a worthy try, is still not a real hamburger. That dish, I was told, was invented in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. The way I heard it, a transplanted German came in one night from painting hex signs on his barns.

"Achtung!" he said to his wife. "Why ist der meaten geboilen day in and day outen? Ist tasten lousy the meaten geboilen."

"Look who getalken ist," his *Frau* replied. "Herr Geniusen mit Thomas Edison, the inventen feller. Out of mein kitchen gegetten." The good woman, however, stopped boiling the beef. She put it through a chopper and cooked it like steak. It was a dish of unsurpassed succulence and flavor. As it is to this day. Her husband was overjoyed.

"Ist das nicht free from bonen?" he asked.

"Yah. Das ist free from bonen," she replied.

"Ist das nicht good for chewen?"

"Yah. Das ist vergut for chewen."

"Ist das nicht ein tasten wallop?"

"Yah. Das ist ein tasten wallop."

As fame of the new delicacy spread, scores of names were suggested for it. "Why not call it 'Hamburg Steak' after Hamburg, Germany, which has the largest port in continental Europe?" someone asked, and the logic of this idea won the day.

Almost immediately, some unheralded benefactor put the steak between buns and thus invented the Hamburg sandwich. (Twenty minutes later, someone else changed the name from "Hamburg" to "Hamburger"—thus beginning the tampering which has been going on ever since.)

Loving hands and clever brains combined over the years to fashion subtle improvements in this succulent supersandwich. Unremitting research by public-spirited bakers led to the development of a magnificent bun. A bun flushed with the golden brown of the autumn leaves. A bright bun, a light bun, subtly sweetened, yet strong enough to bear honorably its precious cargo of savory beef, lettuce as crisp and cold as the ice film on a mountain lake, and the rich, ruby red of sliced tomato.

Most people never learn to make a proper hamburger. The pity is that most of them actually think there is nothing to learn. Now, with me it was different. As a youth, I served a long apprenticeship on the beach in my native village, Santa Monica, California, under the tutelage of Percy H. Baden. For my money, he was probably the best hamburger maker who ever lived. He used to charge fifteen cents for his hamburgers when his competitors sold theirs for a dime. That will give you an idea of the edge his hamburgers had on the field. It will also give you an idea of how long ago it was.

Baden was a fine man, and he had great respect for the hamburger sandwich. He used nothing but lean round steak, of course. He ground it himself. He also had some gadgets which looked like those things men smooth down concrete with. His were made of aluminum lined with asbestos, and he laid them, ever so gently, on top of his buns so they would toast evenly on the griddle.

Gadgets That Are No Longer Needed

He also had an oversize wooden pestle, flat on the bottom. He used it to press out the round patties on waxed paper for the sandwiches. Then he had a board with a hole the exact size of a hamburger bun in it; this was sort of a jig to ensure a standard cut when the buns were sliced. Buns come already sliced these days, of course, and Baden's gadgets are no longer necessary to make the world's best hamburger.

Here is my recipe for that best of all hamburgers. It leans heavily on the original Baden patents.

A Good Hamburger

Ground round steak or ground chuck
Buns
Crisp lettuce
Tomatoes in slices
Mayonnaise
Butter
Sweet relish
Salt and pepper
Onions—optional (can be sautéed separately or sliced raw)
One No. 2 can of sliced peaches unopened
Waxed paper, cut into six-inch squares

Have everything ready; you have to move fast when your hamburgers are nearing their final perfection.

First scoop out enough meat for a single patty. An ice-cream scoop can be used, although I like a little larger patty. Don't use too much meat, however, because the hamburger should have a good balance of flavors.

Put the meat ball on a piece of waxed paper. Cover with another. Smack this with the bottom of the can of peaches. Not too hard. When you remove the upper wax paper, you will have what appears to be a facsimile of a Japanese flag. The patty should be about a half inch thick and about four inches in diameter. Be sure to count your buns. Beginners sometimes are carried away with the shaping and stamp out dozens of meat patties and then find they have only six or eight buns.

If you have a griddle, you're in business. Otherwise, heat two frying pans, big ones—one for the meat and the other for the buns. Bacon fat is fine for the meat pan. Get it hot and slap in the meat patty, being careful to retain the wax paper in your hands. Cook the hamburgers quickly. Meanwhile, heat the bun pan, a little hotter than medium. Don't put any fat in the bun pan. Put half a bun in this pan, split side down. Then—and this is a step of paramount importance, the very heart of the Baden secret—press gently down on the bun with your fingers and swish it around the pan. Repeat with each half bun as it goes into the pan for toasting. This swooshing around glazes the face of the bun. And it makes a tremendous difference in the taste of the final delectable product. I don't know why, but it does.

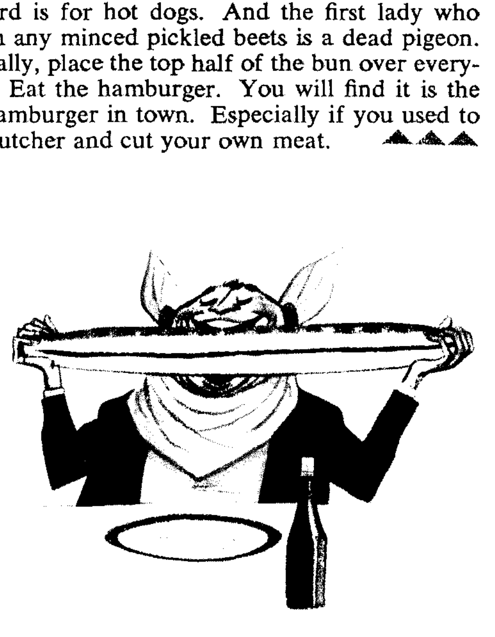
JAMBURGER
LAS
BEBIDAS
HELADAS

De Roos suggests you try ordering jamburger in Mexico. "J" is pronounced like "h" there

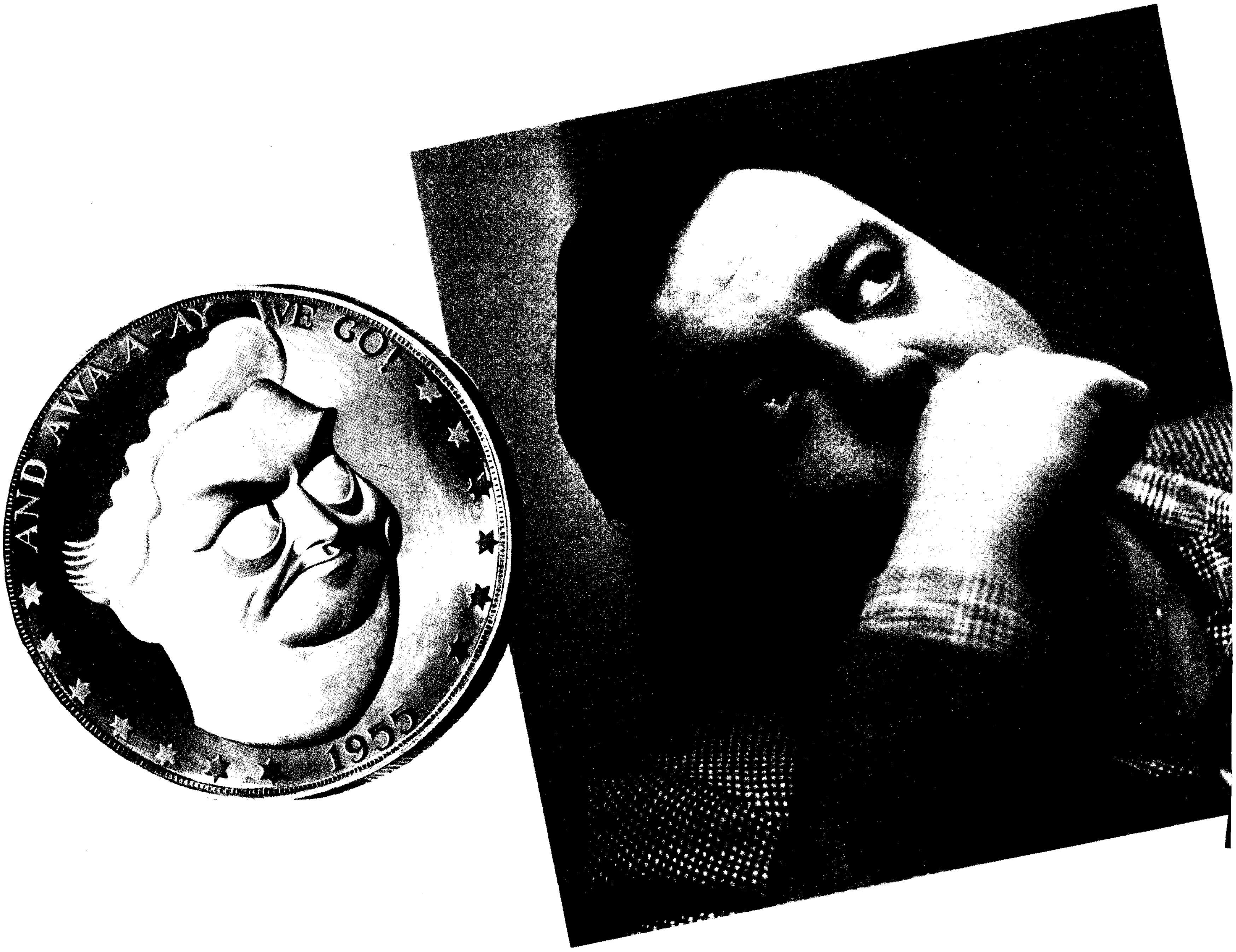
When the buns are evenly browned—the split sides will have the color of a properly done hot cake at this point—remove them from the pan and quickly butter them. Spread mayonnaise on the top half of the bun and add as much sweet relish as you want. Slap the cooked hamburger, which has been salted and peppered only at the last moment of cooking, on the bottom half of the bun.

If you have sautéed onions, spread them on top of the meat. If not, embellish the meat with a slice of tomato and then add the raw onion slice. Then the lettuce. Some people prefer dill pickle instead of sweet relish. That is optional. But no mustard. Mustard is for hot dogs. And the first lady who puts in any minced pickled beets is a dead pigeon.

Finally, place the top half of the bun over everything. Eat the hamburger. You will find it is the best hamburger in town. Especially if you used to be a butcher and cut your own meat. ▲▲▲



Italian restaurants in San Francisco feature a French-loaf hamburger with built-in onions



E Pluribus GLEASON

Out of many performers, one rowdy comic has emerged as TV's most extraordinary star. He's a many-sided, volatile personality—gagster, musician, businessman—self-designed on a monster scale and maintained by a small army. Here's the Jackie you've never known

By MICHAEL DRURY

HOW does it happen that a rowdy, thirty-nine-year-old comedian who often has not known where his next meal was coming from is today the biggest single commodity in the competitive and tricky market place that is television?

It is a difficult feat, but it has been accomplished with astonishing speed and agility by a citizen named John Clemens Gleason, lately of Brooklyn, New York. Jackie Gleason is a scientifically outrageous man. Five years ago he was almost unheard from; today he is known to 49,000,000 televiewers as the luminary of a brash, funny, fat and sassy Saturday-night TV show whose obvious aim is to leave 'em gasping, an aim Gleason pursues diligently off camera as well as on.

He is what is termed by his peculiar trade a "physical" comic. "Jackie's not really a joke man," an associate says. "It's what he does and the way he looks. He *thinks* funny." He has slam-banged his way to the top of the television heap in five short years by using every known trick except a gun that shoots paper flowers and the American flag, and doing it as though he personally invented them "off the arm," as his manager Bullets Durgom likes to say.

Seltzer bottles, bells, gongs, body blows, mops-in-the-face, "pain bits" (hand caught in a folding chair), big clouds of dust, outlandish clothing—all these and more turn up regularly on the Gleason show, and millions of earthy and not-so-earthy people find it hilarious fun. According to Hubbell Robinson, the young Columbia Broadcasting System vice-president most responsible for bringing Gleason to that network, "Anybody who's got an audience the size of Jackie's has got some of everybody: top, middle and bottom."

An ex-carnival pitchman, ex-burlesque clown, ex-night-club master of ceremonies, Gleason recently made headlines across the nation by concluding the biggest single TV deal on record—a multimillion-dollar contract with Buick division of General Motors to produce television shows for three years beginning this fall. Plainly, there is more to Gleason than meets the eye.

Besides starring in his own hour-long comedy every week, Gleason ringmasters the entire enterprise: he okays the script, supervises both production and direction, works out music cues, and gives the word on choreography, costumes and casting.

He also keeps a watchful eye and a mailed fist on the cashbox. During rehearsal one Saturday afternoon Gleason evolved an arrangement whereby two stagehands appeared behind him and removed a piece of scenery while he chattered before the camera. Satisfied, he had started into the next scene when his assistant producer walked over and whispered in his ear. Waving both arms, Gleason emitted a piercing whistle that silenced the entire studio. "I have just heard some horrible news," he announced dramatically. "If the stagehands appear on camera, it's fifty bucks apiece."

"No, Jackie," someone corrected over a loudspeaker, "twenty-two-fifty apiece."

"If it's fifty bucks," said the director on *his* loudspeaker from the video control booth, "I will come down there and do it myself."

Gleason frowned at all points of the compass for quiet. "I don't care if it's three ninety-five," he said archly. "We will redesign the whole thing." And they did, omitting the stagehands. "Sorry, boys," said Gleason somberly.

The Motive Behind His Lavish Spending

Although he has a carefully cultivated reputation as an enormous spender—he may sink $10,000 into a new stage curtain because the old one has a pulled thread, or into a single lavish dance number, and he once sent a pair of cat's-eye and sterling-silver cuff links to a man who merely asked if he could be of service to him—Gleason spends chiefly for a reason, usually the enhancement of the Gleason legend, and then he opens his purse strings with abandon. His build-up of himself is not so much egotism as simple business. He knows well enough he is a commodity and he doesn't let the public or his sponsors forget it, as they might if he lived like an ordinary mortal.

He has laid out as much as $3,000 in one clothes-buying spree, including $400 for a cream-colored cashmere trench coat (he now has two of them); and he has spent close to $10,000 for an Aztec-red Cadillac with a plaid top, and roughly $85,000 on the redecoration of his six-room duplex apartment on Fifth Avenue. The apartment is a luxuriant fusion of color and texture, with brilliant red carpeting, gray walls coated with fuzz (by a process called flocking) so that it looks as if the whole place were lined in velvet, yellow velvet chairs, an orange Shantung chair, turquoise-and-gold drapes, a seventeenth-century black-and-gold eight-panel Chinese screen, an ormolu clock, a round coffee table flocked in yellow, a black grand piano and a Seeborg Select-o-matic record player flocked in gray that will play for 25 hours without stopping or repeating. There are five television sets in the six rooms, including one in the bedroom suspended from the ceiling with remote controls on the headboard of the bed. Gleason lives in this apartment alone except for Tony Amico, his valet, cook, chauffeur and bodyguard. (Gleason is married and has two teen-age daughters but he and his wife are legally separated.)

Jackie Gleason is first and last a merchant whose credo is "Package it." He owns his own TV show outright. Through his company, jackie gleason enterprises, inc. (he never signs his name with capital letters), he also possesses two other television programs—one featuring Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, and the other a dramatic show not currently on the air—plus a recording organization and two music-publishing firms. He writes music, conducts and records an orchestra for Capitol Records, invents games for kids, designs jewelry and clothes, plans apartment and office *décor,* reads scholarly books in the field of psychic phenomena, converses with spirits, paints portraits and abstractions in oils, draws caricatures, and sends provocative analyses of their performances to other TV comics whose work he scrutinizes.

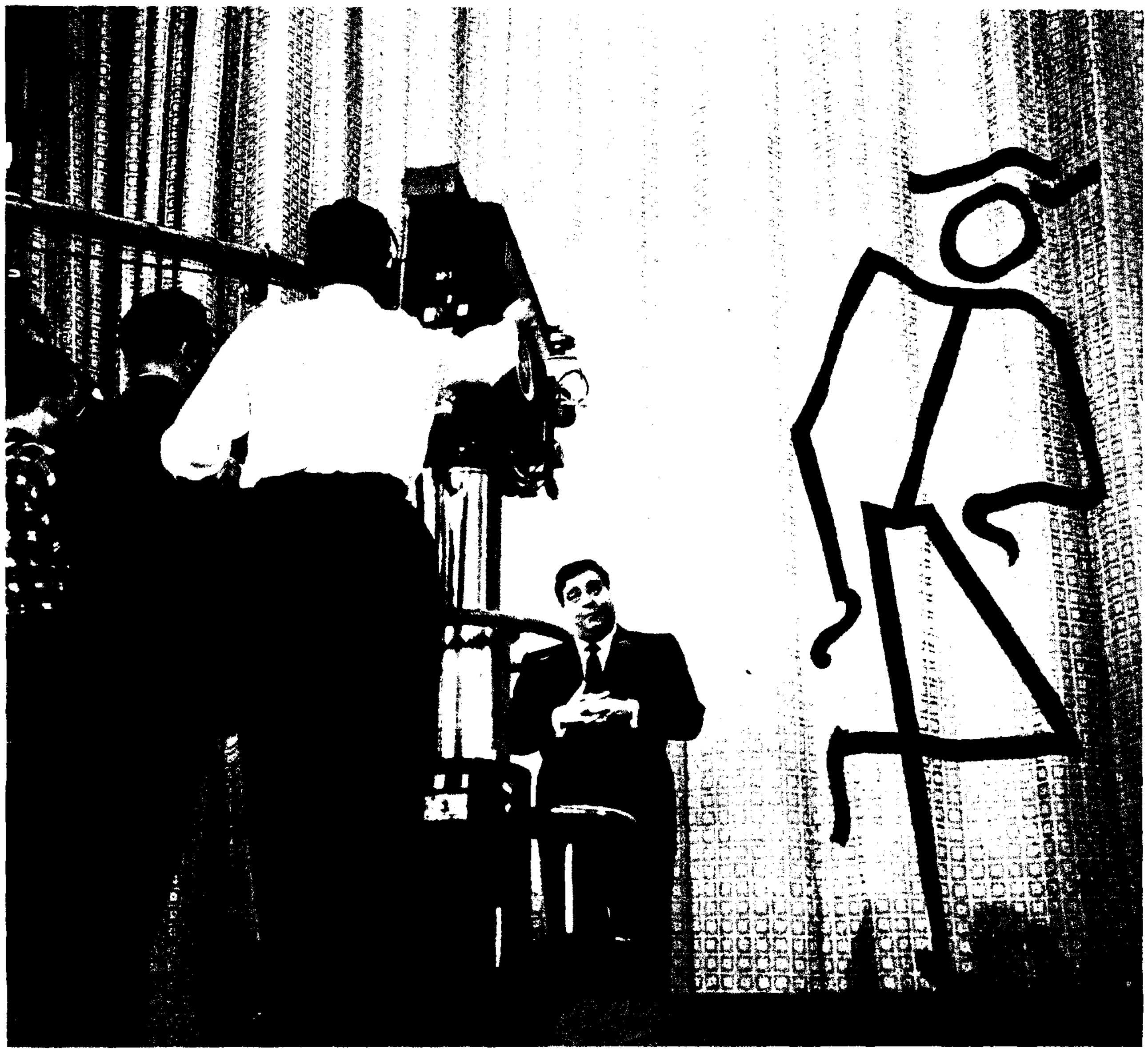
For good measure he signs himself up for grueling vaudeville stints and an occasional starring role on CBS's serious dramatic shows. He has been asked to play the lead in a motion picture to be produced by two Hollywood comedians, Jack Benny and George Burns, and he owns the film rights to a novel about TV, entitled Who He?, which he plans to produce with himself in the starring niche.

He ought to be an impossibility but there he stands, a 250-pound genie out of TV's vacuum tube, flanked by musicians, balloons, whipped-cream spritz cans and 24 Dancing Girls 24. No one can deny that he exists, but it would take an Einsteinian mathematical formula to explain all sides of him, and after Gleason got it, he'd change it. Most of the time he lives and moves in the

Jackie rehearsing just before the show with supporting stars Art Carney, Audrey Meadows

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GARRY WINOGRAND

Scores of people labor in Gleason's vineyard, reaching high pitch on Saturday night. Then—away we go!



Gleason on camera. Hand-woven curtain with away-we-go figure was designed by star himself

heady atmosphere of geniality, generosity and genius that constitute the Gleason hyperbole, but if you watch him sometime when he is not watching you, you may catch on his handsome Irish face both brooding and bewilderment.

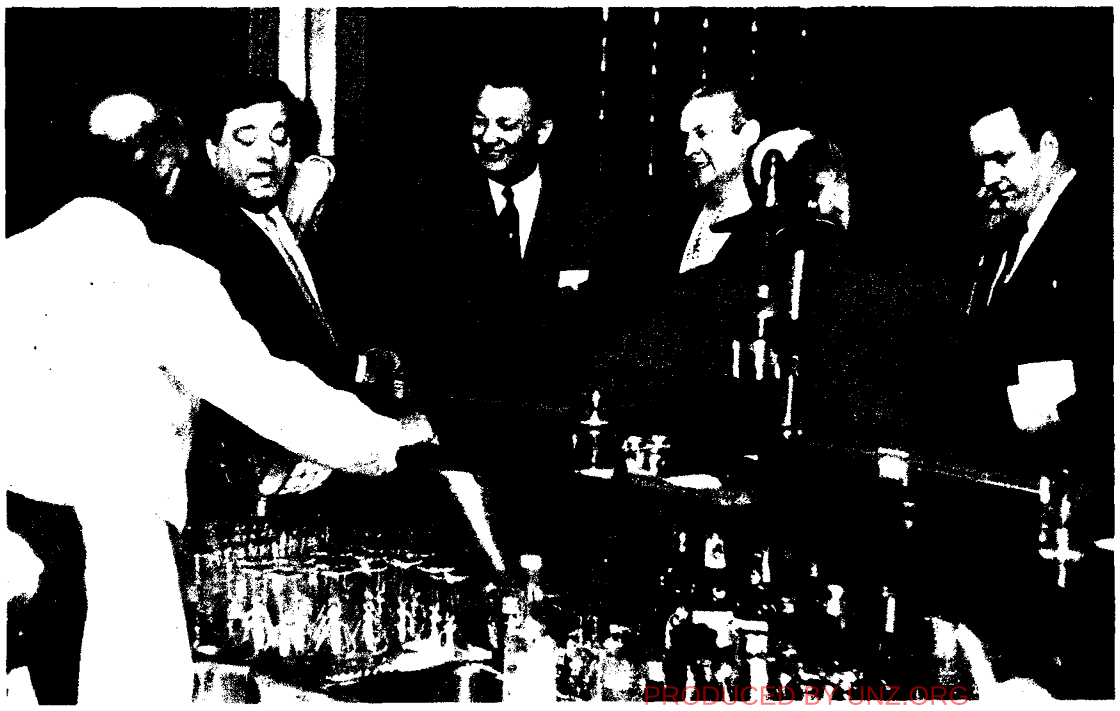
"This business," said Gleason once, meaning the entertainment business in general and television in particular, "is like no other business because it has no syllogisms." (A syllogism, according to the dictionary, is a logical formal argument, consisting of two statements and a conclusion drawn from them.) "In every other business," Gleason went on, "you try to make the public aware of your product and then make them want to buy it. In show business you try to find out what the audience wants and likes—and give it to them." He scowled a little and added, "The problem is not how to handle success but how to get success to handle you—to romance you, as we say. Nobody can handle success because it belongs to no one."

Someone told him the late actor Walter Huston once said he'd give anything to be able to ride in a subway again without being recognized, talked to, sought after, hunted and haunted.

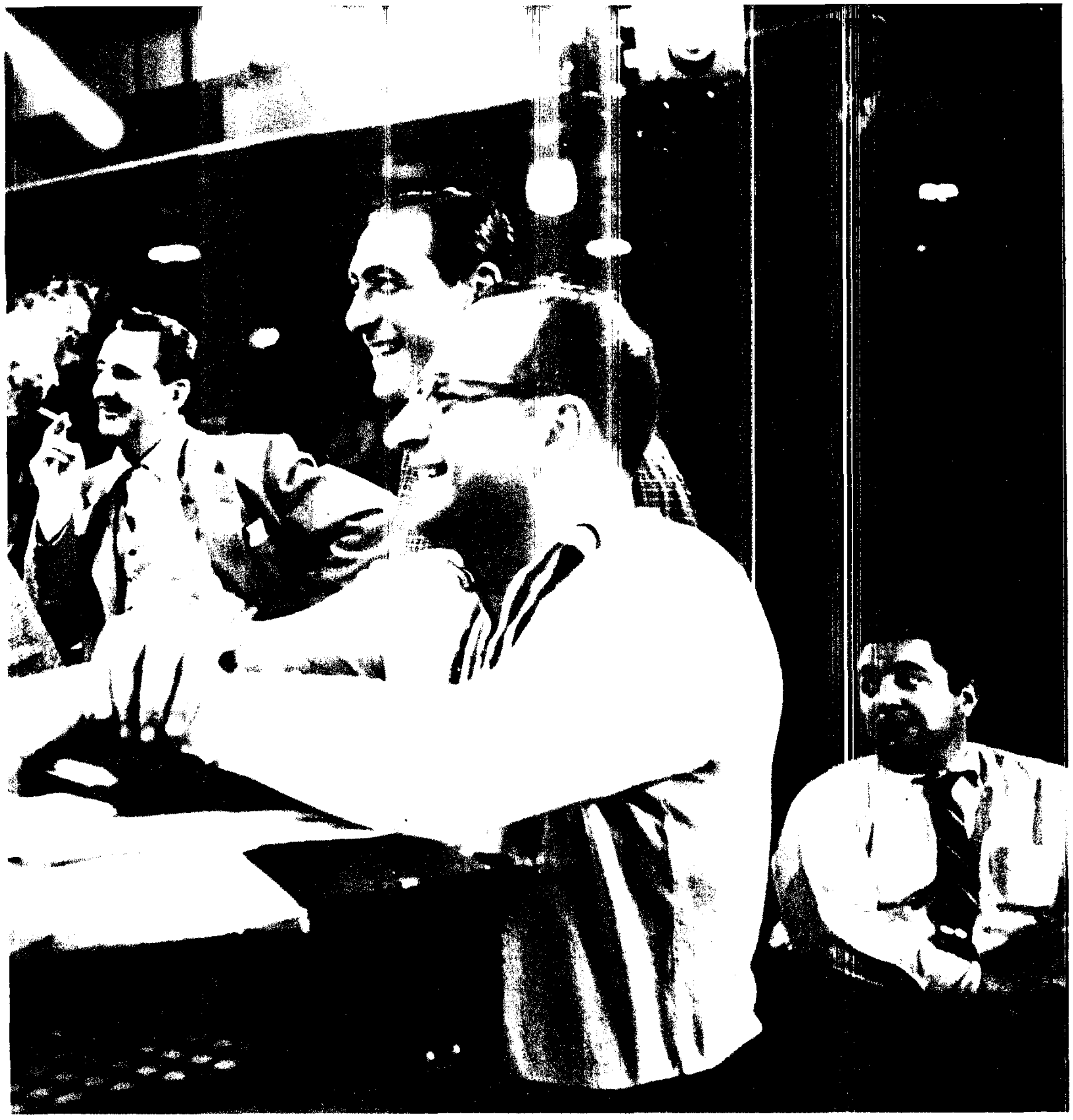
Gleason was scornful. "That's naïve and untrue," he pronounced. "Nobody wants to go back once he's tasted success. Being recognized is an occupational necessity; it's part of the price you pay for the business you're in."

"The hardest part," said Bullets Durgom, Gleason's personal manager, a short, bald, energetic man, "is that when everybody knows your face, everybody talks to you, and when they talk they make a request: sign this, do this, go here, go there. Every time you turn around you're making a commitment."

"It could be worse, though," Gleason replied



At Toots Shor's (his favorite restaurant). L. to r., Gleason, Shor, newspaper columnist Frank Conniff, TV producer Jack Hurdle (with his back to the camera) and Randolph Hearst



Left, at rehearsal. From l. to r., pianist Milton Sherman, Gleason, executive producer Jack Philbin, director Frank Satenstein, assistant producer Stan Poss and Jackie's dresser, Eddie DeVierno. Below, the star leafs through some news clippings in his office—a $25,000-a-year two-story apartment in the Park Sheraton Hotel

softly. "It could be no commitments. That's why has-been actors become alcoholics. They can ride on the subway and nobody recognizes them any more. Of course, you have to run that risk. This is a very insecure business. You're insecure about the scenery showing up, whether the show will flop, whether the gags are funny enough. There is crisis all the time, one big prolonged crisis. I am directly responsible for everything concerned with this show. I can't relax. I don't sleep well. Actors are funny people; they make fun of the things they love and wish they had. They can never get away from their business. They can never do anything just because they want to; they always have to figure out what effect it's going to have on other people—an audience or just the guy you're talking to at lunch. Pretty soon you run your whole life that way. Not 'How am I going to like this?' but 'How is this going to seem to other people?' " He sighed and then grinned. "It's not as grim as it sounds. There is no apathism in show business."

Not in Gleason's show business anyhow. Understatement in any direction is not his forte.

Some Prodigious Gastronomic Feats

He is a prodigious eater. "He will," according to one acquaintance, "eat a whole chicken and a quart of ice cream at a sitting. Together if possible. Chicken à la mode." Gleason's weight has mounted at times to 275, and it once sank to 180—"but only because he was seriously ill," according to a cohort. Usually it hovers around 250. He has been known to eat pork chops, French fried potatoes and a loaf of toast for breakfast, a big plate of *lasagne* and a bottle of Chianti for an eleven-o'clock snack, roast beef for lunch and so on through the day.

Once, after a day of this kind of eating, he did one of his famous flips on a vaudeville stage—and didn't get up. In bed in his hotel room the next day with a doctor in attendance, Gleason solemnly told visitors he was thoroughly scared and one had to be careful, all the while packing away a great platter of ham and eggs. He is especially fond of Italian food and will eat spaghetti with pork sauce for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Last fall there was a testimonial dinner for the late Grantland Rice, the sports commentator, at Toots Shor's—the New York restaurant whose owner is Gleason's close friend. It was a black-tie affair, mostly for the sports crowd, but also attended by some heads of large companies, like Benjamin Fairless of U.S. Steel. Gleason was present. He and Shor normally converse by exchanging cheery insults and despite the company Gleason saw no reason to reform. He growled at his friend about the food, referred to the specially purchased steaks as "pot roast" and finally paid a waiter to go out and buy him a pizza. He ate it ostentatiously, then subsided, pleased.

Toots Shor, although he might be astonished to hear it, is probably good for Gleason. He knows all about him and likes him anyway, a state of affairs that enables him to talk to the big comedian as nobody else quite dares to do.

When Shor first saw the Aztec-red Cadillac, he said, "What'd you get it for? So people would notice you? Nuts. You're not so famous. Come on, I'll go for a ride with you and you'll see." They got in and drove while Gleason fumed; they traveled 30 blocks before anyone noticed him or spoke to him. "See?" said Toots gleefully.

One day last year when Gleason wandered into Shor's restaurant, Toots invited him to have a drink, and while they were standing at the bar, he said, "You're not so much. See that man sitting over there?" He pointed out an unassuming-looking man in a brown tweed suit. "Next week he's gonna have eighty million people watching him on TV."

Gleason looked darkly at the other man. "Who is he?" he finally asked.

Toots chortled. "Eddie Erdelatz, Navy's football coach. The Army-Navy game is next week."

Has Gleason changed with money and success? "No," says Shor. "He was always crazy. The only difference is he can afford it now. He used to come in my place yelling and screaming and dead broke. He would take the menus out of the captain's hand and start taking orders from the customers. One New Year's Eve when he hardly knew where he was going to sleep that night, he came in here and ordered champagne for everybody in the place." Toots shrugged. "What the heck? It was New Year's Eve. I was going to give everybody champagne anyway, so what's the difference whether I did it or Gleason did? I kind of admired his nerve."

Acting Out a Zany Dream of Grandeur

In those uncertain days (referred to by everyone connected with Gleason as "a long time ago, 'way back in 1950") Toots loaned Gleason money and fed him free meals and, perhaps most important of all, gave him free rein to act out his zany dream of grandeur. On another occasion when Gleason bigheartedly bought drinks for every customer, he signed Shor's name to the bill, added $10 for the bartender and said mournfully, "I'd give you more but you know how cheap Toots is."

Surveying the damage to his exchequer, Toots said, "It hit all the columns in town the next day. That's top-rate advertising. Who can measure the cost of the liquor against the free plugs? Besides, I like the guy. He's a clown and he's honest. He's paid back every cent I ever loaned him. I see a lot of people and honesty is not so everyday as you might think. It's the most important thing in life. Jackie's decent. Money doesn't change a person's disposition or ability and Jackie's just the same, broke or rich. He's a clown."

When Gleason first began to hear the soothing jingle of big money—beginning in 1952 with a flow of CBS coin said to be $60,000 a week, which had to cover all production costs and actors' salaries as well as Gleason's take-home pay, but is still a respectable sum—he acquired a block-long black Cadillac with (his associates swear) everything in it except Central Park South: a phone, a bar, a couch, an electric razor and more. He liked to gather up friends in this vehicle on the pretext of taking them out for a bite to eat and then roll up in style to a branch of Nedick's, New York's

Leaving dressing room after a quick change during show. R., Audrey Meadows, Joyce Randolph

Is he a composer? He can't read music, but his songs (dictated to others) sell records

famous sidewalk hot-dog chain. Eventually he disposed of the car, reportedly by selling it to an undertaking establishment.

Later he drove the red convertible capped with a specially designed tartan top, and on the radiator was a little mobile of his "away we go" man, holding Gleason's characteristic pose, with arms akimbo and a foot propped on one knee. Gleason designed this figure and owns the mold from which it was cast. The red car also has a special 325-horsepower engine with Gleason's name embossed on it; he says he never had it wide open.

The License Number Will Still Be 10 JG

Now that Buick has entered his life, Gleason will of course drive a Buick, but its more fantastic features haven't yet been determined. Right now he leans toward iridescent blue with pale-blue sidewall tires, which would match his eyes, but the whole thing may wind up tomato pink. This much is sure: it will be a convertible and the license number will be, as it has been for several years, 10 JG.

Impatient with detail, decisions and any sort of paper work, Gleason is given to wandering away from conferences and other dull activities and simply not coming back. After half an hour, when it becomes evident his disappearance is more or less final, the meeting breaks up. "He's the Scarlett O'Hara of television," said one co-worker. "You know—'I'll think about it tomorrow.' "

Sometimes he takes a nap during these absences. Once he vanished for several hours and retired to his apartment to play with a vast array of electric trains, complete with tunnels, switches, signals, bridges, loading platforms, the works. Wearing an engineer's cap, he tootled around all afternoon and at one point phoned the president of Lionel trains to find out why his smoke pellets were not producing smoke as promised. A day or two later, he gave the trains away to a boys' club.

Another time he sat lovingly over a carload of complicated electronic equipment which he said he was planning to ship to the Carlsbad Caverns to record the spirit messages alleged to be heard there, but he gave it up. Caves intrigue him. He once talked of taking a 55-piece orchestra to the Luray Caverns in Virginia and making a record with who knows what eerie overtones.

Gleason's interest in telepathy, hypnotism, paranormal psychology and other psychic phenomena, although well known as a fact, is something he keeps pretty much to himself. Even his close associates have rarely heard him discuss it, except for one of his writers, Andrew Russell, who is half inclined to believe in the spirit world himself. Gleason once invited Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University, the exponent of extrasensory perception, to lunch at his office. Although they had not previously met, Rhine accepted, and the two men closeted themselves in Gleason's office for six hours with the door shut. Wheels ceased turning and business went to pot for the afternoon but none of the staff ever learned what went on. Gleason has never mentioned it.

He reads so copiously in the field of occultism that it keeps a free-lance bookseller busy almost full time locating new material for him. The bookseller calls at the office five days a week, bringing films of séances and psychotherapy as well as printed matter.

Gleason was born and reared a Roman Catholic, which is still his religion, and he wears a medal of St. Genesius, the patron saint of actors. He also wears a mezuzah, a talisman of the Hebrew faith given him by Jack E. Leonard, another comedian and his good friend. "Jackie," said one of Gleason's associates, "is taking no chances."

An Explanation of His Theological Views

Gleason is one of the rare people who will give you an answer if you ask him what God is. "God," he told a visitor one day, "is you—in a way. I don't mean you're all of God, but just as your hand is part of you and if you burn it you say, 'I burned myself,' so you are part of God." According to some scholars and theologians, that concept comes close to the view held by many profound thinkers on the subject.

One uncanny trick Gleason can do, psychically or not, is sense your presence—and identity—without looking at you. You can walk into a well-carpeted room behind him while he is staring out the window or talking on the phone and he'll know you're there although not a word is said. After several electric seconds, he will offer you a cigarette over his shoulder without looking around or he'll say without turning, "Sit down, won't you?" and call you by name. It gives you the spooky feeling he's got eyes in the back of his head. Whether it's extrasensory or just a showman's feel for an audience, nobody knows.

Music is another of Gleason's serious concerns. He has written and recorded five musical numbers: Tawny, Lovers' Rhapsody, White House Serenade, Marilyn, and Melancholy Serenade, the last being the theme music for his television show. In collaboration with other people he has also produced eight comedy songs based on sketches he does on the air. In addition he has conducted the "Jackie Gleason Orchestra" in six albums of recorded mood music.

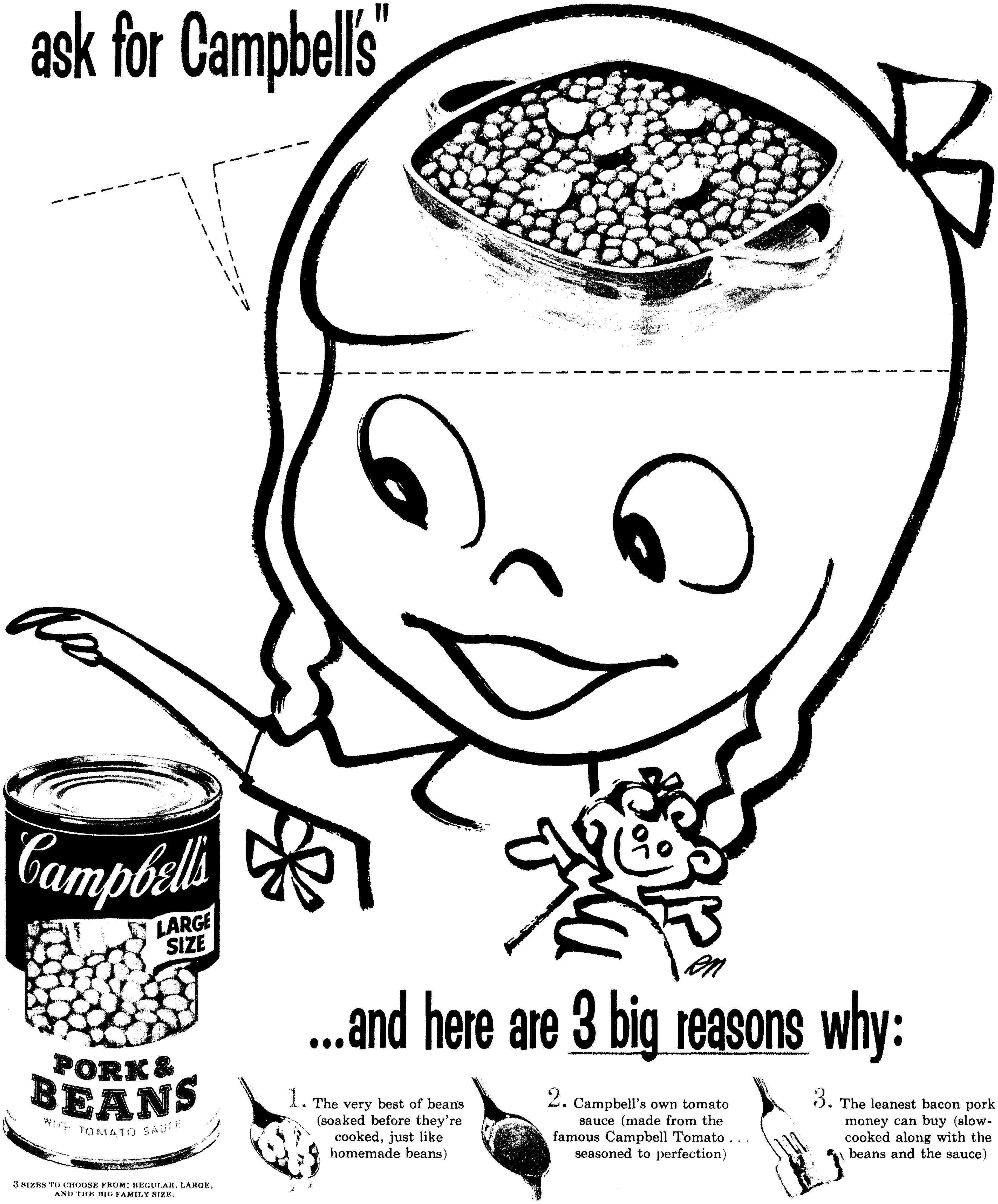
Whether Gleason actually composes and conducts is something you can scare up an argument about along Tin Pan Alley any day. Gleason doesn't read music; he composes by dreaming up a melody, or sometimes just the first eight bars of one, which he hums for somebody else to take down, enlarge upon, develop, arrange and orchestrate. This technique is not altogether unusual among creators of popular songs; a great many do it.

Gleason says he composes and that's good enough for him; it is also good enough for Capitol Records, which issues his recordings. In Gleason's office is a gold record of Melancholy Serenade presumably given him in accord with a tribal custom when its sales reached the 1,000,000 mark. Certain agnostics in the music world say it ain't necessarily so. "A thing like Frankie Laine's I Believe sells a million copies," they say. "This we believe. And while it was doing it you ate it with your breakfast cereal. But on the level, how many people can identify Melancholy Serenade?"

One fact is certain: Gleason has an inborn feeling for music. He loves it, and he knows how he likes it to sound. At a recording session one Thursday morning with his orchestra, he delivered this knowledge in a language all his own to Dick Jones, Capitol's director of classical artists and repertoire. Jones interpreted it musically to a baton-wielding man named Sidney Feller, who in turn interpreted it to the musicians. The session went about like this:

Gleason, Jones and a man named Frank Abbey with a control panel in front of him sat at a table in a darkened booth faced with a plate-glass win-

"Folks who know their beans ask for Campbell's"


Campbell's
LARGE SIZE
PORK & BEANS
WITH TOMATO SAUCE

...and here are 3 big reasons why:

1. The very best of beans (soaked before they're cooked, just like homemade beans)
2. Campbell's own tomato sauce (made from the famous Campbell Tomato . . . seasoned to perfection)
3. The leanest bacon pork money can buy (slow-cooked along with the beans and the sauce)

3 SIZES TO CHOOSE FROM: REGULAR, LARGE, AND THE BIG FAMILY SIZE.

dow. Moving about in the shadows behind them were various Gleason attendants; he rarely goes anyplace without a small convoy. Beyond the window, shut away in a soundproof studio, was the orchestra.

"Leave us commence," Gleason said, and then sat listening, head bowed, eyes shut, his waggish tongue stilled, while Sidney Feller took the musicians through the first number, a slow, dreamy piece loaded with nostalgia, as Jackie likes it.

WHEN it was over, Gleason looked up, sipped coffee from a cardboard container, rubbed his nose and said, "Where it goes da-de-da—you know, right before the hum-de-dum."

Jones nodded in perfect comprehension. "Yeah."

"I want a glom."

Jones, with the conductor's score before him, skimmed through it and said over the microphone to Feller, "Sid, bar twenty-four, bring the cellos up more."

Feller nodded soundlessly, made gestures to the musicians, took up the music somewhere in the middle, emphasizing the cellos, cut it off and looked around inquiringly at the plate glass.

"Fine," said Jones into the mike, his eyes on Gleason's face.

"Let's try it," said Gleason laconically. "Tony," he added to the shadows. "Cigarette." His valet, Tony Amico, gave him a cigarette and lighted it.

Frank, on the mixer, began to roll the tape on a reel behind him. Modern recordings are made first on tape; the music is afterward transferred to a disc. The recording went well and they moved on to the next number in the album. Again Gleason listened intently, head down.

"Where it goes dum-le-da-da-a-a-a-."

"Yes."

"Give me some pussycats."

Jones told Feller where to do a quick descent on the violins and then added to Frank on the mixer, "On bar thirty-two I want it to climb and then down, right away."

Frank nodded. "Yeah, I know, real mysterious."

"No," said Gleason and Jones together.

" 'Mysterious,' " Frank informed them, "has replaced the word 'cool.' "

Gleason chuckled. "That's a thing I always remember about radio. On the script it would say 'bridge mysterioso.' Shall we forge ahead?"

This time there was trouble. After six unsuccessful tries everyone began to get jumpy. On the seventh take, the tape ran out and everything stopped while Frank put on a new one. The eighth take was a fizzle, the tenth was almost right, but not quite. After the eleventh, Feller pointed out something on the score to one of the musicians and Gleason instantly quipped into his mike, "Hey, don't change the notes *now;* we're winning," easing the tension slightly.

What he wanted to hear was not so much notes as a subtle feeling. All he could say patiently to the patient musicians was that it wasn't right.

On the sixteenth try, Gleason purred, "That's it. Nice. Relax. Fine."

Jones told the musicians to take five minutes' rest.

"That's real Jersey moonlight," Gleason told Jones happily.

When the session was over, Gleason got into a taxi and went to his office, a 12-room $25,000-a-year duplex penthouse in the Park Sheraton Hotel with wine-red carpets and canary-yellow walls that is HQ for all Gleason enterprises. He rode up in the rear elevators, hunched in a corner staring at the back of the elevator operator's shoes, still haunted by the music. A young couple were the only other passengers. They eyed Gleason and whispered together. They got off on the eleventh floor; Gleason went on to the twenty-third.

He never just walks into any room; he goes in as if the place were on fire and leaves it as though he had put the blaze out with his bare hands. He loped into his office in a walk peculiar to music people, as though discharging a certain static electricity a recording session builds up, tossed himself into a green leather chair behind his desk and began reading newspaper stories about himself from all parts of the country sent to him by a clipping bureau. As fast as he read them he scrunched them into wads and threw them into a wastebasket, still paying more attention to music than to news stories.

"Lee!" he yelled at his secretary, Lee Reynolds, whose office, one flight up and directly over his head, is papered in Royal Stewart plaid.

Dimly her voice floated down. "Yes, Jackie?"

"Are there any cigarettes?"

"In the box on your desk."

Without looking in the box, he roared, "Where?" (Glom with cellos.)

Unruffled, Miss Reynolds called, "In your cigarette box."

"Oh-h-h-h." (Pussycats.) "Right, hon." A five-second beat and then Gleason opened the box and extracted a cigarette. He shook his head as if to clear it—and the recording session was finally over.

Gleason is six feet tall with nearly black hair and blue eyes, and, when he chooses to use it, a bucket of Irish charm. His voice is as rough and powerful as a steel cable but he can spin it out to the finest silk. A big, roaring, many-faceted man, he constantly seeks new worlds to conquer. In some other country he might have been a pirate or a duke or a political revolutionary like Pancho Villa.

A career like Gleason's doesn't just happen; it has to be engineered. It requires the talents and energy of a great many people. Gleason has a personal manager, three publicity representatives, several agents, three lawyers, two accountants, an executive producer, a just plain producer, an assistant producer and a production assistant, a director, an associate director and a directors' assistant, a music manager, seven writers, three secretaries, a valet-and-cook, a dresser and a number of other people.

GLEASON'S personal manager is Bullets Durgom, whose mother alone in all the world calls him George. A former road manager for the late orchestra leader Glenn Miller, Durgom knew Gleason off and on for ten years before, in 1948, they took each other on in a talent-manager deal. At the time, Bullets was spending much of his time on the West Coast. To look after his Eastern interests, chiefly Gleason, Durgom acquired as an associate another Miller manager named Jack Philbin, who is now on the roster as executive producer.

In the early days, all three of them commuted back and forth between the two oceans. Philbin has a house in Hollywood to which he once drove Gleason and left him, forgetting to come back. About 5:30 A.M. Eastern time, Gleason telephoned Durgom in New York, and inquired, "Do you know where Philbin lives?"

"Sure," said Bullets, yawning.

"Well, give me his address, will you?" Gleason asked. "I'm at his place now and I want a taxi to come and get me but I don't know where to tell it to come. I don't know where the heck I am."

Philbin, a former song plugger and booking agent, is a reedy man in his forties with a wit as dry as Melba toast and an addiction to unbleached silk shirts, brown suède shoes and jackets made of soft hand-loomed fabrics. His job is that of business manager for the show, contact man, script editor, pipe line to Gleason for the rest of the staff, auditioner of outside talent and, like Bullets, being a sort of canvas on which Gleason can paint his grandiose ideas to see how they look.

Philbin, who was once vice-president of General Artists Corporation, the big booking agency, says that in his methods Gleason bears a certain resemblance to Charlie Chaplin. "Like Chaplin," Philbin said, "Gleason does things everybody thinks are impossible."

BOTH Durgom and Philbin concern themselves with Gleason's auxiliary activities as well as his TV show. The show is largely staged by a separate crew. Jack Hurdle, a forty-five-year-old native of Washington, D.C., a tall man with the build and bald head of a master sergeant, is the producer. A former straight man for the late vaudeville star Ted Healy, former manager of a "flash act"—with girls, music and dancing—he "went respectable" to work for the Theater Guild as a stage manager ; among the plays he worked on was the late George M. Cohan's great hit, Ah, Wilderness!

"There is a great similarity," Hurdle says, "between Cohan and Gleason. Cohan, like Gleason, was a tremendous, prolific talent in all directions. He was a great actor, a great performer, a song-and-dance man, a director; he wrote plays, songs, dialogue. Gleason does all these things. Like Cohan, Gleason is a stickler for the right thing, and he knows how to live—flashily."

Sharing the production office with Hurdle is the assistant producer, Stanley Poss, a scholarly-looking native New Yorker, short, dark, with gentle brown eyes behind glasses. His job is pulling the pieces of the show together.

"It's like the Army," he explained. "Hurdle is the Eisenhower, I'm the Omar Bradley. He's command, I'm operations. I co-ordinate dances, scenery, costumes, props, copies of the script, make sure everybody gets everything." CBS presents him with a cost sheet each week listing the budget allowance for the studio rental, stagehands, light crew, costumes, number of sets used and so on. On this sheet Poss tabulates anything extra that Gleason may want to spend, which comes out of his own pocket and of course cuts down the profits slightly.

Poss left New York University to go to work for Orson Welles in the old Mercury Theater. "Welles and Gleason are a great deal alike," Poss says. "In know-how. In knowing what they want and staying with it till they get it. In believing in themselves. They're both great, great actors."

Third key production man is Frank Satenstein, the director, a young native New Yorker whose family owns one of the oldest bookbinding firms in the United States. He has black hair, a long brown face like an almond with eyes in it, wears a trench coat and looks more like a refugee from the TV show Foreign Intrigue than like the director of a raucous comedy show. When he gets angry, which is about once during every rehearsal, he leaves his booth and charges down onto the stage, waving his long arms like a windmill gone berserk.

Inspector general over all this is the master, Gleason himself. His formula for getting a show on the air is a minimum of prearrangement and a maximum of freewheeling in the old Keystone Cops tradition, though it cannot be quite that wild because there are no retakes possible in live television—a nerve-racking, brow-sweating fact that has been instrumental in making Gleason as well as other comedians decide to switch to the use of film. "The less you rehearse, the better you are," is Gleason's theory and he follows it to the letter.

It is not unusual for the star of an hour-long television show to put in between 25 and 50 hours of rehearsal beforehand. Gleason's program boasts the shortest rehearsal schedule in the entire industry: two hours. Of necessity there are such technicalities as production meetings and script readings scattered through the week, but Gleason shuns them till the last possible hour on the Saturday afternoon of the broadcast.

"He crams a full week's work into those two hours," said one of his writers. "Readings, headaches, choreography, crises and solutions. If no crisis occurs he'll create one and solve it just to keep in trim."

"Out of all the chaos and strife," Gleason is fond of intoning, "comes the tempered steel of comedy." He never forgets that he has to fill up 60 minutes of air time every Saturday night—known as "dog night" in the industry until Gleason got hold of it—with laughs, music, glitter, girls, guest stars and Gleason. He doesn't do it alone, of course, but that he does it at all is something of a miracle. He whips the program on and off the air every week like a man handling a cageful of tigers and even while he's doing it his mind flashes from one thing to another.

ONE night in his dressing room after the show there were 17 people milling around, congratulating him, asking questions, laughing, talking. One of his writers wanted to know whether Gleason had had time to consider an idea he'd suggested earlier as a basis for a script.

"Oh, yes," Gleason said, "I've got some ideas about that. I was thinking about it during the broadcast."

He churns continually with plans and projects: a sun-tan lotion that won't wear off all summer, a low-calorie pizza, Scotch plaid dinner jackets and three lighters in every car—one at either end of the dash and one in back—to avoid the passing around of one lighter, which he regards as dangerous. He would like to be the world's greatest trumpet player, the world's greatest director, the world's greatest singer, the world's greatest psychologist—or just the world's greatest. And in his own booming, crazy way he very nearly is.

The second and last installment of the Jackie Gleason story, relating how the TV star operates backstage and on stage, will be printed in the April 1st Collier's, out March 17th

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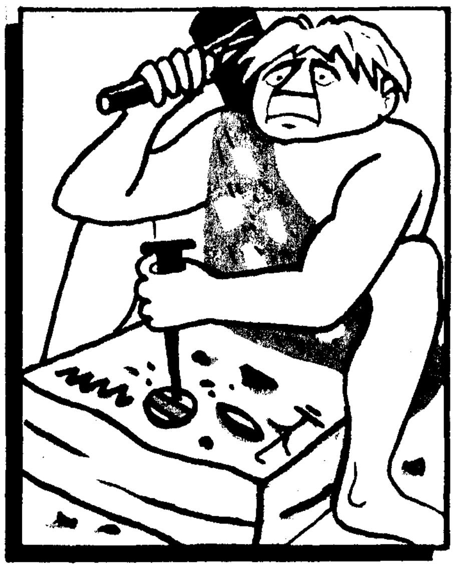

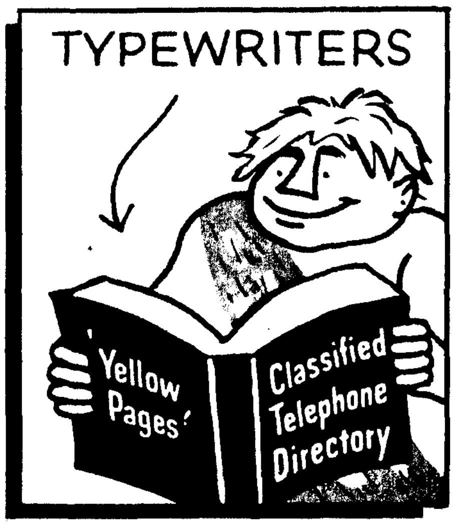

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Find It Fast
In The
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The Wife Who Had Everything

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

New York talent agent, whose mission in life was to discover, develop, promote and profit by the success of beautiful and gifted young people in the entertainment world. Tall, rangy and sandy-haired, with the direct gray eyes and amiable personality of that generic American type, the boy next door, he'd always, up until recently, taken the glamor and goose flesh of show business with a grain of salt. But Gina Valdi had turned up six months ago, and since then the life of the Wakefields had subtly changed. Sam fully believed that Gina was the greatest thing that had ever happened to him.

Occasionally, if somewhat morosely, Maggie had to agree with him. Gina, a third-generation Italian-American from Passaic, New Jersey, was an incredibly beautiful and gifted nineteen-year-old girl. The first time she had laid eyes on Gina, Maggie had been afraid, and she had foolishly allowed her fear to govern her judgment. She had told Sam she thought Gina was just a flash in the pan; but since Gina had turned out to be pure gold, Sam had concluded that Maggie had lost her touch.

And Maggie's touch had been something to lose. It had been Maggie—first as Sam's secretary, then as his assistant and then as his wife and mentor—who had had the golden touch. Hadn't Maggie discovered Danny Kilkullen, the bard of Brooklyn, working as a singing waiter? And Frances Fabian, whose records had saved a huge recording company from bankruptcy?

But six months ago, because she had been afraid of the fire and warmth and beauty and tender good humor of Gina Valdi, Maggie had gone against her better judgment and tried to get Sam to drop Gina as a client. But Sam hadn't dropped her, and now here was Gina about to be signed to a movie career—and Sam would have to go to Hollywood with her. All Maggie could think was poor me, poor me.

IT WAS all very well, Maggie thought now, running a comb through her red hair, to remind herself that Sam looked at beautiful women the way nuclear physicists look at atoms—amazing, of course, but not something to marry and raise a family with. And, after all, Sam had married her, Maggie, rather than any of the stable of gorgeous girls whose rise to stardom was his business.

Maggie had never worried about the others but, she had to admit, Gina was superior to them all. Gina had everything. Not just in looks—it wasn't that; it was the young, candid, modest and sound personality of the girl herself. Why, even Maggie, when she wasn't watching herself, found herself liking Gina. And Gina adored Sam.

If Jake Penmeyer signed Gina after this party, Gina would owe Sam a lot. All Gina owed Maggie was a Hattie Carnegie dress. It had been a brand-new dress that Maggie hadn't even worn, but Sam had made her alter it—well, let down the hem so that Gina Valdi could wear it for her first television show.

I'm jealous, Maggie told herself, and it's sickening, but I can't seem to do anything about it. Well, she thought, the party is out of my hands. I might as well start getting ready for the guests—take a long, leisurely time of it, too. She had just prepared a bathtubful of foamy suds for herself when the telephone rang.

It was Sam. "Maggie," he said, "how's it going?"

"Oh, great!" Maggie said. "Anthony Eden is in the kitchen."

"Who?" Sam asked, his voice polite but distracted.

"The caterer sent a man who looks like Anthony Eden, and he's making me feel like the hired help."

"Fine," Sam said, making it brutally clear that he wasn't listening at all. "Now, here's what I want you to do."

It was fantastic what he wanted her to do. He wanted her to get dressed fast and get down to Grand Central and meet a man coming in on a train from San Francisco. And who was the man? Gina Valdi's cousin!

"You've got an office full of flunkies, Sam," Maggie said. "Why should I have to meet Gina's cousin?"

Gina, it turned out, was at a publicity luncheon, and there was an interview with a man from a magazine right afterward. Gina had sworn she'd skip the whole business when she'd got the telegram saying her cousin was coming; he was her only living relative and *she* had to meet him. Only when Sam had promised to meet him himself had she gone to the luncheon and interview.

"Well, *you* promised," Maggie said, "*you* meet him!"

But something else had come up and Sam couldn't. So he'd decided Maggie would have to do.

Maggie was furious. She still didn't see what difference it made who met the man, and she said so.

"This difference," Sam said in an impatient voice. "He's a kid just home from overseas—Korea and then Japan. Hasn't been home in over two years."

"Oh," Maggie said, a little ashamed. "All right."

But what annoyed her most was that Sam had known she would go. He'd already sent a wire to the train, telling Gina's cousin that he'd be met by a redhead—black suit and good figure.

"You think that?" Maggie cried, her heart lurching. "I mean, you really think I still have a good figure?"

"Sure," Sam said, "for a woman of thirty-two, anyway. Gina agrees."

The tears came back into Maggie's voice. "Sam," she said, "listen. Are you in love with Gina?"

There was a long silence—at least two seconds. Then Sam said, "Are you crazy?"

"She's in love with you," Maggie said, knowing now that she *was* crazy.

"You're crazy," Sam said. "You'll be late for the train."

MAYBE, Maggie thought on her way to the station, Sam hadn't been aware that Gina was in love with him. But now he knew because she had *told him*. Oh, what a fool a jealous wife could be. It was like telling a child not to put a bean up his nose, so naturally the child would try it.

Maggie's mind was unreeling a movie epic in which Gina and Sam went off to Hollywood and, climbing the ladder of film fame together, *fell* deeply and completely in love.

She got out of the cab, went into the station, and searched automatically for the train from the West. She had to stop brooding then, because several GIs were coming up the ramp from Track 32, where the train had just come in. Maggie waved tentatively at each of them, but none gave her more than a fleeting glance of approval.

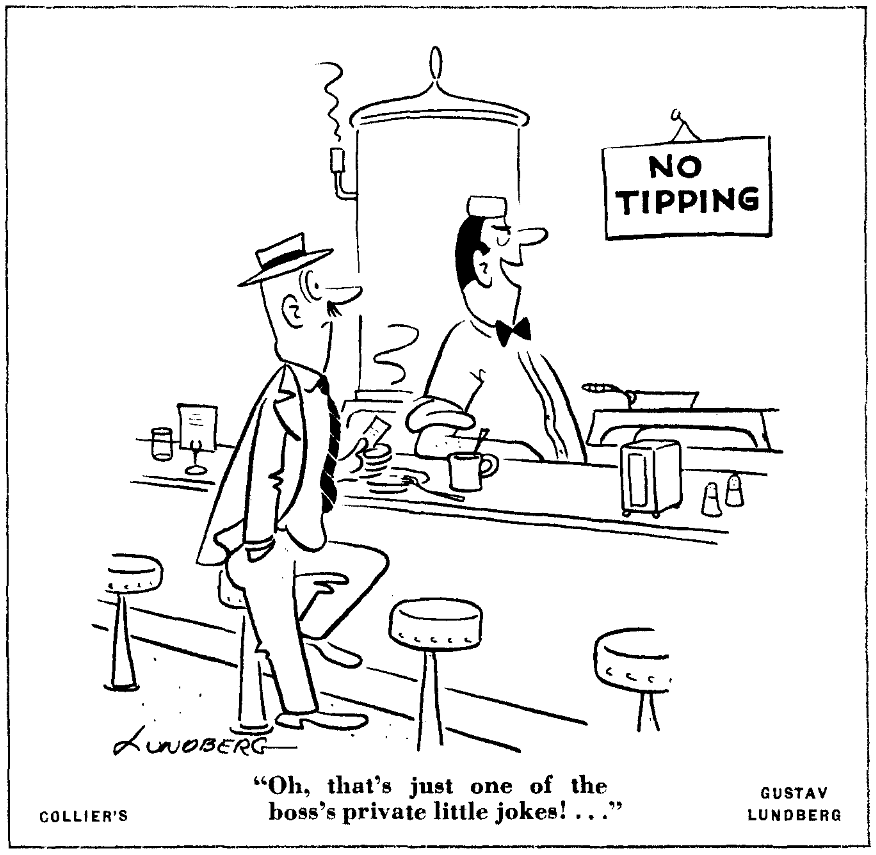
Suddenly she felt a firm hand on her arm and, turning, stared up into the bold, steady, self-assured dark eyes of an Air Force major. He was dark and tall and at least thirty. His firm, narrow face was as brown as a football, and when he smiled the flash of his white teeth was blinding. Maggie forgot all about Gina and Sam and even her son, Moose.

"Are you Maggie?" he asked.

"I guess so," Maggie said breathlessly. "I mean, yes. And you're Gina's cousin?"

"Anthony Federico. Call me Tony."

"Call me—"



COLLIER'S "Oh, that's just one of the boss's private little jokes! . . ." GUSTAV LUNDBERG

"I'll call you Red," the major said, grinning down at her. "Or Red darling. I've always had a passion for redheads, and I haven't kissed one in years." Then he kissed Maggie, and she felt a welcome return of the ego. Her response was not lost on the major, for he held onto Maggie but stood away from her, surveying her in a deeply personal way.

Maggie blushed.

"Girl named Maggie, black suit and good figure," the major said. "That's what the telegram said. But it should have mentioned the legs too."

After all this, it was only natural that Maggie should not succeed in convincing the major that she was married until they were in a taxi going to the Wakefield apartment.

"Married, eh?" he said. "That's the kind of challenge I like to meet. I suppose you love your husband?"

"I suppose so," Maggie said. For one wild moment she hadn't even been sure. As she steadied, she told herself that she ought to go back to work now that Moose was in school so much. She'd work mornings, anyway. So much free time made her an easy prey for a charmer like this.

"How's Gina?" the major was asking. "I can't see her as an actress. She's so mean-tempered. She was a homely tomboy, the last I saw of her. Are they going in for homely actresses now?"

"Cousin Tony," Maggie said, "you've got a shock in store."

"I don't see it," the major went on. "When she wrote me about your husband making her an actress, well"—he shook his head—"I couldn't see it. You need quite a bit of discipline to act. Anybody who thinks it's a cinch is crazy. I've done some acting myself, but Gina, I can't see—"

Maggie had heard only part of this. "You've what?" she said.

The major explained. Maggie kept shaking her head, her eyes shining, an idea taking shape in her mind. Of course, of course. The electric shock that had gone through her when she had first laid eyes on the major, the old adrenaline charge, the old way of knowing a winner by instinct.

As the major told it, he'd been an apprentice actor with the La Jolla Players in California. That had been just before the second World War. After serving in the Air Force, he'd come out and got a good role in one of the La Jolla productions, and out of that had come a screen test. Then, late in the Korean fighting, he'd been called back into service, and after the cease-fire he had served out his hitch in Japan. There'd been an Air Force training film made in Tokyo, and they'd used him in it. After seeing it, people there had said he should be in the movies. He was out of the service this week, and as soon as he'd had a little rest he planned to look into acting as a career.

THE caterer's people were in full swing. Maggie explained to Drexel that Major Federico had not eaten since breakfast and she wondered if he could be served something now. Drexel looked hard at the major, but the major just winked and Drexel melted.

Maggie rearranged some flowers and then decided to change from her suit jacket into a white ruffled bullfighter's shirt, which would look more partyish. She was just putting the last gold stud into the shirt when there was a knock at the door. It was Drexel.

"Madam," he said, his composure badly damaged, "I'm afraid the major is just too disconcerting for the girls in the kitchen. Do you mind if I give him a tray in the living room?"

Disconcerting was hardly the word. It turned out that all three of the girls were now utterly useless.

"I myself can't be too severe with the girls," Drexel told Maggie, after Tony had gone into the guest room to change into civilian clothes. "A man like that is not something they see every day in a kitchen."

Six of the guests arrived early—two women, four men. The women turned red about the ears at sight of Tony Federico, and the men's faces fell. At that point Sam telephoned to ask if Maggie had made connections with Gina's cousin.

"Oh, have *I* made connections!" Maggie cooed.

"You sound silly," Sam said. "What's he like?"

"Gorgeous!" Maggie said.

"Oh," Sam said, "great. I'll be right home. Gina's coming later."

"Don't hurry," Maggie said. "Everything is under perfect control."

"Listen, Maggie," Sam said, "watch yourself with these Latin types. Gina says her cousin was a terrible wolf the last time she saw him."

"He hasn't changed the least bit," Maggie said.

A LOT more people arrived, and all the women clustered about Tony. Maggie managed to get him away from them and into the den off the living room. There, Maggie talked to him seriously for five minutes, at the end of which time Tony shook her hand solemnly and then kissed her.

She was still a little pink and breathless from the kiss when Sam and Jake Penmeyer arrived together. Sam's sandy hair was rumpled, and he glanced once at Tony Federico and then fixed his gaze on Maggie. Jake kissed Maggie's check as he always did, but Sam pushed Jake aside and kissed Maggie himself, something he did *not* always do, especially lately. Sam hardly waited to see that Jake had a drink before he pulled Maggie aside.

"Some cousin!" he said. "He looks like a foreign diplomat. You sure he's not a ringer?"

At that point a theatrical lawyer buttonholed Sam, and Maggie looked about for Jake Penmeyer. He was leaning against the mantel, and his wise eyes were watching Tony Federico, though not seeming to watch anything. Maggie could almost tell what Jake was thinking. He had hinted as much to Sam and Maggie last week at dinner.

"This Gina Valdi is a nice kid," Jake had said, "but you know me—I like stars who can be human. Let's see how she acts with people. Give a party."

Maggie had smiled at Sam. Jake loved parties.

"But," Jake had gone on, "just remember: it's the women who decide what movie to go to. I need a new man star, somebody to sweep the women of this country back into the movie houses again."

Maggie watched Jake now, but then a commotion at the door caught her eye. A remarkably beautiful young girl had just come in, wearing a hand-woven red cotton dress that was supposed to be an exact copy of a Navajo Indian dress. The girl was dark and handsome and volatile, with short, tumbled-looking black hair and a classic Roman face. Drexel, the caterer's man, almost spilled a tray of glasses at sight of her.

It was Gina, and if she recognized her cousin Tony Federico, she gave no indication. She was imperious and

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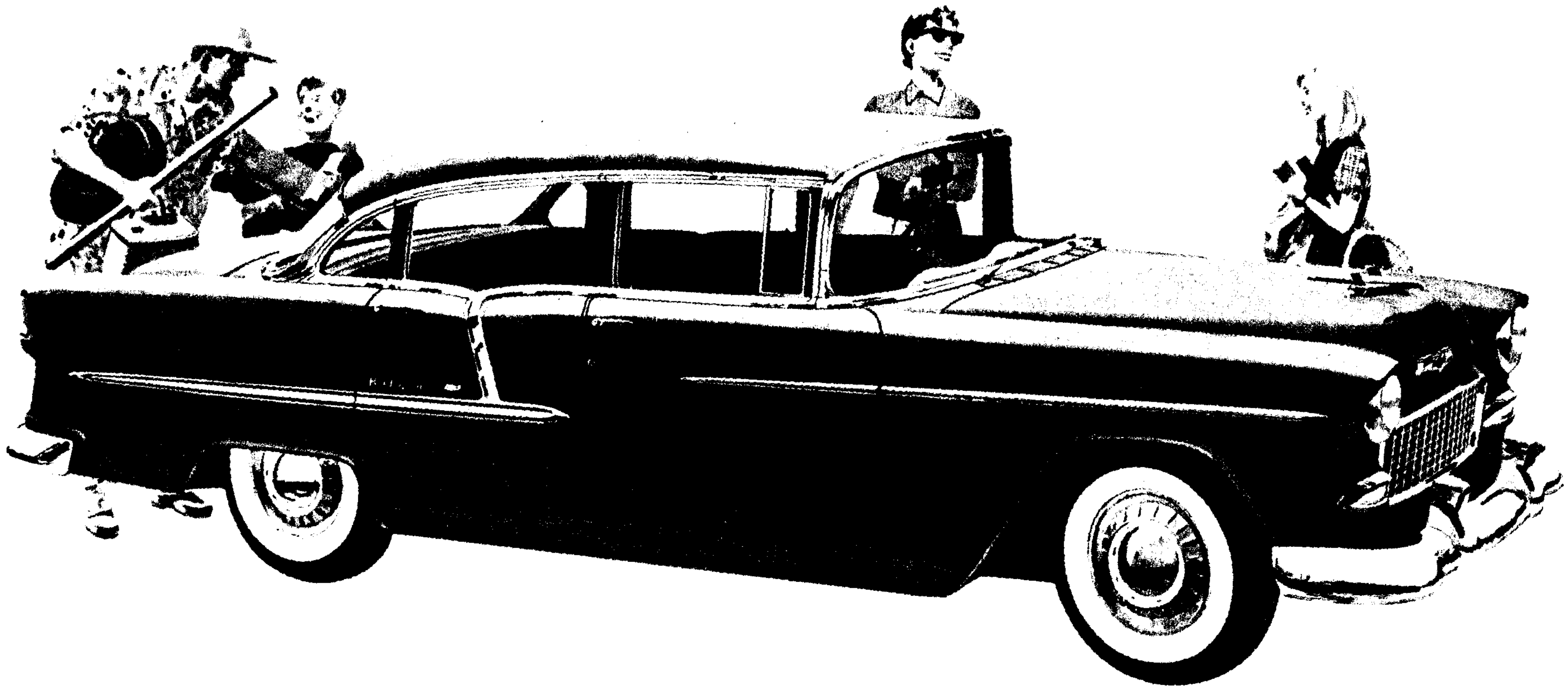

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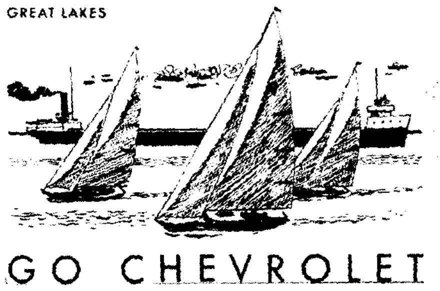
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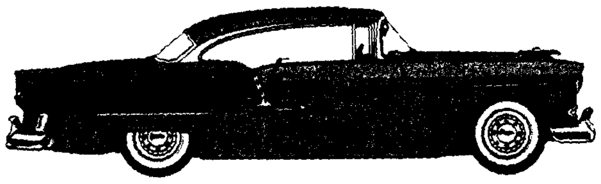

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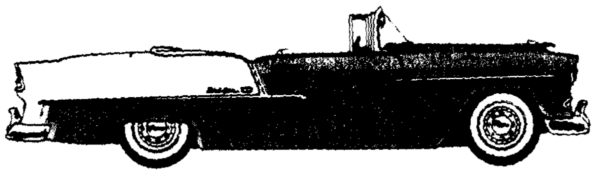

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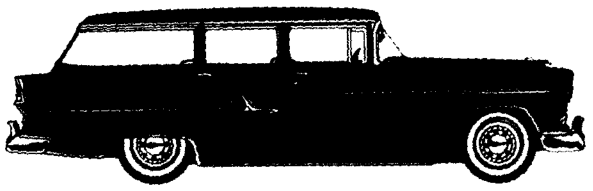
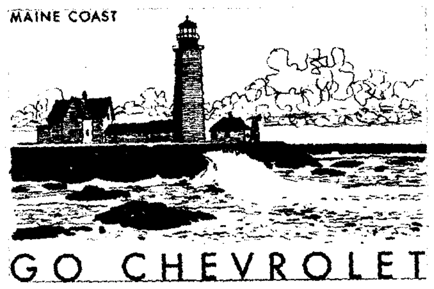


THE BEL AIR BEAUVILLE in Regal Turquoise. Rear seat backrest and cushion fold flat for extra cargo space.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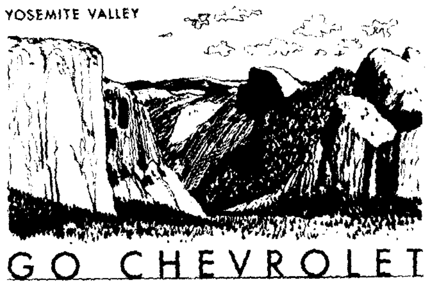
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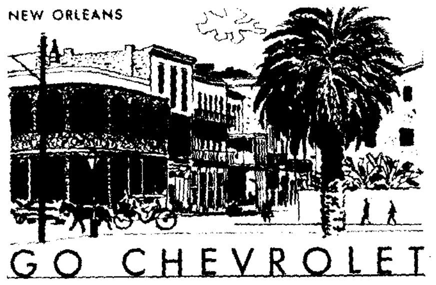
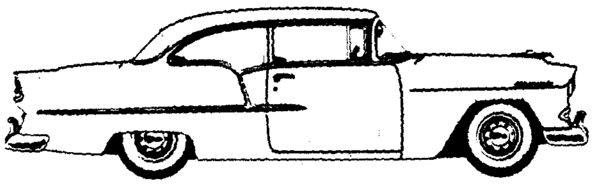
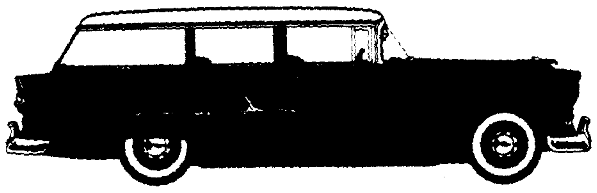
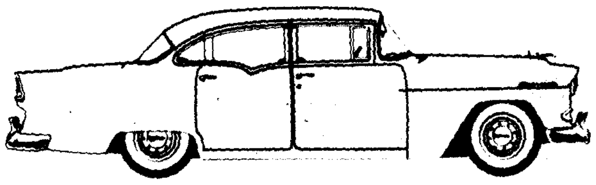

NEW ORLEANS
GO CHEVROLET



THE DELRAY CLUB COUPE in India Ivory over Harvest Gold. The interior's all-vinyl—practical, colorful.



THE "TWO-TEN" HANDYMAN in Shoreline Beige over Glacier Blue. Another handsome all-vinyl interior.



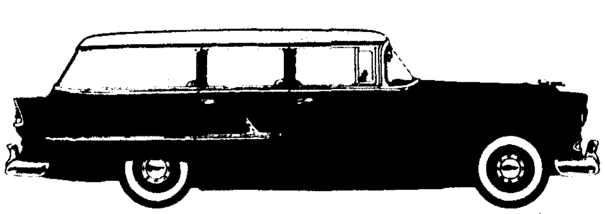
THE "ONE-FIFTY" 4-DOOR SEDAN in Shoreline Beige. Sweep-Sight windshield for better visibility.

The motoramic CHEVROLET

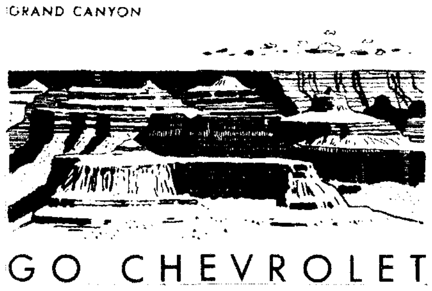
4 wonderful ways to see the U.S.A.!

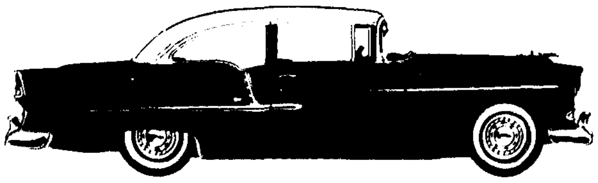
the *motoramic* Chevrolets for '55

Where in all this glorious land would you like to go? To some avenue of fabled smartness like Fifth, or Michigan, or Wilshire? (*You'll see nothing there to out-smart the show car styling of your new Chevrolet!*) Up some twisting mountain road to a stream where trout play tag? (*Glide-Ride front suspension rolls the bumps smooth—outrigger rear springs straighten the curves!*) Across the level plains to some faraway place you've never been? (*There are three high-stepping engines to give you a world of new fun in the getting there—the new "Turbo-Fire V8" and two new "Blue-Flame" 6's!*) Your new Chevrolet is ready whenever you are. Drop in at your Chevrolet dealer's and pick your model, color, engine, and drive—new Synchro-Mesh transmission or, as an extra-cost option, smoother Powerglide or new Overdrive. All in all, it's the youngest, freshest, most exciting choice on wheels today! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



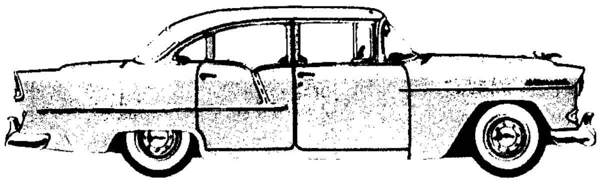
THE "TWO-TEN" TOWNSMAN in Sea Mist Green over Neptune Green—one of Chevrolet's four show-stopping new Station Wagons for '55.



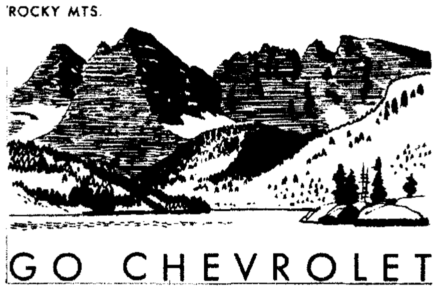


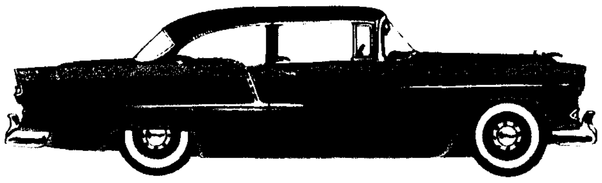
THE BEL AIR 2-DOOR SEDAN in Shoreline Beige over Neptune Green. All extra-cost power options available.

NEW YORK
GO CHEVROLET

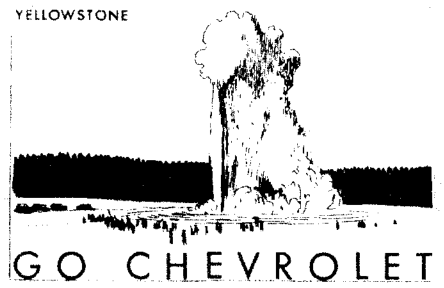


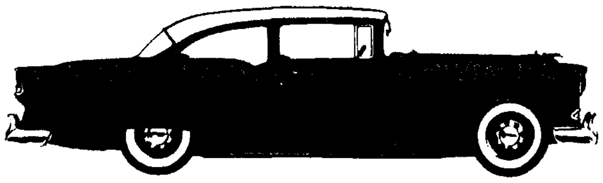
THE "TWO-TEN" 4-DOOR SEDAN in Skyline Blue. Even air conditioning is yours at extra cost on V8 models!





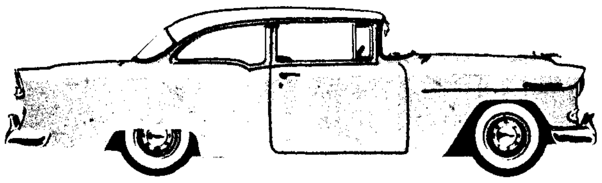
THE "TWO-TEN" 2-DOOR SEDAN in Copper Maroon. High-level ventilation system provides fresher air.



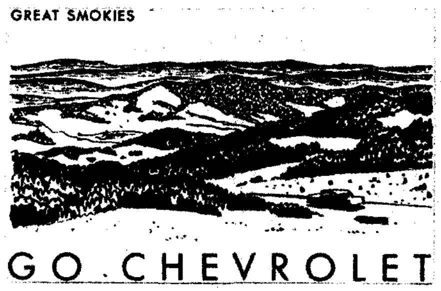


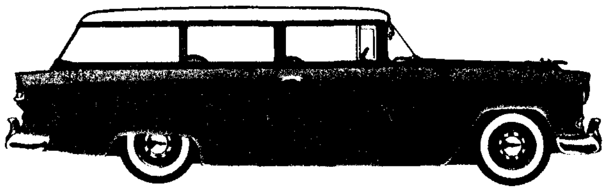
THE "ONE-FIFTY" 2-DOOR SEDAN in India Ivory over Shadow Gray. *Everything's* new in Chevrolet!

FLORIDA
GO CHEVROLET



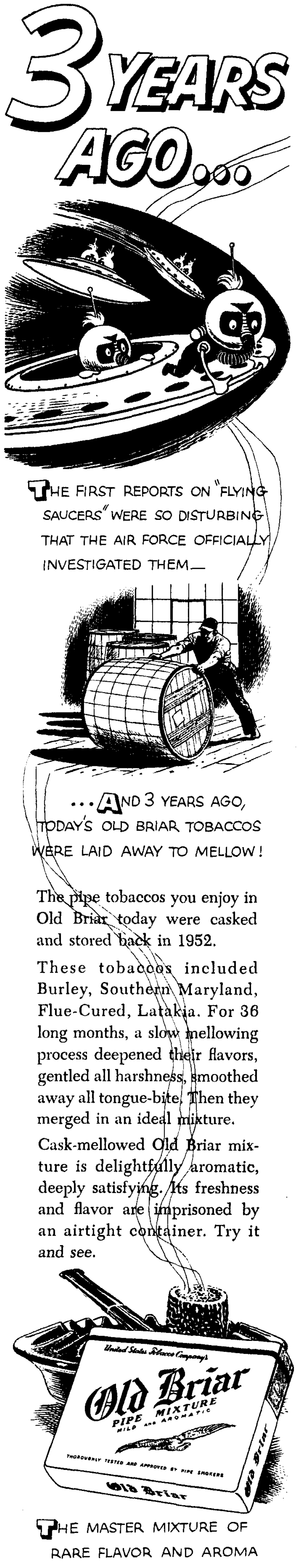
THE "ONE-FIFTY" UTILITY SEDAN in Sea Mist Green. The entire rear compartment is level floor for cargo.





THE "ONE-FIFTY" HANDYMAN in Shoreline Beige over Autumn Bronze. Curved rear quarter windows.

Stealing the thunder from the high-priced cars!


3 YEARS AGO...

THE FIRST REPORTS ON "FLYING SAUCERS" WERE SO DISTURBING THAT THE AIR FORCE OFFICIALLY INVESTIGATED THEM—

...AND 3 YEARS AGO, TODAY'S OLD BRIAR TOBACCOS WERE LAID AWAY TO MELLOW!

The pipe tobaccos you enjoy in Old Briar today were casked and stored back in 1952.

These tobaccos included Burley, Southern Maryland, Flue-Cured, Latakia. For 36 long months, a slow mellowing process deepened their flavors, gentled all harshness, smoothed away all tongue-bite. Then they merged in an ideal mixture.

Cask-mellowed Old Briar mixture is delightfully aromatic, deeply satisfying. Its freshness and flavor are imprisoned by an airtight container. Try it and see.

THE MASTER MIXTURE OF RARE FLAVOR AND AROMA
United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
PIPE MIXTURE
MILD AND AROMATIC
THOROUGHLY TESTED AND APPROVED BY PIPE SMOKERS
Old Briar

beautiful and almost painfully polite to everyone; and suddenly Maggie, watching, realized the girl was as nervous as a cat.

Major Federico watched his cousin, a wicked amusement shining in his eyes. Finally, Gina stood before him, looking pale and distraught. "How do you do," she said, and her full rich mouth seemed suddenly tight and stiff. "I—I know you?"

"Come off it, kid," Tony Federico said lazily. "You know me all right. I haven't changed that much."

"Tony," Gina said. "Tony. But I've changed, haven't I?"

"You look older," Tony said.

"Aren't you going to kiss me, Tony?" Gina asked.

"No," Tony Federico said. "I haven't forgotten the last time I tried. You nearly scratched my eyes out."

MAGGIE found all of this fascinating. But, she realized, so did everyone else. She tried to make conversation to distract the others, but some minutes later, when she looked back, Tony was grinning and Gina looked miserable.

Tony said something, gesturing toward Maggie, inviting her over. As she started toward them, reluctantly, Gina turned and glared at her and then burst into tears and ran from the room. Tony Federico caught up with Maggie before she could follow Gina and held onto her tight. Sam pushed past both of them, and he too glared at Maggie, and went off toward the den, where Gina had gone.

"Stay by me, Red," Tony Federico was saying. "I like to look at you."

Jake Penmeyer had sidled up to them and was eying Tony in that particular way again. "Say, boy," he said, "didn't I see you in an Air Force movie they made in Tokyo?"

"You did," Tony said, and as he turned to talk to Jake, Maggie made her getaway. She walked quickly through the crowd to the room where Gina and Sam were. Just outside the open door she paused. She heard Gina sobbing and talking.

". . . and even more than you, it's little Moose I feel sorry for," Gina was saying.

Maggie's heart failed her. Then it was true—all the fears she had put out of her mind since meeting Major Federico—*Gina and Sam!* Suddenly Maggie was angry. Really, she thought, whatever it is between Gina and Sam, it isn't up to Gina to discuss my son.

She stalked into the room. Sam stared at her, but Gina, still crying, didn't see her and went right on talking. "You don't know him," Gina sobbed. "He can make any woman do what he wants her to do, even Maggie!"

"What's this all about?" Maggie asked.

Gina whirled. "I knew this would happen!" she cried. Sam glared at Maggie and went around behind her to shut the door. "I told Sam I'd never forgive him for sending you to pick up Tony," Gina said. "I knew this would happen. I can't stand it." She sobbed again. "I can't stand it. You've got everything, everything . . ."

"Sam?" Maggie said, wondering what in Heaven's name this was all about.

"It's you," Sam said, "and that phony cousin."

"I'm talking about you," Gina said. "You're pretty and little and smart, and you know how to talk and how to dress. And you have Sam, the decentest, finest man—and he never looks at anybody else but you. And you have Moose, that wonderful little boy and now"—she began to wail—"now you'll have Tony!"

Sam closed his eyes for a moment as though to get his bearings. In a moment he said to Maggie: "You'd better come back to work, my girl. You get into too much mischief now that Moose has a life of his own. I'd hoped you could help me in this deal with Jake—he wanted to see how Gina behaved. But because of you she's behaving badly for the first time—"

"Because of me?" Maggie cried. "What did I do?"

"Gina's been in love with Tony Federico," Sam said, "since she was fourteen. And he told her"—Sam waved his hand toward the living room—"out there, he told her he'd fallen for you and had decided to try to take you away from me. Gina's afraid he'll do it, too."

Maggie smiled blithely at Sam, but he still looked very cross. She put her arms around Gina. "Your cousin isn't smitten with me, Gina," she said. "He's just continuing the feud where you two left off. Do you want Jake Penmeyer to see you like this? You go wash your face and come outside and see."

Gina went obediently, and Sam faced his wife. "So far so good," he said, "but what if this guy meant what he told her? After all, what did you and he talk about while—"

"Business," Maggie said. "I've got everything. You heard Gina say it. Including a gentleman's agreement with Tony Federico that I'm to be his agent. I'm coming back into business with you, Sam, and Tony's going to be my first client."

"Now, Maggie," Sam said, "I admit he's handsome—"

Maggie told him about the caterer's girls and Tony's acting experience. "And," she said, "if you'll join me and our guests, I bet you a new dress that Jake Penmeyer's talking business with him right now."

Sam shook his head, but he went with her.

"Maggie," Jake Penmeyer said, as Sam and Maggie came up to him and Tony Federico, "this boy tells me you're his agent. How about you and me talking business again—like old times?"

Sam looked bitter. Maggie knew he was thinking of poor Gina.

"He'd be good opposite Gina," Maggie began.

"Too temperamental," Jake Penmeyer said. "She'd make me nervous."

"Gina isn't temperamental," Tony Federico said seriously. "That was my fault. I was just trying to find out if she still loved me."

"She does," Sam said in disgust. "What do you intend to do about it?"

"Why, marry her," Tony said, and his smile disarmed them all. "Since I can't make time with your wife, I guess I'll have to marry my little cousin. I always planned to—if she ever grew up and stopped hitting men because they kissed her."

"We're not really cousins," Tony explained. "Gina's mother was a widow who married my uncle—so Gina and I were brought up as cousins." He shrugged expressively. "So," he said and smiled again, "I guess we'll get married."

"What's the hurry?" Jake Penmeyer said. "Of course, it gives me an idea. I have this property on my hands—some crazy story about a couple of Italian movie stars who come to New York to make personal appearances and fall in love and have this big fight right on Fifth Avenue. Maybe if she ever stops crying, we can talk about it."

"She'll stop crying," Tony said firmly and went off to make sure.

Sam watched him go, and then turned to Maggie. "I see you're back in business," he said wryly. "It'll be kind of fun worrying about you again."

"Worrying?" Maggie asked.

"Sure," Sam said, "that instinct you have for picking male talent. It's simply that you respond to them as a woman. That's why you failed to see how good Gina is."

"Is *that* why, Sam?" Maggie asked innocently.

"Yes," Sam said. "And now that we're on the subject, I hope you feel good and foolish for what you said this afternoon about Gina and me."

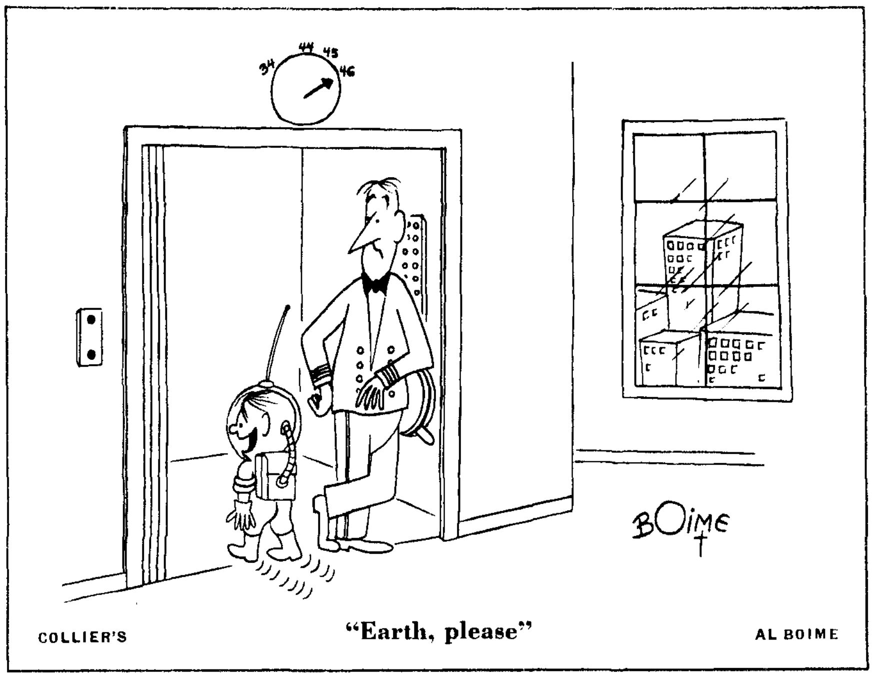
"Oh, I do," Maggie said. "I do."

WHEN the other guests had finally gone and Gina had come out, looking beautiful, her eyes only slightly puffed, Drexel was supervising his staff in a final cleanup. Maggie saw him pause in front of the break front again and stroke it. Then he came over to her.

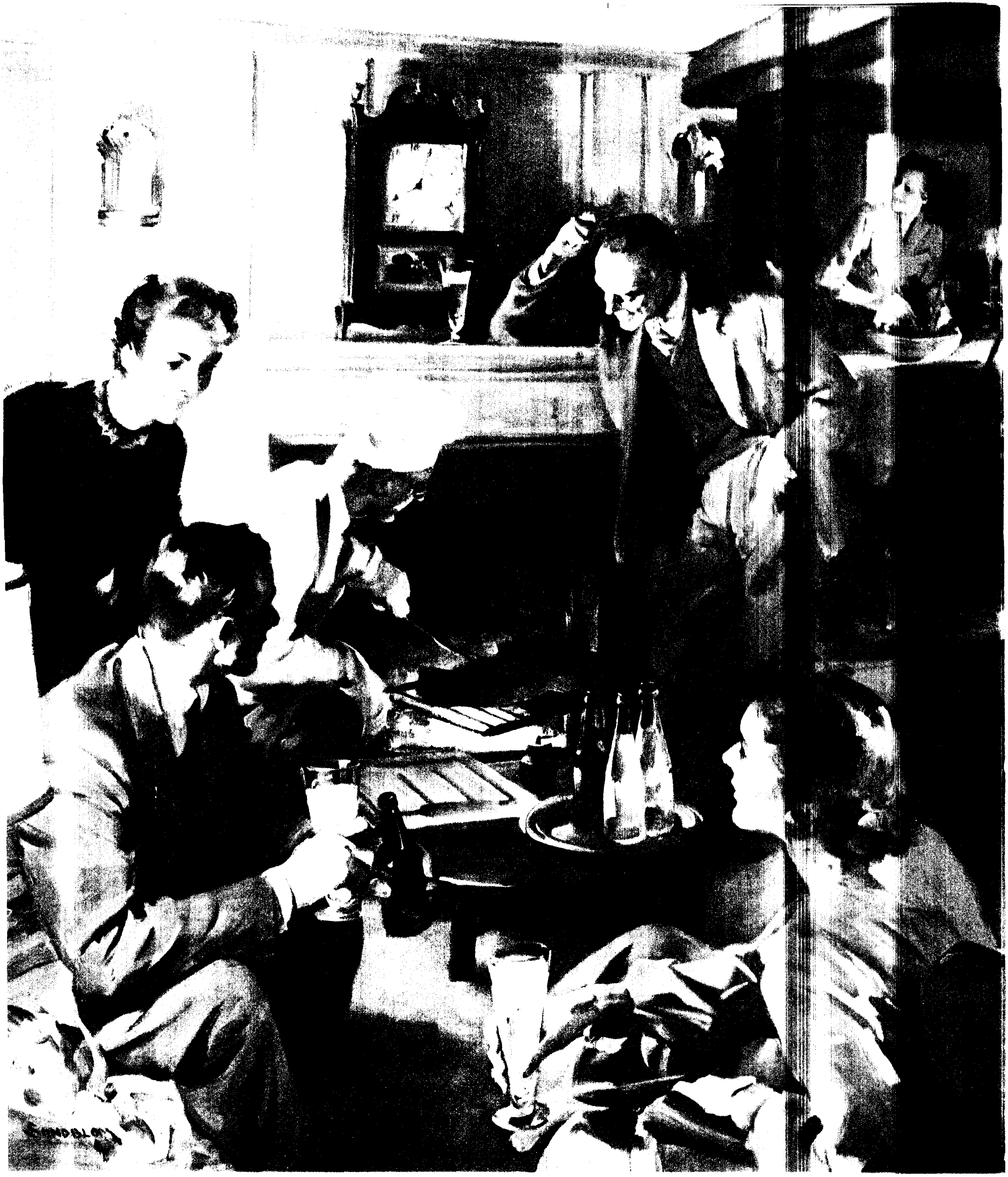
"Madam," he said, "I must apologize. That break front—it's quite genuine. An heirloom, I take it. I have examined it more closely. You're lucky to own it."

"I'm a very lucky woman," Maggie sighed. "I have just about everything."

—IRENE AND LOUIS KAMP



COLLIER'S "Earth, please" AL BOIME



"INDOOR BARBECUE," by Haddon Sundblom. *Number* [illegible] *in the series, "Home Life in America"*

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours . . . *Beer Belongs—Enjoy It!*

BEER AND ALE—AMERICA'S BEVERAGES OF MODERATION
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Captain's Battle

By JOHN WALLACE

Commanding this ship was Haag's life; now young Larsen was trying to take over. Here, on the raging Atlantic, they'd decide who was boss

OLD Captain Larsen was dead. He had died where he had lived most of his waking hours these past forty years—in his office, which looked down over the harbor and the Statue and Staten Island and the Jersey shore, and over the Larsen piers with the Larsen ships alongside. He had died standing in the window. Heart failure, they called it.

Captain Jack Haag, master of the Larsen Lines ship Irenic, received the news in mid-Atlantic, bound for Havre. Captain Haag grieved for one of the few men he had ever permitted himself to consider an equal; he snorted at the thought of his old friend and employer going down with heart failure. Heartbreak, he'd call it—heartbreak from his only son, who had nothing better to do with himself and his father's money than tour about the capitals of the world, getting himself and his pretty-faced wife in the way of society photographers and their cameras.

Well, the playboy was coming home, Jack Haag thought. It had been old Captain Larsen's order—his final order, now. "I want him home once more. And I want you to fetch him, Jack. Try to make him see what a ship is. Try to tell him what the sea means to us . . ."

And now the old captain was dead. But his order would stand. And young Larsen would inherit, no doubt of that. The old man had sworn to make his son a shipping man by force of inheritance, if nothing else. He had got the lad the hard way, Jack Haag knew, marrying that poor flibbertigibbet girl after his first wife, childless, had died in middle age. He had given the boy an old-country name, Svend, and pinned all his hopes on him.

But it hadn't worked out. Old Captain Larsen had known ships and he had known men. But he hadn't known children: he and the boy had never been close. And he hadn't known women—for the matter of that, Jack Haag thought, who the devil did? At any rate, the flibbertigibbet girl had flatly refused to allow the boy to go to sea until he'd graduated from a good school. She had bedeviled the old man until he had given up his cherished plan of making young Svend come up through the hawsehole; the boy had gone to a marine academy instead.

She had bedeviled the old man to the end, in fact, getting herself killed one night, driving fast; and it had seemed to be some kind of ending for young Svend too. He had quit the academy. But the old man had never relinquished his first and last hope—that the eventual weight of the Larsen Lines might make Svend his father's son.

Irenic's bell rang in quick double strokes, and Jack Haag could see the mates glancing at him. He turned away, to leave them to their business. They would attend it; it was not for nothing that he was the senior master of the line. On this bridge he had molded the masters of many a crack Larsen ship—molded them, and broken the ones who could not, or would not, meet his uncompromising demands. Making officers was Captain Haag's career, and Irenic was his ship. She had been his for years.

A liveliness in the wind blasted against him and he sat his cap securely, his enormous body balancing lightly against Irenic's motion. He lifted his beaky nose out of the collar of his bridge coat, smelling of the weather. It would hold until Le Havre.

Le Havre, Jack Haag thought, feeling the first twinges of apprehension. Young Svend was coming aboard at Le Havre.

The heir to Larsen Lines had been on safari, and they had been unable to reach him until it was far too late for him to fly home and bury his father. Now, ten days afterward, he and his wife were aboard the Irenic, in the Le Havre harbor, crowding her limited passenger accommodations with a manservant and two maids.

In his quarters Jack Haag was dressing to meet his new employer. He had considered it best to meet Svend formally, in his own saloon.

They were seated as he had ordered, Svend to the left of the captain's place at the head of the table and Mrs. Larsen to the right. His mother's son, Jack Haag thought, observing the handsomeness of Svend's features.

They shook hands and Jack Haag turned, bowing slightly as Svend presented his wife. Like Svend, Mary Larsen was familiar to the captain from the many photographs he had seen of her; but he was not prepared for the startling but indrawn quality of her beauty.

He seated them, and himself. "I am sorry about your father," he said stiffly. "I wish to offer you my condolences."

"He was old, Captain," Svend said gravely. "Old and set in his ways. The world had passed him by. Perhaps he was glad to go."

"I doubt that," the captain said. "Besides, he was a seaman, sir. The ways of the sea never change."

"Ah!" Svend said. "The sea! My father made a deity of the sea, and yet he spent forty years ashore."

"He served his time in sail," Jack Haag said. "He was a master long before he came ashore."

IN AN almost thoughtful tone Svend said: "He used to tell me that, Captain. Almost every day, until the day I left his house." He smiled at the captain; and again Jack Haag was reminded, but with inexplicable poignancy, of the flibbertigibbet girl who had stood between Captain Larsen and his heart's desire.

"Well, I'm not on this ship to discuss family," the young man said. "I'm here to be introduced to the sea. You're aware of that, Captain? You knew that it was my father's wish that I should make a crossing with you?"

"Aye," the captain said. "I am aware of it."

"And little good it will do, you're thinking?" There was mockery in the young man's manner, a kind of quick, bitter humor; and Jack Haag, trying to assess this youth who was now his employer, began to wonder if some of this mockery were directed inward, if Svend in this way was trying to point up the ridiculousness of himself as head of the august Larsen Lines.

Self-deprecation, the captain thought. To his mind self-deprecation was a form of self-pity.

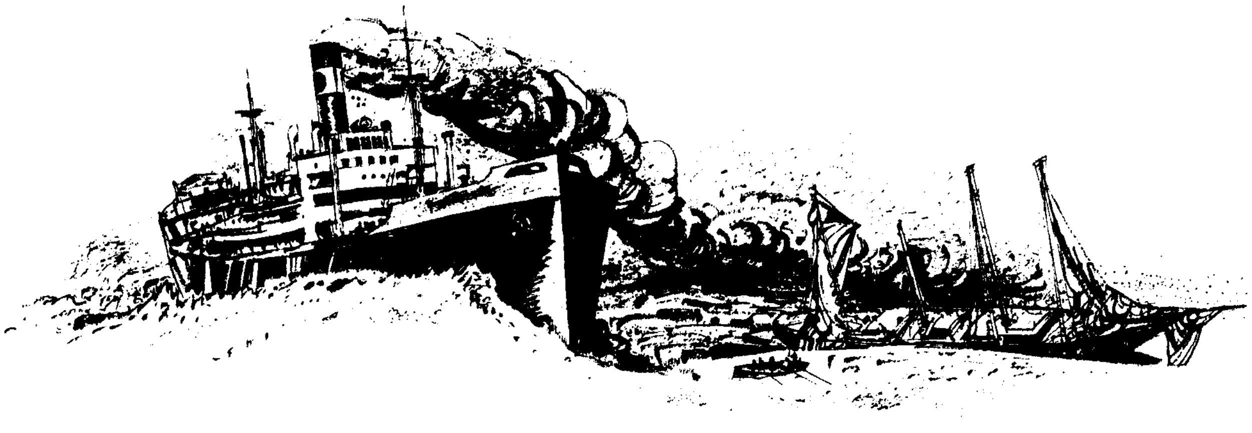
"Well," Svend was saying, "I'm no seaman. But I have looked into the shipping business. It's not good, Captain."

"We have severe competition on the Western Ocean, sir," Jack Haag said.

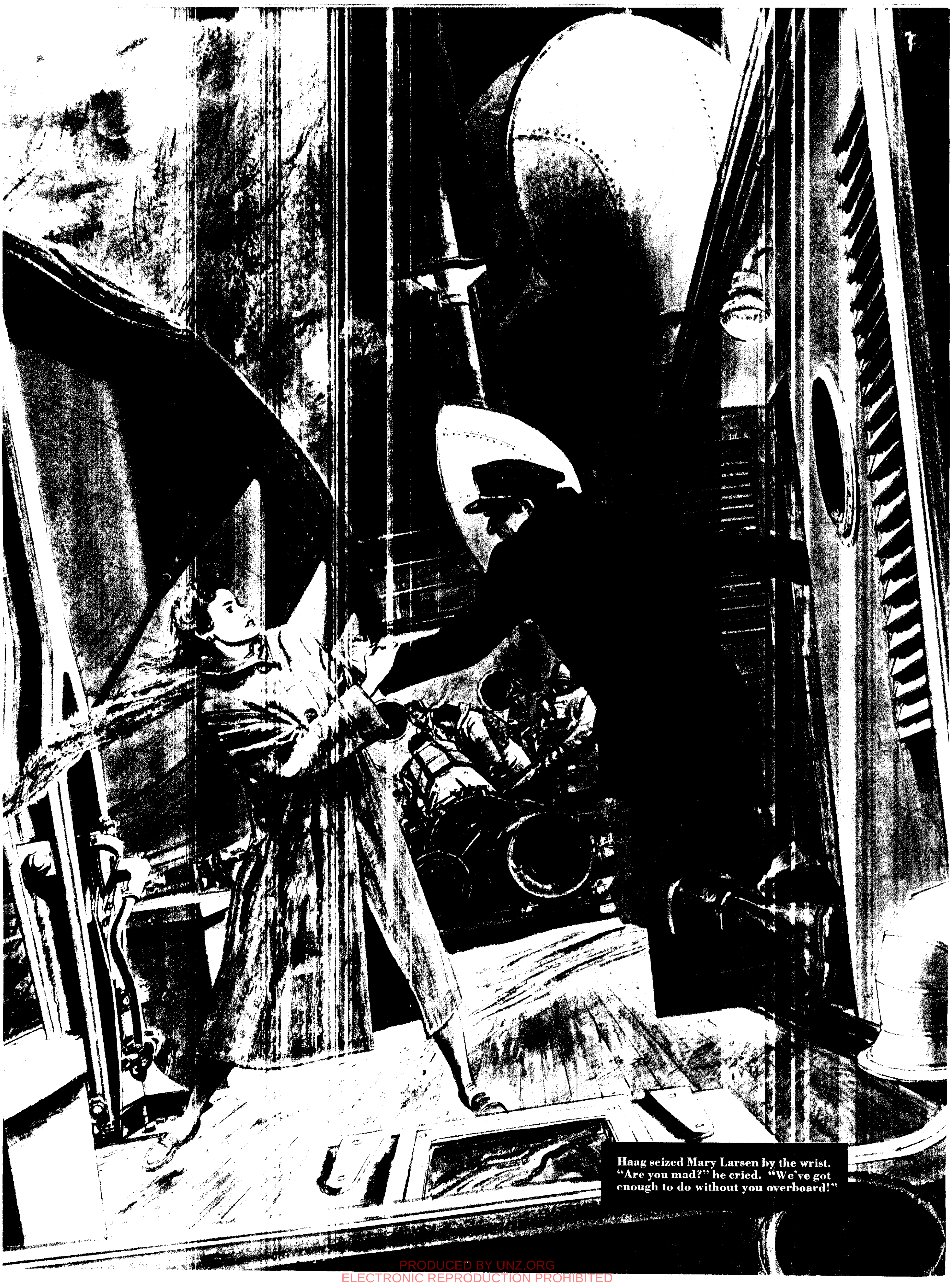
"And Larsen Lines is too spread out to meet it," Svend said. "I'm going to liquidate a lot of the old ships, Captain, and that leaves me with the problem of excess personnel. I'll need your advice about retiring the older men and placing the others."

Captain Haag clenched his jaws. "I can give you no assistance, sir," he said, "in anything that has to do with destroying Larsen Lines ships."

"But, Captain," Svend said reasonably, "surely a



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT



Haag seized Mary Larsen by the wrist. "Are you mad?" he cried. "We've got enough to do without you overboard!"

ship is no more than a realizable asset. It's only sound business to cut back for the sake of efficiency. I would remind you that your own ship is in the red, and that furthermore she is well into retirement age."

Jack Haag stiffened. For a moment his incandescent temper raged inwardly, and his huge frame shook with the pain of fighting against it. He sat still for a moment, and then he said: "I think we have made our views clear to each other. It would be best, perhaps, to discuss it no further."

Svend's expression was unfathomable. "As you wish, Captain."

Jack Haag took the wine list, summoned a steward and ordered, listening to Svend's wife as she made inconsequential but charming conversation. Mary Larsen was soothing, and she seemed able to soothe that pup of a husband of hers, too, drawing him into the talk and steering the talk itself into safe channels.

By the time their meal was finished some of the violent rigidity had gone out of the captain. Still, he had no wish to dally; and he itched with renewed irritability when Svend said that he must go ashore on business, and left Mary with him.

IT WAS not, he thought with some inner amusement, that he resented the exclusive attention of a beautiful young woman. But he watched her guardedly as she chatted, and presently she looked at him directly. "My husband," she said, "had a very difficult childhood, Captain."

"Aye." Jack Haag spoke slowly, having no wish to be drawn into her confidence in the matter.

"I think he hated his father," Mary Larsen said. "I think he has a—a compulsion to destroy what his father stood for. He's looking for sound business reasons for what he intends to do, but that's only a rationalization."

Jack Haag said: "I've read some of this psychological mumbo jumbo myself. I have little patience with it. It ignores a man's duty. It fails to recognize obligation."

"Svend's sense of values is spoiled," Mary said. "But it's because he is the product of the clash between his father and his mother."

"Svend Larsen is your husband, madam," Jack Haag said, his voice now touched with harshness. "It is not my affair."

"But it is! You're forgetting why Svend is on your ship, Captain. After all, Captain Larsen arranged this, and he must have arranged it with a purpose."

"Aye, I know he wanted me to advise the lad. But I don't think Captain Larsen had it in mind that his son would open matters by threatening to put my command to the wrecker's torch. I will resign at New York."

"But you can't!" Mary Larsen said. "You're the senior master of the line. You must have loyalty, Captain."

Loyalty. Beneath the captain's harshness lay sympathy; now sympathy changed to something close to distaste. She shouldn't have used that word. Loyalty was an earned thing, between men—not to be soiled and wasted on playboys. Loyalty was something a man gave to his command; and command to Jack Haag was a near-mystic trinity of ship and men and master. With Svend's threat to write off Irenic as mere junk, the very roots of loyalty were cut.

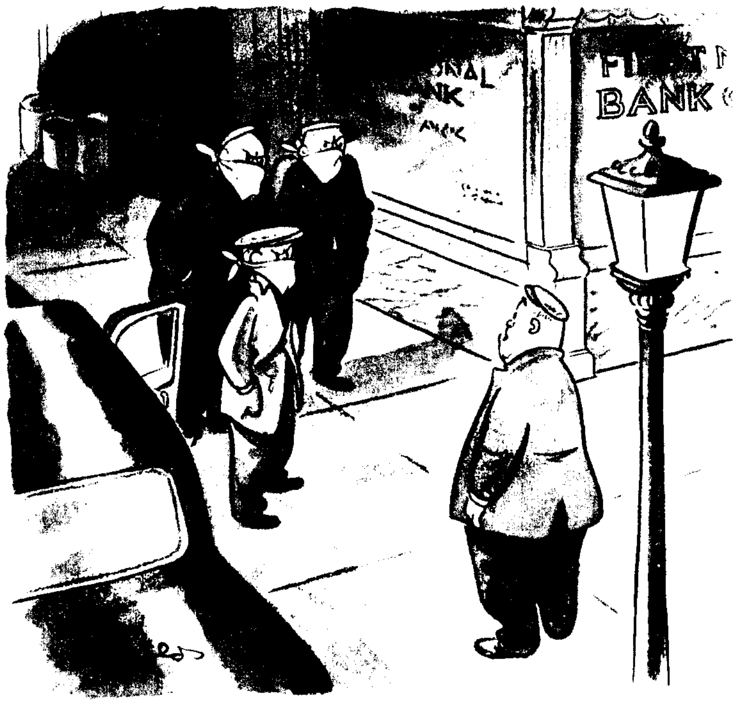
"Someone has to help Svend," Mary Larsen said. "Someone has to step in where his father failed or Svend will never grow up."

"Possibly you're right, madam," the captain said, "but I am not a child-guidance expert. I'm a shipmaster. And my resignation must stand." . . .

There was fog for the first few days out, and the captain was forced to stay on the bridge. And he couldn't ask for a better excuse, Jack Haag thought, considering the turn affairs had taken. Even now, with the fog lifted, he was spending a good deal of time on the bridge wing, balancing himself to the swing and plunge of Irenic as she met the moderate seaway.

When he noticed the first of the long swells from the southwest he was secretly pleased. A little heavy weather would be something he could come to grips with. A real storm now, he thought, would just suit his mood, get the fight out of his system.

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Youse guys'd better go ahead wit'out me. I forgot my hanky"

LARRY REYNOLDS

The junior third mate, who had the morning watch, came out. "Glass is going down, Captain," he said.

Jack Haag grunted. The low noon sun of winter had a suggestion of smokiness about it. The long southwest swell had a sparkle at the crests, but in the troughs and lee faces it was livid. "No radio warning?" he asked.

"No, sir. We just can't make the weather chart look bad, sir."

Captain Haag said: "What's your judgment of it, mister?"

The junior third was young, but Jack Haag had knocked a lot of the foolishness out of him. "Secure for weather, sir," the third mate said.

The captain grunted again. "Send me the mate," he said.

Within a few minutes, the day men were stowing gear and breaking out hand lines, rigging them where they would be most needed. The bosun and the mate went from hatch to hatch, checking the covers, tapping wedges. The chief engineer and the chief steward were alerted; and on the bridge the second mate labored over a new weather chart and badgered the radio operator for information.

Jack Haag stayed alone, out on the wing. Presently Svend Larsen climbed the after-bridge ladder. "Steward says you're expecting some bad weather, Captain," he said.

Captain Haag did not care for visitors on his bridge at any time; the appearance of Svend scraped across all the rawness of the last few days. "Probably wishfulness," he said.

"Wishfulness?"

"Aye. Wishing for a blow bad enough to break her back and send her down!" Jack Haag said with sudden savagery. "It would be better than the junkyard you have in mind for her!"

"I see," Svend said. Then he added, coolly: "I can assure you that it's all one with me, Captain. The ship is adequately insured."

"Get off my bridge!" Jack Haag said.

Svend's eyebrows quirked upward. "I believe it's *my* bridge, Captain. And my ship."

My ship. In all his years, old Captain Larsen had never used that phrase. It had always been "Your ship, Captain," and Jack Haag, who had been staring fixedly over Irenic's bows, now turned and began walking slowly toward Svend Larsen. Svend's lips whitened and he backed down the ladder.

Jack Haag grunted to himself. He was doing himself no good, treating a shipowner in this fashion, and he couldn't make himself care. He turned his face to the ship's head again. The westerly breeze was dying, and backing a little. The horizon, which a few minutes before had been a clear line, was now hazy. Hard-edged clouds were crowding up from the southwest. Maybe it was going to blow after all, Captain Haag thought.

It came no more than three hours later, out of blackness, out of stillness, roaring in across the southwest swell that had become smoothly mountainous. In that final stillness lightning stabbed between the sea and the sky, and thunder cracked out like an overture to violence. Then the rain, driven horizontally by the hurricane, slashed in. Alone on the open bridge wing, Jack Haag was rocked by the impact of it and in spite of his great weight was thrust back against the rail. He lunged back toward the straining and bellied weather cloth, feeling the exultation of battle deep within him.

The soprano chording of the rigging and shrouds rose to a thin shriek, and water hurtled on Irenic's hull and superstructure. The ship, light because of her quickly scheduled run, had started to fall away at the first blast. Now she was coming up to it sturdily, shouldering into it with her starboard bow. Her pitching, which had been easy and rhythmic, became harsher.

The captain, without oilskins, was soaked almost instantly. But he felt a strong need for this physical exposure to the furious weather. When he finally let himself into the wheelhouse, he was feeling better.

He grinned at Mr. Jones, the third mate, who was perched on the stool. He had purposely allowed the young man to face the storm's onslaught alone, knowing by Irenic's response that she was being handled correctly. Mr. Jones, not used to being smiled upon by his captain, slid uneasily from the stool and clutched it for support. With an air of perfunctoriness that deceived no one, Jack Haag glanced at the barometer and compass, riffled through the weather reports that had been coming in steadily now for nearly three hours, and then stepped aft to his quarters.

Here he stripped and showered, and dressed again with care. Unless the storm passed with uncharacteristic suddenness, he knew it would be a long time before he changed his clothes again.

Back on the bridge, watching his ship's head fall and plunge, and lift again with the green water clinging to her and roaring down the foredeck, he felt the old sense of unity that was the real meaning of seafaring to him: men, ship and master—welded into the entity of command by his will, and joined now in battle with the jealous sea.

THREE days later he was still on Irenic's bridge, and the wind had not yet dropped below hurricane force. Because of her small cargo the ship was responding violently to the tremendous seaway, to the large hull area exposed to the solid blast of the wind. Two of her people had broken arms from being flung against bulkheads; sleep was possible only when the men lashed themselves into their bunks. Men and officers were beginning to show the strain, Jack Haag noted, watching the seaman at the wheel doggedly fighting his dulled reflexes.

Jack Haag didn't try to sleep. He stood in the wheelhouse, his massive body moving lightly, balancing, his face harshened by a stubble of beard. His feet felt the Irenic's struggle, informing him of the twist and wrack of her hull as she climbed the steep waves to the fury of white water at their crests, of the terrible sagging pressures on her as she slid down again. She spoke to him of her struggle in a thousand voices: groaning in her shell plating, squeaking and chirruping and sometimes screaming thinly in her superstructure. She was being punished by the worst storm of her long life; yet in none of her voices could he detect failure or surrender.

Twice Svend Larsen had come to the bridge, to ask: "Are we in danger?"

And twice Captain Haag had answered: "Yes, mister. Grave danger if anything goes wrong."

It was on the fourth day that something did go wrong. The wind had dropped to between whole-gale and storm force, but the seas had mounted higher. On Irenic's bridge they were trying to fix the position of a nearby schooner that was sending out distress calls when Jack Haag felt the abrupt crescendo of vibration as the ship hogged over the crest of a sea, her stern upflung. A thudding blow transmitted itself to the bridge. The engine-room telegraph began to ring in an agitated way; the needle went over to *stop;* and at the same time Irenic began to fall away from the wind on her starboard bow.

ON THE bridge there was a moment of paralyzed silence. Then Jack Haag gave his first direct order since the beginning of the storm. He said: "Right rudder. Twenty degrees," and was beside the wheelsman in a stride, his eyes fixed on the dancing compass card. The telephone began to shrill and the mate snatched it to his ear.

"Well?" the captain asked.

"Something went wrong with the governor on the port engine," Chief Officer March said. "She's lost a whole section of shaft, and the port shaft alley is flooded."

"Have the afterholds sounded," Jack Haag said. "And see to it that at least two men go out with the carpenter. Get me the chief engineer."

But the chief was already coming through the alleyway in his life jacket.

"Why didn't you have a man on the throttle, mister?" the captain said.

"Over half my people are smashed up or seasick," the chief said. "I had to trust the governor sometimes." Like the captain, the chief engineer had been standing by continuously. He was soaked with sweat and his blackened eyes seemed to have been thrust deep into his skull.

"Aye," Jack Haag said slowly, knowing well that the engine room had its own problems. "Stand by, mister."

The mate, Mr. March, plunged back into the wheelhouse. He was dripping. "She's making water in number four hold," he said.

Captain Haag did not ask how much. If water was showing this soon, it would fill the hold until it found its own level, dragging his vessel's stern down, leaving her head high and unmanageable.

"Pump everything you can into the forward double bottoms," he said to the chief engineer. He grinned briefly. "And take care of your starboard engine, mister. That's all we have now."

There was a commotion in the after alleyway and Svend Larsen came through. "Well, you're getting what you wanted, Captain," Svend said. "You wanted to lose her at sea." Irenic was now flinging her head high, yawing and unsteady as the wind tried to take her. Svend flung out an arm, gesturing ahead. "You're lucky that one of my liners—Helganic—is out there," he said. "I've sent a radio message to her captain. He's coming to take us off."

"You *what?"* Jack Haag said in a stunned voice. "Who said I was going to lose her, mister?"

"The chief says the hold is filling," Svend said. "You have women aboard this ship, Captain. I don't want you to take any chances."

Captain Haag turned to the second mate. "Did you get a fix on that schooner in distress, Mr. Hendricks?"

Mr. Hendricks silently handed him a sheet of paper.

"H'm," Jack Haag said. "We should be able to run down to her in a couple of hours, if we can manage a little trim ourselves."

"You're not going to try to rescue them now!" Svend said. "Let Helganic do it. I'll send another message to Captain Jonsson."

Captain Haag said: "Do you think Captain Jonsson doesn't know that schooner's foundering? He can't slam through this at twenty-five knots, mister, and at that he's eight hours away. Those men can't live eight hours."

"I'm not going to allow any heroic gestures, Captain," Svend said bitterly.

Captain Haag said: "I think she's a little easier now, Mr. Hendricks. You may make a course for the schooner."

"I relieve you of command," Svend Larsen said.

"Mr. March," the captain said to the chief officer, "you'd best be picking your men for the lifeboat. And don't take the bosun, if you please."

The bosun is the chief mate's right-hand man, and the captain's implication was clear to all in the bridge: the boat might not come back.

"Captain Haag—" Svend began.

"We'll go to my quarters," the captain said.

Jack Haag closed the door after Svend and then sat in the chair behind his desk. He closed his eyes for a long moment, and he realized that he should never have allowed himself to sit down, that he should never have allowed himself even this much rest until it was all over. Through the mists of his terrible tiredness he heard Svend repeating that he, Haag, was through, through as of now—that his command was being taken from him.

"I'm putting the chief officer in command and ordering him to head for the Helganic," young Larsen said. "I told you I would not allow any heroics with a sinking ship."

"The ship is not sinking," Captain Haag said.

"With a hole punched through her side from that broken shaft? I'm not stupid, Captain."

"The hold will fill," Jack Haag said, "but the ship will still have buoyancy."

"But can you say she's even reasonably safe?"

"No ship can be said to be safe in weather like this," the captain said.

Svend said: "Captain Jonsson is coming to take us off. He at least has the good sense to obey my order."

"I can't stop that," Jack Haag said. "Nor can I stop you and your party from going aboard his ship."

"You can stop nothing now, Captain," Svend said. He opened the alley door and stepped out.

THE captain got out of his chair, stumbling for a moment on numbed legs. He seized Svend by the shoulder and pulled him back into the office. It was all he could do to restrain himself from flinging the young man against a bulkhead. "If you were a man," Jack Haag said, "I would have you put in irons for attempting to usurp my command. But I think you never will be a man."

There were loud footsteps in the alleyway and then the third mate knocked on the open door. "Schooner's sighted, Captain," he said.

"Good. Lay a good oil slick in her lee and then come up to wind'ard of her. Mr. March get his boat crew?"

"Yessir. No lack of volunteers."

"Captain Jonsson is coming to take off Mr. Larsen and his household. See that he is kept advised of our position."

"Yessir." The third mate went back to the wheelhouse and Jack Haag

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turned to young Svend. "I am sending seamen out in a small boat," he said. "Some of them have wives—and children too. Life is just as sweet to them as it is to you, but they're willing to risk their lives because they're seamen. If you were half a man instead of a playboy, you'd be volunteering to pull an oar!"

Svend said coolly: "I think your idea of a playboy is a little on the conventional side, Captain. I'd be glad to go in the lifeboat."

"Didn't you mention heroic gestures a while back?"

Svend made a bitter sound that was like laughter. "That is the kind of trick my father would play on me," he said. "Back me into a corner and then sneer when I tried to get out. But you made the dare, Captain. Now let's see what kind of man *you* are."

Captain Haag was thunderstruck. The fellow meant it—no doubt of that. But he couldn't allow it. "It's a job for an experienced seaman," he said.

"Don't forget my time at the maritime academy," Svend said. "I can pull an oar."

Again Jack Haag remembered old Captain Larsen's despair over this boy, remembered the many times he had said: "He doesn't know the meaning of a ship, Jack. Or the sea."

Captain Haag grinned suddenly. "Very well, mister," he said to Svend. "You'll go in the boat. But get yourself ready for a hard time."

IN THE wheelhouse Mr. March was studying the schooner through his glasses. Irenic was slowly traversing the stricken vessel's lee and spreading an oil slick into which the schooner would drift. "Not a stick left in her," Mr. March said, "and nearly awash."

"Young Larsen's going with you," Captain Haag said.

The mate jerked the glasses away from his eyes. "Are you crazy, Captain? They'll crucify you at home if anything happens to him."

"Then see to it that you get back," Jack Haag said. "Call down to the chief and tell him lively on the throttle," he said to Mr. Jones, who had the watch. "Then come about and get on that vessel's weather side."

Irenic went halfway around the schooner, coming to windward of the disabled vessel and still spreading oil. The schooner had begun to drift into the slick, which broke the violence of the seaway a little. Mr. March had gone out to Irenic's boat deck to direct the work of the rescue crew. The davits were rigged outboard, and the men, bent against the gale and bulky in their life jackets, were having a hard time.

The captain watched for a moment through the after windows and then strode through the alleyway to have a last word with Mr. March. As he approached the door, it suddenly flew open and he saw Mary Larsen jerked out onto the boat deck. Her hair stood straight away from her head as the gale struck her, and Jack Haag leaped the last few steps and seized her wrists.

"Are you mad?" he said when he had got her into the alleyway. "We've enough on our hands without you overboard."

"I thought I should say something to Svend," she said, "or let him see me."

"Do you want him stopped? He won't have to go, you know."

"Oh, yes, he does," Mary Larsen said. She staggered to the sway and fall of the deck and then put her hands out to him, holding herself upright by the lapels of his bridge coat. In the dim light he could see the anguish in her eyes. Plainly, she was terrified.

"This was a fool idea from the beginning," the captain said. "But I'll put a stop to it." He moved away from her.

Mary's grip on his coat tightened. "No," she said. "Everything's very straightforward with you, isn't it? You think he's just making a gesture, or too weak to refuse a dare."

As this was exactly what had been in his mind, he was able to say nothing. He stared down at her.

"Something like this had to happen to Svend sooner or later," Mary Larsen said. "He's been running away from the sea all his life. Now he knows it's time to stop running."

A great little theorizer, this one, Jack Haag thought. From the wheelhouse he could hear the chime of the telegraph, felt Irenic tremble as her wheel kicked astern to kill her way. Gently, his enormous hands broke Mary Larsen's grip on him. "All right," he said. "It will be the way you want it. We'll let him go."

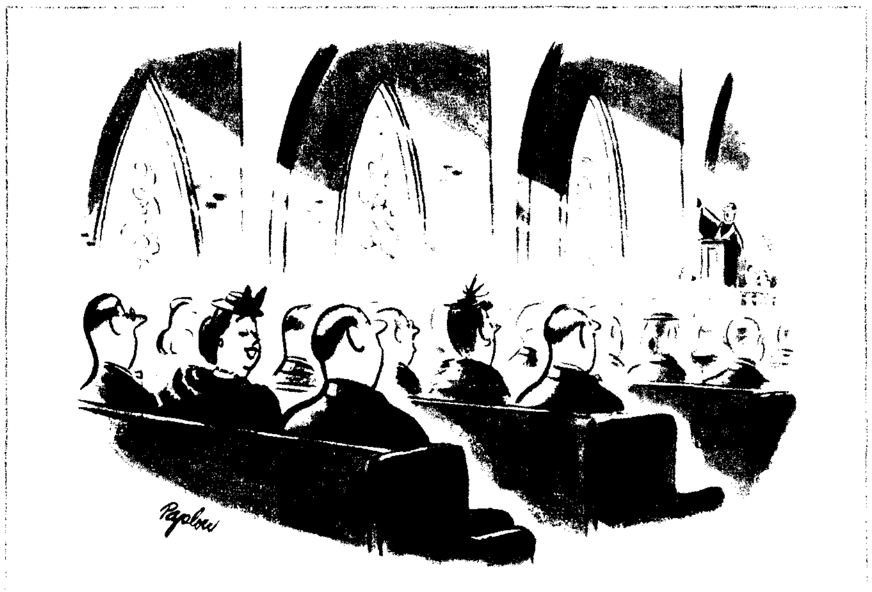
He left her and went out on the howling boat deck. Mr. March was exchanging hand signals with Mr. Jones, on the bridge wing. The last men were getting into the boat. Jack Haag's eyes sought Svend Larsen. He was crouched on a thwart with a look of intense thoughtfulness, and he did not look up.

Jack Haag found that he had nothing to say to Mr. March after all. The chief officer grinned wryly at the captain and the two men shook hands. Mr. March then climbed over the gunwale and took his place in the stern, and the boat started to go down. It seemed to go down silently, the usual rattle of the blocks silenced by the roar of wind and water. Mr. Jones, who was holding Irenic off the wind only with the greatest difficulty, was watching anxiously.

A great sea welled under the lifeboat, and Mr. March's bark of command came thinly up to Jack Haag. The falls swung free and the boat sheared tidily from the ship on its painter. Then the painter was slipped and almost instantly the lifeboat was tossing, crawling laboriously over the gray wastes of water to the schooner.

Nothing to do now but wait; and Jack Haag, feeling a heaviness that was more than fatigue, pressed back toward the bridge. Mary Larsen was still crouched in the alleyway. He took her with him to the wheelhouse and silently handed her a pair of glasses.

Once again Mr. Jones began to maneuver Irenic around in a great circle. By the time they were to leeward of the schooner, creeping up on her under bare steerageway, the lifeboat was going in. Mr. March was manning the sweep now, handling his boat skillfully to keep it from going broadside on.



COLLIER'S "He certainly has *your* number!" BOB PAPLOW

Men began spilling over the schooner's side. Some came down the short length of line, one by one, while others jumped and swam to the lifeboat. One or two of the swimmers began to drift away, and a figure that had been standing in the bow of the lifeboat, handing the men in, turned to Mr. March and then jumped overside.

"Svend," Mary said.

"Aye," the captain said. He took down his glasses and looked at her curiously. He couldn't tell what she was thinking.

Now the last of the sodden figures was being hauled over the gunwale; the boat was backing and coming about. Mr. Jones was on the telephone, talking to the bosun, who would be rigging a Jacob's ladder for the men to climb.

This was the way he had taught them, the captain thought. This was what he had hammered into their skulls—their responsibilities to their jobs and to their ship. But nevertheless he felt a surge of pride. Command! There was nothing like it. But it took a long hard time to chip and scrape away all the nonessentials, to make a man fit to understand command.

Aye, and by then he was fit to understand nothing else, Jack Haag thought. He glanced down at the small figure beside him. Willing to be widowed, she was, rather than betray an idea. A man did not command that—it was a gift.

HE FELT Mr. Jones's eyes on him, and nodded. Irenic again had her head a few points off the wind to make a lee for the boat. He moved to the wing door and Mary Larsen followed him. "I want to watch," she said.

Jack Haag hesitated and then said: "Well, then. Hold tight to the rail."

Mr. Jones hooked back the door, and the wheelhouse was filled with noise. Mr. Hendricks came out of the chartroom saying, "Captain?"

"Take Mrs. Larsen onto the wing with you, if you please, Mr. Jones," Jack Haag said, "and see to her safety. Well, Mr. Hendricks?" His throat hurt from the necessity of raising his voice.

"Couple of messages from Helganic," the second mate said. "Captain Jonsson says he's now able to make twelve knots. I figure if we get under way in half an hour we can come up with him in about four hours."

"That will be after nightfall," Captain Haag said. "We'll have to wait until morning to send the Larsens over. Keep Captain Jonsson advised of our progress and tell him to have one of his motor whaleboats rigged outboard."

He stepped onto the wing. Mr. Jones was bringing Irenic around another point or two, tenderly feeling her into her best position; and Irenic, her bowels awash with the penetrating sea, was still gallantly responsive.

Jack Haag watched intently, as though by his concentration he could prevent disaster at this most dangerous moment. The lifeboat came down, changing back rapidly from a scrambling waterbug to a frail shell crowded with humanity. Twice it seemed that it would smash itself against Irenic's towering wall; then the oars went in, pulled, and held water while Mr. March leaned on the sweep. The bowmen boated their oars quickly and secured to the sea painter. The boat's stem was now rising and falling in a line with the Jacob's ladder, and the rescued men began passing forward, Svend and his bowmate assisting them in the last perilous leap.

A stretcher went down three times, and three times was heaved back bearing a lashed, still figure. And then the last man was safely on the ladder. Mr. March began the final and tricky business of hooking onto his overhauled falls. Jack Haag breathed deeply as the men on deck got Mr. March's signal and began to heave away.

Mary Larsen slipped away through the wheelhouse as soon as the boat was secured. For a moment Jack Haag thought to stop her, knowing the danger of her going out on the open deck. But the wind was still falling; besides, it was too late now. He saw her running to her husband. . . .

In the wheelhouse Mr. Hendricks had relieved Mr. Jones, and the third mate was belatedly writing up his log. Mr. March, oily, wet and sagging from exhaustion was reading a list of names of the rescued.

"All of them suffering from exposure," he said to the captain. "One broken leg, two sets of cracked ribs."

Jack Haag nodded. "Tell the steward to break out plenty of whisky for them, after first aid," he said.

"The Larsens seem to have taken that over," Mr. March said, "first aid, and refreshment out of their private stock."

Captain Haag said, "Well!" And then: "Let the Coast Guard know about that derelict schooner, Mr. Hendricks. And ask the chief if he can't trim against that filled shaft alley a little better."

The wind was down to gale force—still dangerous, especially to a wounded vessel, but Irenic was responding well. Not much speed, perhaps, but then he couldn't smash her into this kind of seaway anyway. The captain accepted a cup of coffee from Mr. Jones. "I'm glad you made no mistakes back there, mister," he said. "It would have looked bad on your record."

Mr. Jones, who knew a compliment when he heard one, said: "Yes, sir. Thank you, Captain."

"Don't let it go to your head," Jack Haag said.

NIGHT had fallen when they contacted Helganic. She came up on Irenic fast, and even in the darkness her immense tiers of lighted ports, her shadowed outline, reduced Irenic to near puniness.

"My compliments to Mr. Larsen," Jack Haag said. "Ask him to step up here, if you please."

The signal lights of the two ships began stabbing across the darkness. Svend Larsen came into the wheelhouse, and Jack Haag noticed that both his hands were bandaged. Blistered himself, the captain thought. He said: "Well, here's Captain Jonsson to take you off, though I advise you to wait until daylight."

Svend looked at the captain oddly. "I'd forgotten about that," he said.

"Forgotten?" Jack Haag said. "You order two seagoing vessels off their courses to suit your convenience and then *forget* about it?"

Svend said: "That happened a long time ago, Captain Haag."

Captain Haag looked at him curiously.

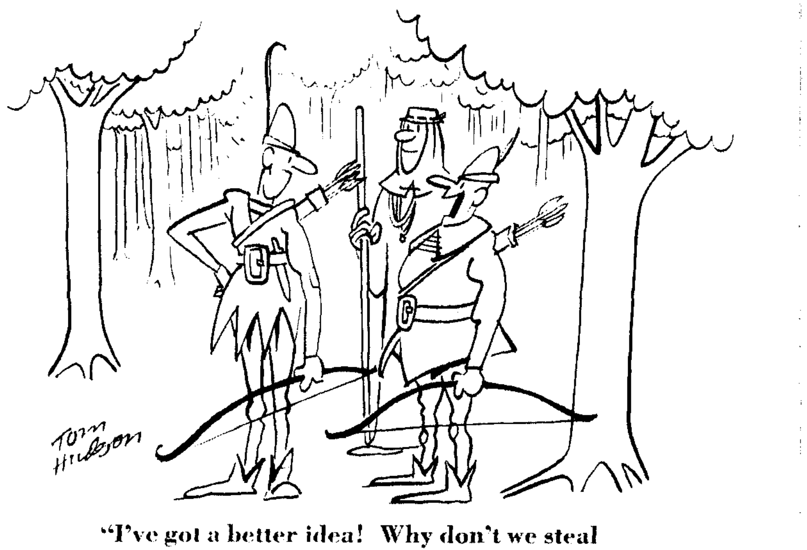
"Tell Captain Jonsson to proceed," Svend said. "Tell him the owner is taking lessons in seamanship from the senior master. And then take your ship home, Captain. We've a lot of work ahead of us."

Captain Haag grunted and his lips twitched. "Are you sure your little exploit hasn't gone to your head, mister?" he said softly.

"There's only one way to find out, Captain," Svend said.

Jack Haag raised his voice. "Make a signal to Helganic, Mr. Hendricks," he said. "Tell Captain Jonsson that the owner—" He paused for a moment. "Tell Captain Jonsson," he said, "that Captain Larsen is remaining aboard."

—JOHN WALLACE



COLLIER'S "I've got a better idea! Why don't we steal from the rich and split it three ways?" TOM HUDSON

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He Takes the Bible 'Round

As trouble shooter and chief translator for the American Bible Society, Baptist minister E. A. Nida has helped to spread the word of God in fifty countries—and more than one hundred tongues

By HENRY LA COSSITT

The Rev. Eugene A. Nida shows the Scripture to San Blas Indian girl on island off coast of Panama. In some countries, he has given illiterate people their first written alphabet

TRYING to follow Christ's admonition to go into all the world and preach the gospel, missionaries have always been hampered by a serious obstacle. Ever since the time of Babel, when Jehovah "did confound the language of all the earth," the great difficulty of the missionary has been communication. How do you spread the word to someone who can't understand it?

Probably no one man is currently contributing more to the solution of that problem than a one-time brass-band trumpet player and amateur boxer named Eugene Albert Nida. A forty-year-old ordained Baptist minister, Nida is Secretary of Translations for the American Bible Society. In that capacity, he serves as a trouble shooter for translators of the Bible all over the world, a linguistic Jack-of-all-trades who tries to make himself available anywhere missionaries are having language problems. And since missionaries are constantly beset by language problems, Nida is always on the move. In 10 years he has visited 50 countries and rendered assistance with more than 100 languages and dialects. In many of these places, he has been largely responsible for lowering the language barrier separating Christians or would-be Christians from the word of their Lord.

In some cases, he has gone even beyond that—to provide an illiterate but knowledge-hungry people with the first written alphabet they ever have had. Generally, the gratitude of such groups is almost boundless. The Ngbaka tribe of Africa expressed its thanks for its new alphabet by conferring on Nida, with appropriate ceremony, the title Witch Doctor of Words. Nida, who already had a Phi Beta Kappa key, a Ph.D. from the University of Michigan, an M.A. from the University of Southern California and a B.A. from UCLA (where he boxed and played in the band), was delighted.

But making alphabets is secondary to Nida's main job, which is to see that effective translations of the Bible (of which 650 currently are in use) are put into the hands of people who need them. Nida feels that unintelligible—or, worse, unintelligent—translations of the Bible are more harmful than none at all; he sees it as his task to prevent mistakes before they are made and correct them when they have already been made.

It isn't easy. Words can be tricky, idioms treacherous. To describe Sodom and Gomorrah as "cities of the plain," as in the English Bible, would be foolish in a place like Ecuador, where there are no plains. And Christ's phrase "generation of vipers" is meaningless in Bali, where the viper is a most respected serpent. Similarly, the figure "heap coals of fire on his head" had to be changed in a Bible written for the Congo. The missionary who had translated it too literally discovered the natives thought it was a wonderful way to torture their enemies, especially as it seemed sanctioned by God.

In the southern Philippines, the Maguindanao people were confused by the story of those famous twins, Jacob and Esau. Among the Maguindanaos, the first-born twin is considered the younger, as it is well known that the elder brother, because of his superior age and prestige, always sends the younger ahead on any journey to see if there are dangers or problems. The Maguindanaos, therefore, couldn't understand how Esau got his birthright in the first place. To them, he was the younger (Nida had to provide a footnote explaining that with the Hebrews it was different).

The biggest mistakes in Bible translations, Nida says, are due to unfamiliarity with anthropological customs. Thus a missionary in southern Mexico

the World

came to grief through literal rendering of the phrase "full of grace and truth." "Grace" was hard to translate, but he reasoned that grace was a gift—the gift of life, or a living gift. But the only living gift the local Indians could think of was a chicken. Before Nida arrived to straighten things out, they thought the person in question was "full of chicken and truth," a happy state of affairs to be sure, but not precisely according to Holy Writ.

Tribesmen Think in Anatomical Terms

Primitive peoples are very anatomical in their idioms. Thus, to the Habbe tribe of the Ivory Coast in Africa, "I am sorrowful" becomes "My liver is sick." But to the Bambara just to the north, it is "My eye is black," while to the Mossi people to the west it is "My heart is rotten." For the Uduks over in the Sudan, it becomes "My stomach is heavy," and none of them would understand it if one of these was unwittingly used in place of another.

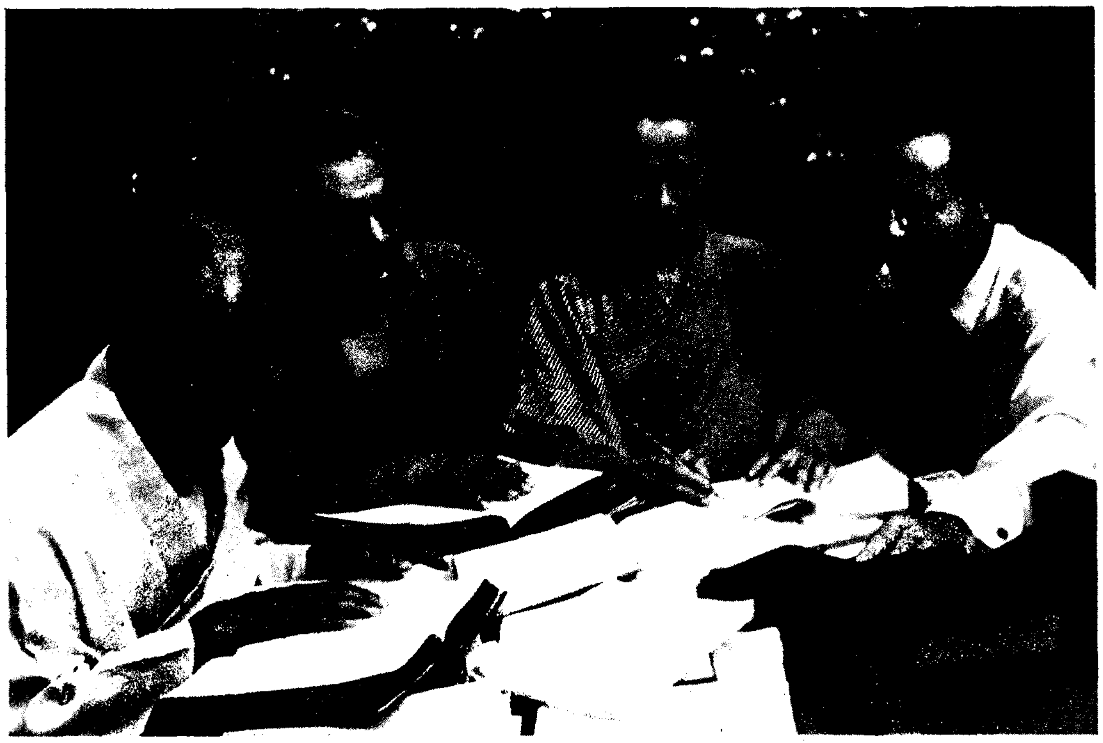
Similarly, Christ's stern reminder, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," has been a source of confusion in many places. In some tribes a needle has a "nostril," but no eye; others give it an "ear," still others a "foot."

There was also the poor missionary in the Philippines who wondered why the people of his flock suddenly had become sly and mendacious. Nida traced the trouble to Romans 4:7: "Blessed are they whose sins are covered." In English, of course, this means, "Blessed are they whose sins are atoned for." In the Philippine dialect, however, a literal translation meant simply that they were blessed whose sins were hidden.

Perhaps the oddest of all the mistakes Nida has encountered was the first one he was called upon to correct—in 1945, two years after he had joined the society and just after he had been made Secretary of Translations. He was sent to northern Guatemala, where the Indians were complaining that they couldn't understand their own language in the Scriptures. Nida discovered that the translation they had just received was painfully literal. Particularly startling were the Beatitudes. The missionary had translated from a Spanish text. The Spanish word for "blessed" is *"bienaventurados"*—which also happens to mean "good luck." There was no word in the Indian tongue that corresponded to "blessed," but there was one for "good luck." So it was used. But since the Indians were inveterate gamblers, luck almost always referred to games of chance. So the sublime Beatitudes, Nida found, read something like this: "Lucky in gambling are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven; Lucky in gambling are they that mourn . . . ," and so forth.

Not that homely idioms are not useful. To most Americans, it would be shocking to read, "God spat on the ground before us," but to the Shilluks of the Sudan the phrase means, "God forgave us our sins"; among the Shilluks, spitting on the ground signifies forgiveness. The Bibles provided for the Cuicatec Indians of Mexico contain references to "wagging the tail before God"—because the Cuicatec word for tail-wagging is similar to the word for worship, both implying respect and adoration.

Although Nida has a doctorate in languages and is entirely at home in eight tongues (Greek, Latin, Hebrew, German, Spanish, French, Portuguese and English), most of the languages he encounters in his work are, of course, strange to him. He starts to learn a new tongue by trying to build a vocabulary with native assistance. He points; they provide the word. However, even this process may be complicated. To point with the finger is an obscene gesture in some places. So he may stick out his lower lip, and point with it. But in the Marshall Islands even that is obscene—and so is pointing with the finger—so Nida winks at a chair, or a tree, or whatever, when he wants to know what it is.



Nida (right) helps members of Japan Revision Committee bring language of the Japanese Bible up to date. Some 650 different translations of the Bible are in use at present

As his vocabulary gradually grows, Nida simply applies his knowledge of linguistics and phonetics until the language becomes clear. Is it Aymara, spoken in the Bolivian Andes? Nida is able to assist missionaries there in the complexities of a language in which one verb may have literally 100,000 forms and uses. Is it Dinka, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, with its 14 vowels? With a little research Nida will show missionaries how to adapt it to Scriptural use. Or it may be Navajo, with its 66 distinctive sounds (the most of any known language) or Hawaiian, with its 15 (the fewest). To date, Nida has constructed nine alphabets where none existed before, the most recent in northern Thailand (it was a Thai Buddhist, by the way, who told Nida that he considered Jesus a greater God than his own because Christ had reached heaven after only four incarnations, whereas it had taken Buddha—by Siamese tradition—1,000. He had confused the four Gospels with four different lives).

The Shortest and Simplest Gospel

Usually the first book of the Bible to be translated by missionaries is Mark, because it is the shortest and simplest Gospel, and most easily understood. The second is Acts, because it shows the development of the church.

There are, however, exceptions, according to the people at hand. Matthew, for example, is most useful in Mohammedan areas because it traces the lineage of Jesus back to Abraham, who is well known in Islam. John is popular in India because of its philosophical beginning, and Luke is used in those countries where the aborigines have had a smattering of early Christian teachings and know about the Virgin Mary.

As for the Old Testament, the books of Genesis, Exodus, Psalms, Isaiah and Job are everywhere the most widely used at first. The reasons: Genesis and Exodus give history and the origin of the faith; there is a sublimity and music to the Psalms; Isaiah is the book that prophesies the coming of Christ, and Job records the suffering that is common to all men.

Eventually, of course, the whole Bible is brought to people, but it takes a long time. The Marshall Islands are only now getting the final translation, although missionaries have been there for 103 years. The Marshallese, however, have come a long way. Once cannibals, they are now devoutly Christian, 90 per cent literate and eager for more knowledge.

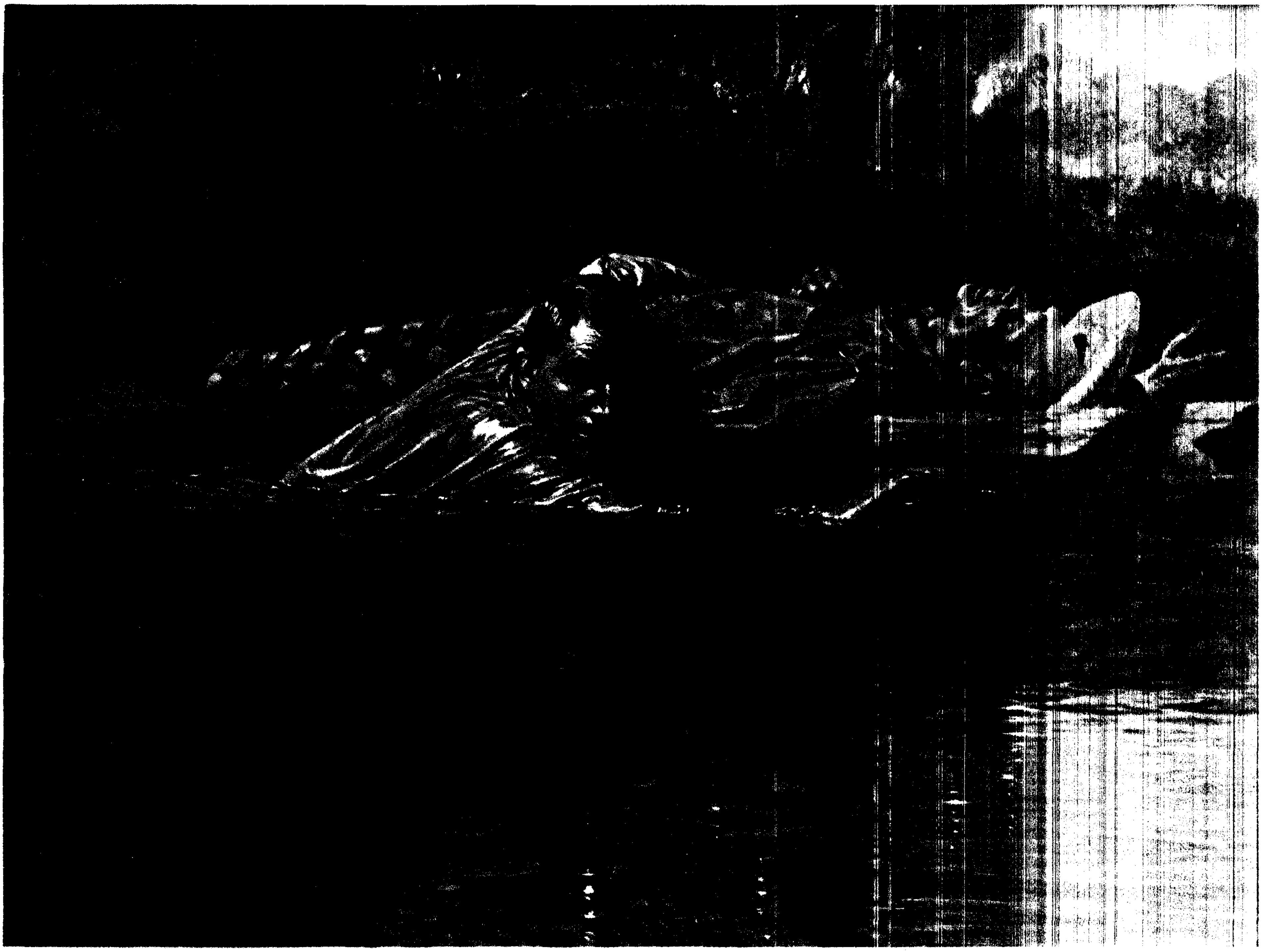
Nida's travels have taken him not only to the Marshalls, but also to many remote parts of South America and Africa. He has traveled through the Kenya country during the Mau Mau uprisings, and once he learned that a site he had chosen for a meeting with some Sudanese tribesmen was a favorite trysting place for lions (none, luckily, showed up for his meeting).

When His Pugilistic Skill Proved Useful

Although he has had numerous adventures, no human has ever molested Nida—unless you count the occasion during a Tarahumare fiesta in Mexico when a drunk kept baiting him. Nida the Baptist minister viewed the disturbance tolerantly for a reasonable length of time, then Nida the welterweight boxer took over, and that was that. The Indians, he says, loved it.

Naturally, travel leaves Nida little time for home life (he makes his headquarters in Port Chester, New York) and it would be a serious problem for his marriage if his pretty, brown-eyed wife, Althea, didn't accompany him on his longer expeditions. Mrs. Nida—they have no children—works as her husband's assistant and secretary. She has visited more than 40 countries, and although she is not a linguist, her arrival has been welcomed by more than one missionary. A former economics student, she understands debits and credits and other bookkeeping problems, and many missionaries have breathed easier after her visit because their business affairs were once again in good order.

Mr. and Mrs. Nida return this month from Africa, where Nida straightened out some missionaries' tangled language difficulties. He now expects to apply himself to adapting business-machine robots to the work of sorting ancient Biblical texts and to translations. It seems like a tall order, but nobody who has seen him pick his way through the mysterious mazes of an alphabetless language has any doubt of the outcome.



Harper kept swimming to keep from freezing. "Where are we?" the old man asked once

JAIL BREAK

By EVANS HARRINGTON

It was a crazy gamble; Harper wanted no part of it. But when the time came, he knew he had to go along

HARPER didn't mean to get involved. He wasn't sure he even liked the old man. He was a strange old man, with his pale, watery-blue eyes and his thin, high-pitched voice. And it was true that he talked too much. Harper did get involved, though, from the very beginning.

The old man came to the camp that spring while they were chopping cotton. He was tall and thin and his legs were very long. As he came up the brick walk that first day, the black and white stripes of his stiff new prison trousers seemed to stretch up endlessly. He wore a denim shirt, also new, and under it his thin shoulders were surprisingly straight. His walk, too, was erect, the long legs moving slowly, so that, despite the pale eyes and the thin, falsetto voice, there was something proud and confident about him.

It was that look of self-respect that got Harper involved. Even the old man's talking was not the usual kind. There was no whine in it, and no bluster. It was as though he were still a little puzzled, as though he didn't quite understand why he was in prison and was waiting, hesitant and polite, until the reason came clear.

Stroud didn't like him, though, and that's how it all started. Stroud was a big, ox-eyed ex-pug, and he bunked next to the old man.

EVERY night after they were counted into the cage, the old man would tell Stroud what had happened. Or not Stroud, really; he didn't really see Stroud. He would drop his straw sun hat on his bunk and begin to unbutton his shirt, and then he would pause with the bewilderment and the polite, patient disbelief on his face; and then he would start talking. He was a very old man—too old, Harper thought, to be in prison.

He had killed a deputy game warden, down in Ponchatula swamp. He had lived in the swamp all his life, hunted and trapped there, and farmed a little. "On my own land," he would tell Stroud, "and I wasn't hunting, even. I tried to tell him I wasn't hunting. I had the nubbins right there in my pockets."

He claimed he was feeding his hogs. He claimed he had hogs running in the swamp, and he went down every afternoon to give them corn nubbins. He had his shotgun with him, and the deputy accused him of hunting. The old man claimed he always took his gun with him, said he always had, said there used to be bears and panthers and alligators in the swamp.

"And I asked him did he think I would lie," he would tell Stroud. "I've never lied to no man. And

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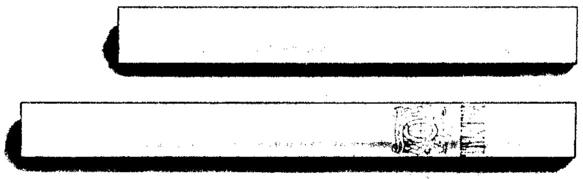

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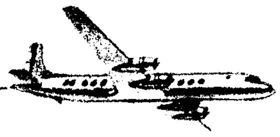

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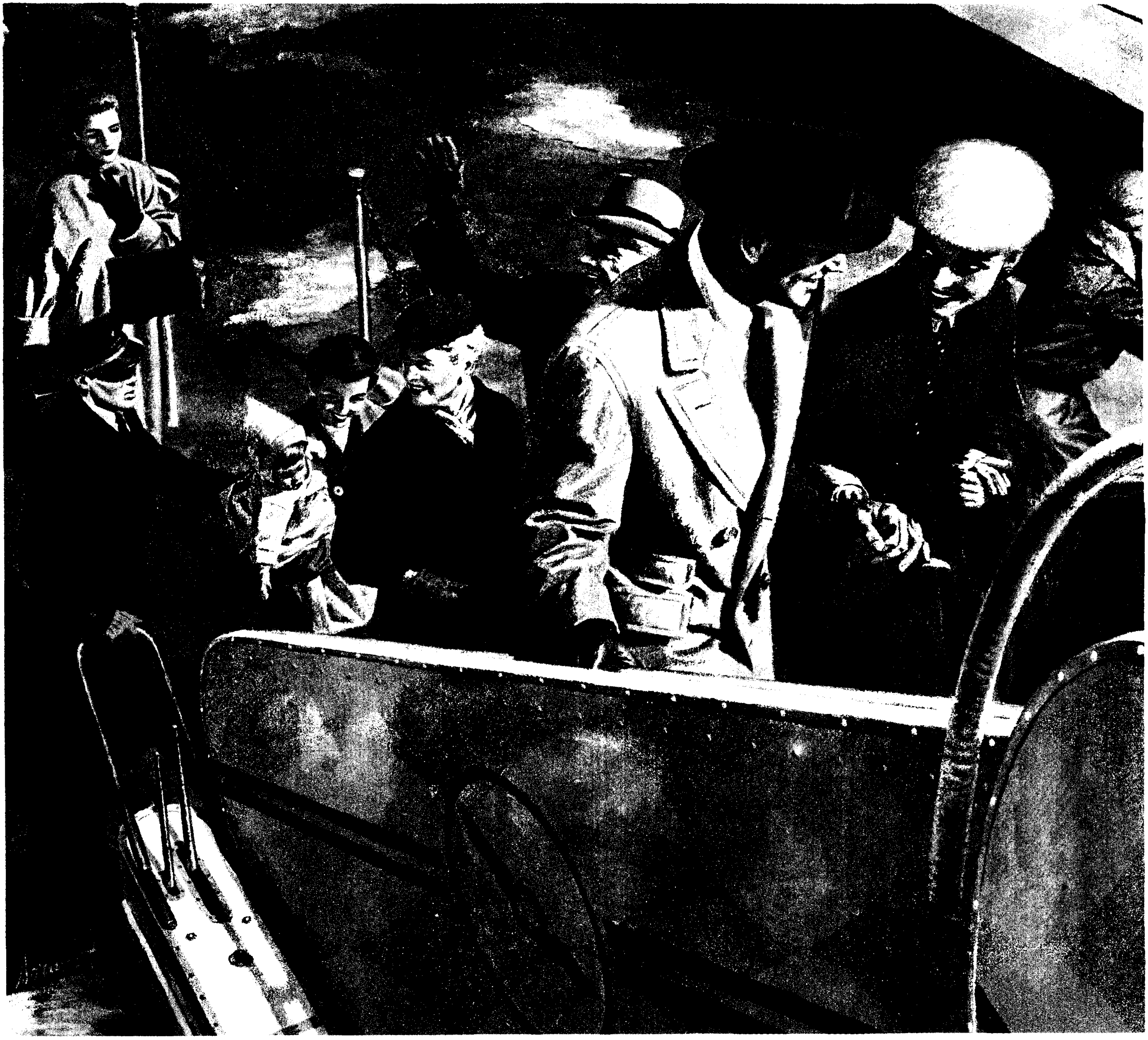

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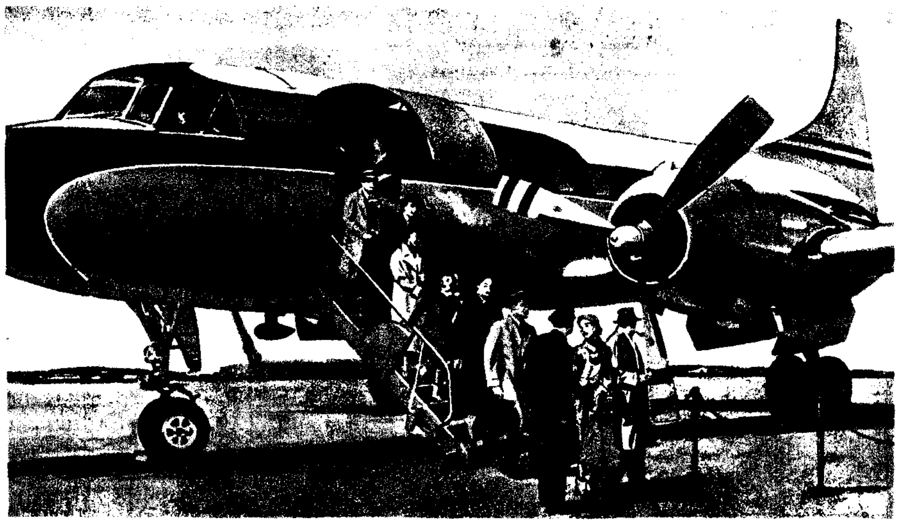

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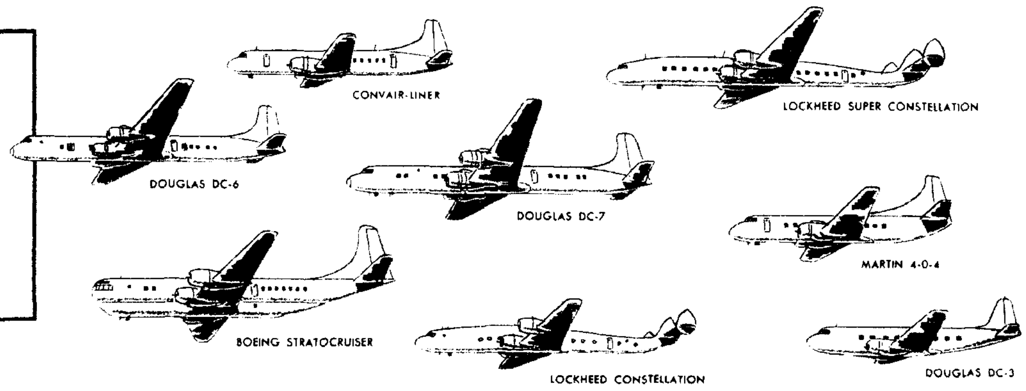

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it was on my land. I've hunted that land sixty year; they wasn't no call to lie."

He said the deputy wouldn't listen and kept saying come on, he was taking him to jail; and then the deputy cocked his pistol.

"I reckon I got mad," the old man said. "I reckon it did make me mad—him standing there in my own swamp telling me what I could do in it, telling me I couldn't hunt and he was taking me to jail."

He said the deputy was scared. "A young, soft-faced feller," he said; "learned to hunt in them game clubs and reservations. And cocking that pistol in my face, with his eyes big and jumpy."

The old man had his shotgun in the crook of his arm, he said, and he meant just to hit the pistol if he could. But, of course, he couldn't aim; he just had to swing around, the shotgun in the crook of his arm, and hope.

"But I never hit the pistol," he said. "The shot hit the deputy's hand and went on into his stomach and he went staggering back, but he still had the pistol, waving it at me and trying to aim it. I didn't want to shoot again. If I'd still been close enough, I would of just hit the pistol with my gun barrel. But he was back more than five yards by then, and there wasn't nothing to do but beat him to it."

He said he hit the pistol that time, and it went spinning out into the bushes. But he was shooting buckshot, and some of them didn't hit the pistol.

He took the deputy up to his house and left him; then he walked five miles to a country store, where there was a phone. The deputy was dead before the doctor and the sheriff got there.

THE old man would tell Stroud about it, standing there still holding his denim shirt, seeming to have forgotten the shirt and Stroud and even himself, standing there looking back at the shooting and going over it again and again in that quavering falsetto—not whining, not even complaining, just puzzled and hunting the truth.

Until one night Stroud had enough. Harper had been expecting it, even dreading it for the old man. But he didn't expect to get involved. His bunk was at the other end of the cage, and the old man never talked to him.

Stroud was lying on his bunk; he had long since quit answering the old man, but the old man seemed not to notice.

The old man had been undressing; he had one shoe off and he was holding it absently, standing there with one foot bare. "And was it wrong?" he said. "Even killing him, on my own land? I owned that land all my life. I hunted that land—"

"Oh, what the hell," Stroud said. "Knock it off." He was lying on his bunk with one arm across his eyes. He did not move when he spoke, and he did not speak loudly, but the cage suddenly grew quiet.

The old man didn't understand. He pulled himself back from his swamp, blinking down at Stroud. "Beg pardon?" he said.

"I said knock it off," Stroud said. "I'm sick and tired of your bellyaching."

The old man's face flushed slightly, but he smiled down at Stroud politely. "Beg pardon," he said again. "I don't think I know what you mean."

STROUD lifted his head and looked at the old man. The old man still smiled politely, but there was something else in his expression too. His pale eyes in the network of deep wrinkles were steady. Stroud got up slowly from the bunk and moved toward him. Harper got up from his own bunk and walked up the aisle.

Stroud stopped just in front of the old man and stood looking at him. "Old man," he said, "you talk too damn' much. I said knock it off. That means shut up."

The old man's eyes blinked rapidly; he stood very erect, almost as tall as Stroud. "I reckon I *have* been talking a right smart," he said, "and for that I'm real sorry." He blinked rapidly again and his face grew very red; but his eyes were still steady, meeting Stroud's.

"You're damn' right," Stroud said, his own face reddening. "You've been talking for three weeks now."

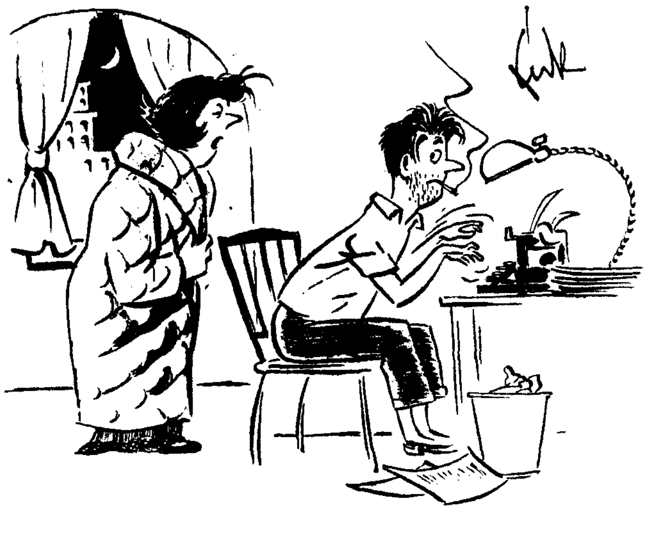
"All right," the old man said. "All right, I said I'm sorry." Still, though, he stood erect, unflinching.

Stroud's face was crimson now, his ox eyes smoldering. "You're a smart old man, ain't you?" he said. "You think you're a damn' smart old man."

Harper didn't want to do it. He did not like trouble, and it wasn't really his affair. But the old man wasn't going to yield—that much was clear. And he looked so brittle standing there. Stroud would kill him.

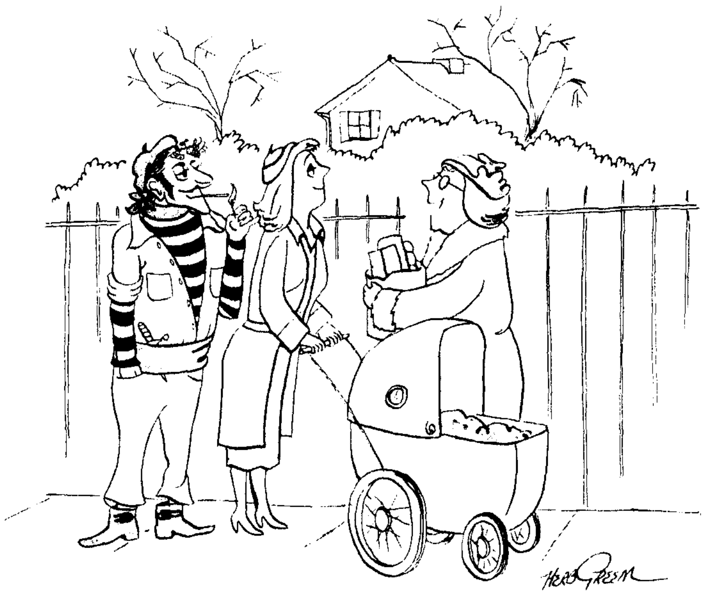
"Let him alone, Stroud," Harper said. "He's already told you he's sorry."

Stroud turned around slowly, his



"Some man is screaming 'Author', leaning out a window on the court, waving a gun . . ."

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES



COLLIER'S "Well, Louise Klein! How was Paris?" HERB GREEN

huge face twisted with fury. "Would you like to *make* me let him alone?" he said. "You want to try?"

"No," Harper said. "Why not just leave him alone?"

Stroud moved out into the aisle, toward Harper. "Naw," he said flatly, "you make me do it. I'd rather you'd try to make me."

It was started then, and Harper knew it. "All right," he said. "I'll try it."

He had seen Stroud fight. Stroud could hit and he knew how to use his weight, bulling his giant body in and clinching heavily. But he was slow. Harper moved away from the bunks into the center of the aisle, and waited.

Stroud shuffled in flat-footed, his big shoulders rolling. Harper blocked his lead left, but he was not watching it. He waited until Stroud threw the right, the big one; then he ducked quickly to the left and, as Stroud lumbered by, Harper buried his own left just under Stroud's jaw.

Harper spun Stroud around and sunk his left again to the jaw, just under the ear, and hooked a right deep to Stroud's stomach.

Stroud bent with it, and again Harper chopped his left down, just under the hinge of the jaw.

Stroud went to one knee, and Harper was tempted to let up, but experience had taught him never to let up in a cage fight. He knew he had been lucky to catch the giant off balance, with a vulnerable spot exposed. He also knew that he couldn't knock Stroud out with his fists—not without breaking one of them—and that he had to knock him out, had to rough him, punish him, to make it stick. Otherwise it would all be to do over again in a few days.

So he waited until Stroud pushed himself up off his knee, and then he chopped the left down again. Then, as the big man lurched off balance, Harper brought his knee up under Stroud's chin. Stroud's eyes were glassy and he reeled backward to a sitting position. Harper fell after him and, as he pushed himself up to his knees, hacked his right down, opened, knifing the heel of his hand against Stroud's huge neck. He hacked three times, closing his eyes and putting all he had behind it, and Stroud sank onto his elbows.

Then Harper stepped over him and swung his fist to the base of Stroud's skull. Stroud's face hit the concrete floor, and he lay still. Harper stood over him a moment, waiting and then turned away. He thought he was going to be sick.

And that was what started it—the old man and Harper. The old man came over later, after the cage had settled and the radios and guitars had started again. Harper was lying on his bunk, his stomach still restless and queasy.

"I'm much obliged to you," the old man said.

"That's all right," Harper said.

"I—I guess I talked too much," the old man said. "I—hadn't thought much about it."

"Stroud's a sorehead," Harper said. "He looks for trouble."

"I'm—much obliged to you," the old man said.

Harper grunted. He didn't look at the old man, but he could feel him standing there.

"You—they tell me you killed a man, too," the old man said.

Harper didn't answer for a moment. Then he said, "That's right."

"Was it—wrong?" the old man said. "Do you think it was wrong?"

THE man Harper killed had been a friend. He had visited Harper and his wife on their farm. It was very nice until Harper had discovered the friend was not his but his wife's.

It had been a long time ago, though—nearly eight years—and Harper had thought about it, and read about it, and even prayed about it. "Yes," he told the old man, "it was wrong. I think it was wrong."

"But he—" the old man said. "Didn't he need killing?"

"I don't know," Harper said. "I don't know any more who needs killing. That's a big thing to know."

The old man was silent for a moment, standing above him. Harper still didn't look at him. "What about me?" the old man said at last. "They tell me you've been to college and read in the books. Would they say in the books I did wrong?"

It was true Harper had been to college. He'd had a football scholarship to the state university. That was where he had met his wife. Gladys, the eternal coed—that had been the trouble with them, he had finally decided. Gladys had wanted him to take a pro contract when he finished college—she had wanted the city and the headlines and the postgame parties instead of the cattle farm back at his home. She had loved him really, as much as

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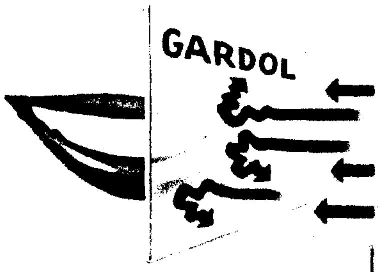

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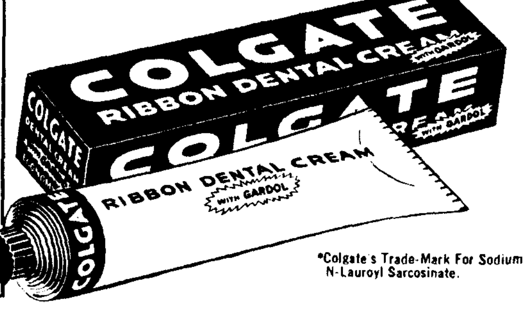
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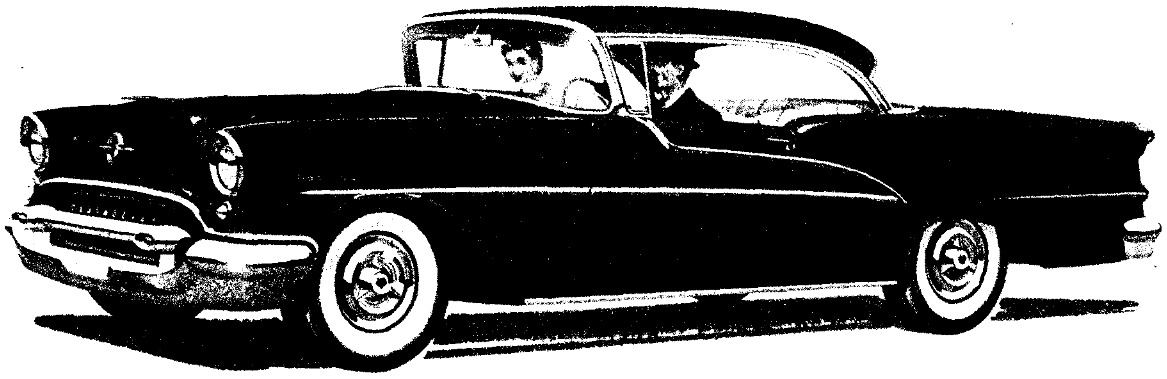

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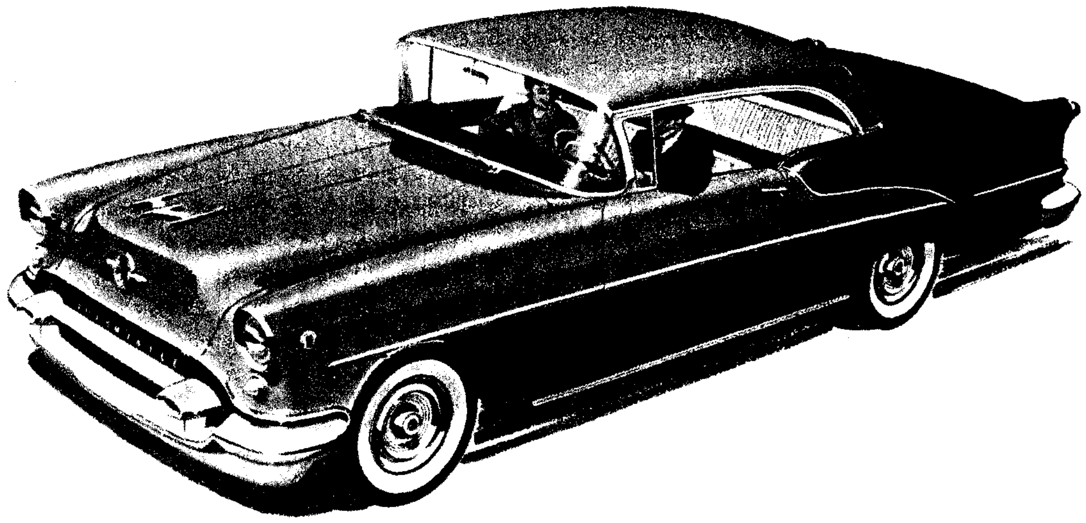

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she could love anybody; he remembered how she had cried after it happened—frightened and helpless and confused.

But it was not at college that Harper had read most of the books. That had come later, after he came to the prison. He hesitated a long time before he answered the old man. He felt very tired, and he wished the old man would go away, but finally he said, "Yes, I think so. I think the books would say you did wrong."

"But on my own land?" the old man said. "In my own swamp, feeding my hogs?"

"Yes," Harper said, "I think so."

"You mean," the old man said, "that he could come—that they would say he could come on my own land, a soft-faced little jackass like that, and cock a pistol at me and as good as call me a liar and take me off to jail?"

"He was the law," Harper said. "He had the authority."

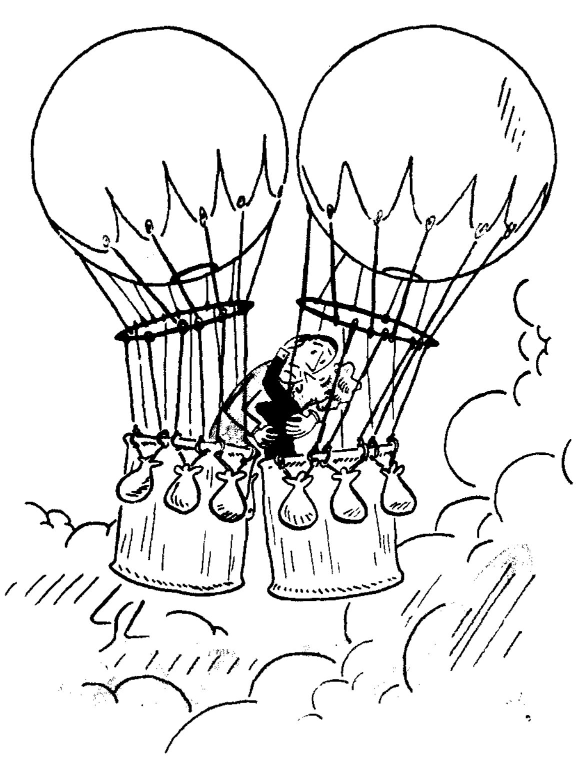
"But he was wrong," the old man said. "He was a fool and a coward, and he was wrong."

"He was still the law," Harper said. "There has to be a law, even if it's a bad one. You're an old man, from another time. Things have changed. There's not enough room any more, even in the swamp. There are too many people. A man can't make his own laws now—even in the swamp."

"Even if he's right?" the old man said. "Even if he knows he is right?"

He couldn't understand. He was old and he had lived in the swamp all his life. Harper finally gave up and listened to him talk until lights out.

SO THAT was their beginning and, for a while, their relationship—the old man talking, talking; Harper reluctantly listening. Gradually, though, the old man changed. The look of bewilderment and patient, polite inquiry began to go out of his eyes, and he no longer talked so much about the shooting and about the law that had sent him to prison. He talked more and more of the swamp, of his wife who had died and his farm. Harper was pleased, at first; it seemed to him a good sign.



"Good-by, darling. Till tomorrow, then—same time, same place . . ."

COLLIER'S LEE LORENZ

The cotton was finally chopped and laid by, and they spent the long blistering days dredging the irrigation canals. Then the corn was thinned and chopped and laid by; and there were three weeks of waiting—until August, when the first cotton opened.

The old man stood it fine; Harper was amazed. Of course he was sweat-soaked and limp every night, like the rest of them, and he seemed thinner than ever. But his eyes were still calm and steady and his walk was just as erect.

It was during the idle period, before the cotton opened, that the old man began to talk about going home. Harper thought he was joking at first; in fact he seemed to be joking, with an odd twinkle in his faded blue eyes and a cunning little half-smile playing about his mouth. "The bream would be working today," he would tell Harper, "back in the lower end of Big Blue."

"That right?" Harper would say. Big Blue, the old man had explained to him, was a giant slough in the swamp near his farm.

"Yes," the old man would say, "there's a shallow back there where they bed. One day soon we ought to get down there."

"Sure," Harper would say. "Sure, we'll have to plan it."

THE next day it would be something else—"a big ole wampus-cat in a blue hole down the river," which the old man wanted to "drop down and try again soon," or "a moss-backed ole bass" he knew of, which must have had twenty hooks in him.

And at night he would say: "We need a wood fire in here. Have you ever smelled a wood fire, Harper—a great big heaping wood fire with black gum and hick'ry and just a limb or two of cedar? I used to keep one when I run my trotlines. Heap it up more than head high, and stick in enough green limbs to make a blue smoke . . ."

Harper listened, watching closely; but always there was only the secret, elfin twinkle in the old man's eyes.

Once Harper talked to him about it. It was in October, the first chilly night.

"The squirrels will be out in the mornin'," the old man said. "About daylight, before the sun gets too high. There'll be a blue haze in the tops of the trees and the leaves will be wet from the dew, and they'll be in the hick'ries, a-cuttin'. I think I'll go down one day soon."

"You—don't mean it," Harper said, "about going down there. You're just making talk; you aren't really going to try it."

The old man smiled at him oddly. "I don't know," he said. "I might."

"But they'd kill you," Harper said. "You'd never make it."

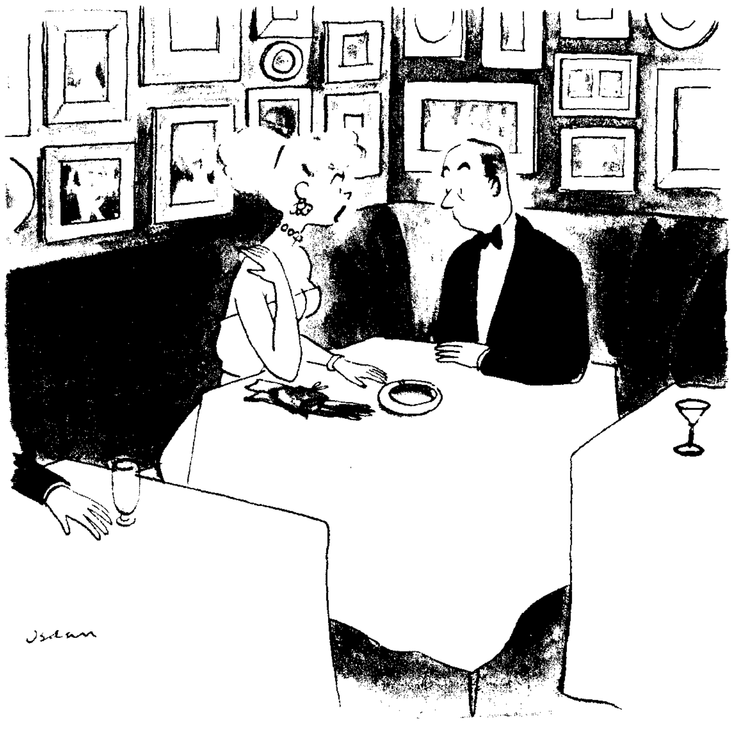
Still the old man smiled. "That's right," he said. "I reckon they would. But I might just try it anyhow."

They picked the cotton and ginned it and baled it. They gathered the corn and cut it and turned it under. And then, in early November, the geese came over. Harper heard them about midnight one night. When he sat in bed, the old man was carefully raising a window at the far end of the cage. There was a moon, covered by thin white clouds, and the light filtered softly between the bars. The old man raised the window gently and squatted before it on his heels.

Harper slipped out of bed and went quietly to the window. The old man didn't hear him at first, and he continued to squat motionless, listening to the faint, dying cries of the geese. Then Harper moved up beside him and he turned.

His pale eyes were very bright in the moonlight and his face was white. "The geese are flying south," he said. "The geese . . ." He did not voice the words; his lips moved slowly, and the sounds were scarcely audible.

"The geese are lucky," Harper said,



"Couldn't we get another table? That's my first husband right behind me . . ."

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

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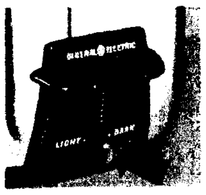

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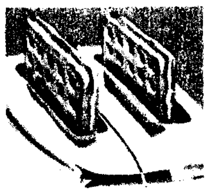

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and he reached up and pulled the window down.

"The geese are God's creatures," the old man said. "They're free."

"Yes," Harper said. He took the old man's arm. "Come back to bed. You'll catch cold sitting here."

The old man didn't resist, but his eyes continued to stare. "They are God's creatures," he said. "God made them and He made them free. God made all His creatures free."

"Yes," Harper said, "yes, that's true. Come on now, let's get back to bed."

"He made them free to move with the seasons," the old man said, "to the swamps and the lakes and the sea—"

"Yes," Harper said. "But you get in bed now. I'm afraid you've already caught cold."

He pulled the cover back and the old man got into bed. Harper pulled the cover up over him and tucked it in. The old man caught Harper's arm and held him close.

"Harper," he said, "He did make them free, didn't He? He made all His creatures free."

"Yes," Harper said. "Go to sleep. We've got a hard day tomorrow." He turned quickly and went to his bunk.

The next morning the old man did it. Later, Harper thought that he should have expected it. But the old man had talked about it so long: How was anyone to be sure?

They were working the cane mill then, making molasses for the winter. It was not yet full daylight—they had just got the mill turning—and the old man had been standing at the vats, leaning on the long-handled spreader, waiting for the juice to start flowing into the pans. Harper was feeding the mill, and others were hauling in the fresh sorghum or the empty gallon buckets, or hauling away the buckets that had been filled the afternoon before. And outside the work area were shooters—trusty guards, chosen for their readiness and marksmanship—four of them, one on each side, each with his blunt .30-30.

The old man suddenly put the spreader down, carefully, balancing it across the edge of the vat, and started across the opening toward the mill. At first Harper thought he was coming to him, and perhaps the shooters did too. But he passed the mill and kept going—and then Harper understood.

The cane mill was in a long, flat pasture next to the woods. The old man didn't run, didn't even alter his step, but moved on steadily toward the woods, his shoulders thin and erect in the blue denim shirt, his long legs rhythmically creasing the black-striped pants.

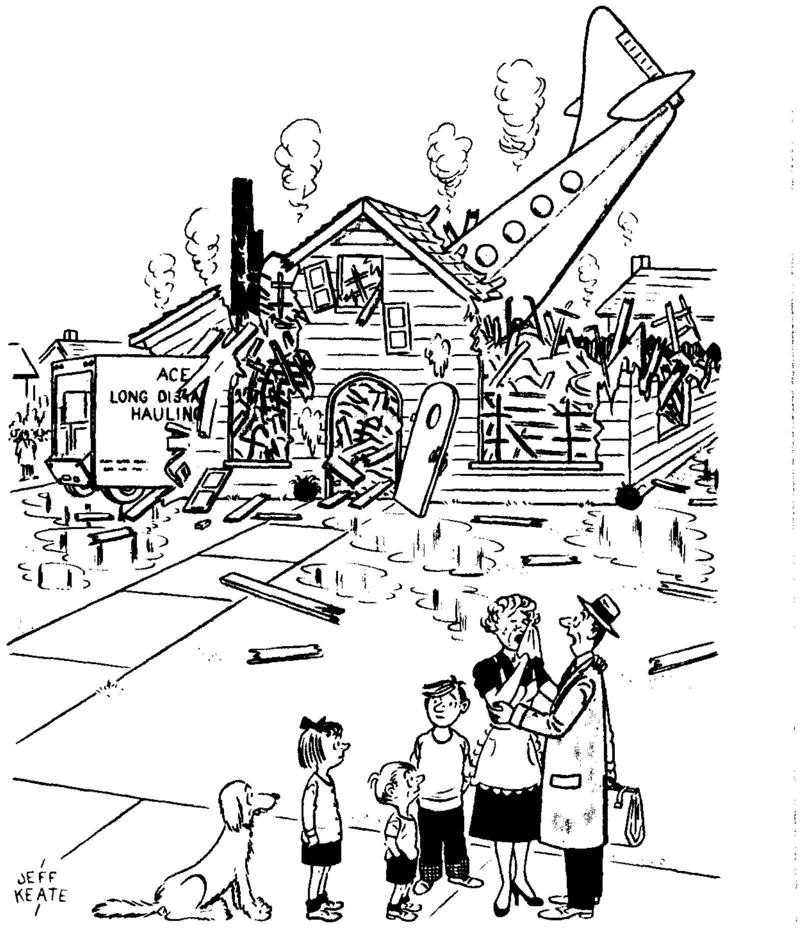
Geiger, the shooter on Harper's left, was the first to call to him. The old man had crossed right past him, and now Geiger watched him, puzzled. "Hey, pop," he said—the old man was scarcely ten yards away then—"where you think you're going?"

Harper watched, paralyzed, hoping the old man would turn. But he didn't. He strode steadily forward, and he didn't look around.

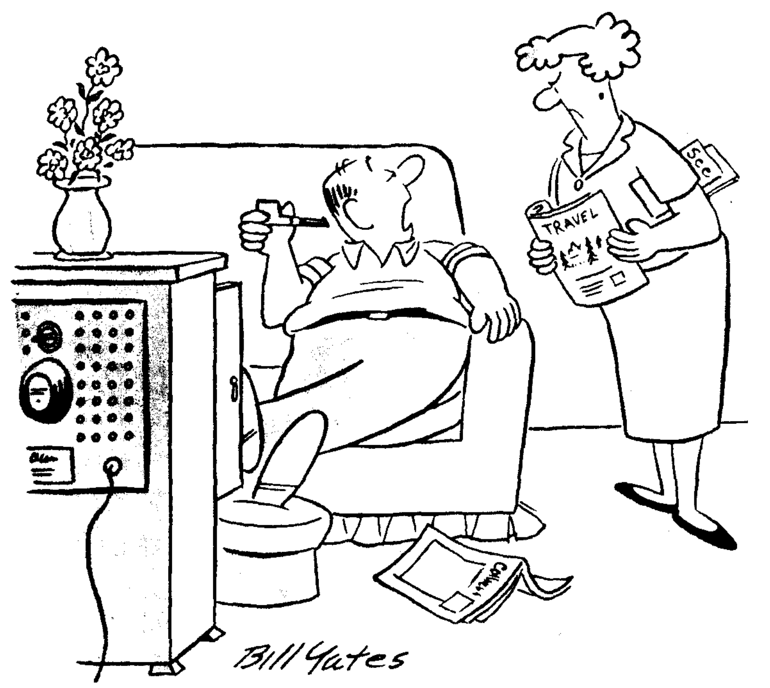
"Hey, pop!" Geiger said. "Where you headed?" But still the old man didn't turn.

Geiger dropped the .30-30 across his palm then, slipping the safety off. "All right, old man," he shouted. "I'm telling you now to stop. Take one more step and I'll break your leg!"

As Harper watched, scarcely breathing, he pleaded silently with the old man to stop. But the old man continued



COLLIER'S "What sort of day did you have?" JEFF KEATE



COLLIER'S "Second honeymoon? What was the matter with the first one?" BILL YATES

to stride toward the woods, and Geiger slowly raised the rifle.

The other trusties were alerted now. They did not move from their posts, but they were shouting to the old man too. "Stop him, Geiger!" Willis called—Willis was on Harper's right. "Stop him. He's had enough warning."

Geiger put his cheek against the stock of the rifle, his gray eyes cool and steady along the sights.

"All right, old man," he called. "You gonna stop?"

Harper didn't mean to do it; he had never even thought of doing it—because it was impossible, if for no other reason. But Geiger's eyes were narrowing, and the old man's legs—long, frail, brittle-boned—kept steadily moving. Without thinking or even quite believing it, Harper dived blindly at Geiger. Geiger's trigger finger whitened as he lunged, and Harper heard his own voice crying, "No!" desperately, as he stretched out his hand to knock the rifle up. The gun exploded above him, the barrel heating suddenly in his hand; then he drove his head into Geiger's side, and they went down together in a heap.

NUMBED and blank, he rolled with Geiger for a moment, hearing shouts and a shot from the other trusties, and the startled, unbelieving grunts of Geiger himself. Then, suddenly and incredulously, he realized that it was done, that he was past stopping; he had attacked a trusty now, whatever his reasons—and the old man was still out there.

There was no time to analyze it. He remembered that Geiger had dropped the gun when they fell, and he struggled free and dived for it. There was another shot, from Willis, and Harper hoped desperately the old man had started to run.

Geiger scrambled to his feet and crouched to lunge, but Harper swiveled around, still on his belly, and turned the .30-30 at him. "All right, stop!" he gasped. "Hold it there. Keep standing and tell them to stop."

Geiger wavered above him, panting. His eyes stared, wide and unbelieving.

Willis, behind Harper, shouted, "What the hell, Geiger?"

Harper jerked the gun up. "Go on," he told Geiger, "tell 'em!"

Geiger still didn't speak, and Harper slipped the hammer back on the .30-30.

"Willis!" Geiger yelled. "Hold it! It's Harper. He's got the gun and he says to hold it."

The trusties were silent a moment. Then Willis called out, "Don't be a fool, Harper. The old man's done for; he can't get away. You'll just get yourself in—"

"He's done for?" Harper said. "Did you hit him?"

"I knocked him down once," Willis said. "And I think Rowsey nicked him, too."

"He isn't down?" Harper said. "He isn't down?" He jerked the gun again at Geiger. "Where is he?" he said. "Can you see him?"

Geiger was scowling now. "He's still going," he said. "He's dragging one leg, but he's going. You're a fool, Harper. I never thought you were a—"

"All right," Harper said, "back up to me. I'm a fool, and you're going to help me."

Geiger turned slowly around and backed up to him. Harper rose to his knees. "All right," he told the others. "I'm going with the old man, and I'm taking Geiger with me, as far as the woods. I don't want any trouble, and there won't be any if you keep your guns down. And don't anybody try to follow."

He put his hand in Geiger's belt, stealing a quick glance behind him. Far across the pasture the old man was dragging his leg.

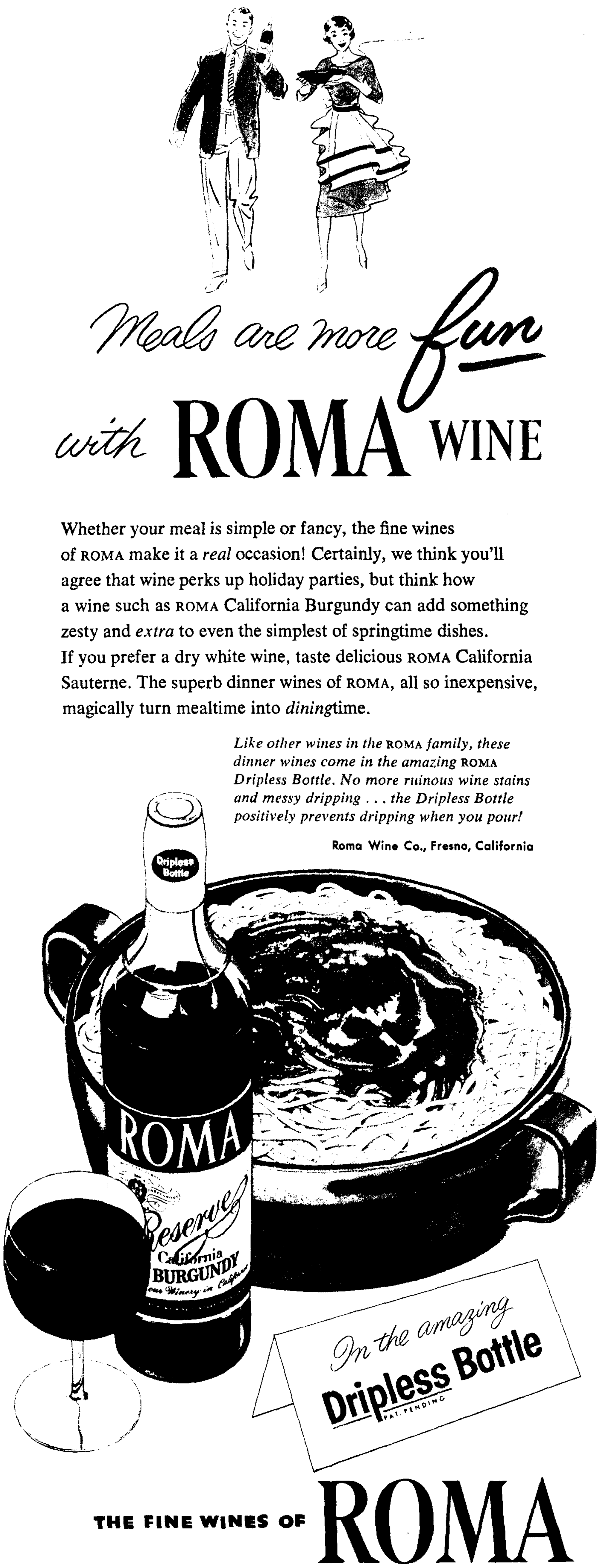
Harper got to his feet. "All right," he told Geiger, "come on."

The trusties held their guns down beside them. Harper pulled Geiger backward into the pasture with him. They had to go slow; there were rocks behind them and stump holes. Once Geiger stumbled and Harper crouched behind him, jabbing him with the rifle. "Don't fall, Geiger," he said. "I'd hate to shoot you."

"You're crazy, Harper," Geiger said. "Don't you know you're crazy?"

"I guess so," Harper said. "But just don't fall."

The trusties looked small now, be-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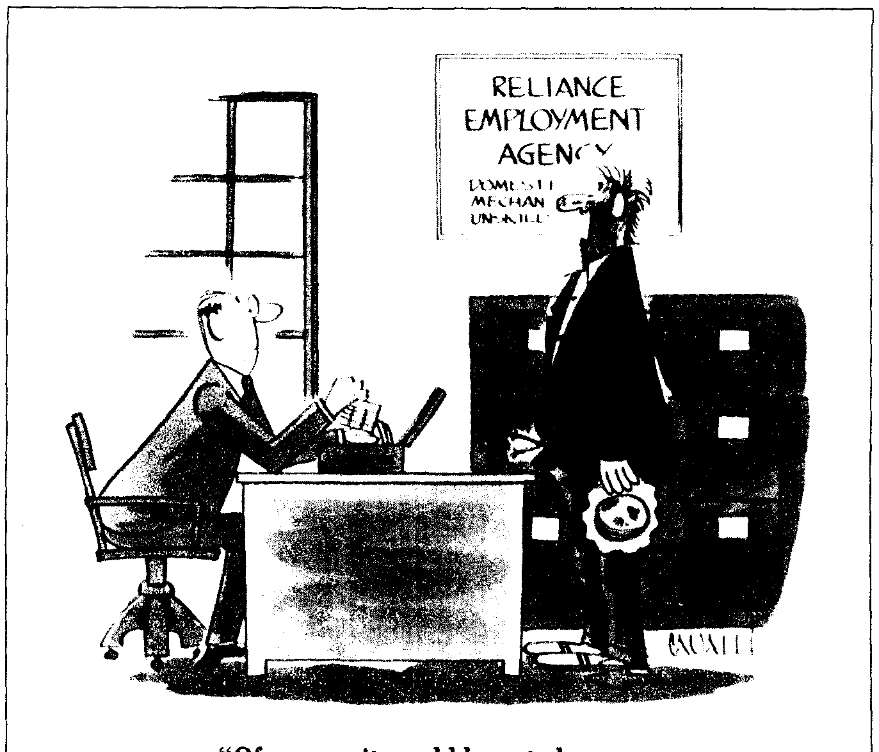


"Of course, it would have to be a job where personal appearance isn't particularly important . . ."

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI

side the huge pile of cane stalks. Harper glanced behind him and did not see the old man. He saw the blood though, a spattered blotch on the grass just behind him, and a trail leading into the woods. "Come on!" he told Geiger, "come on!"

At the edge of the woods, Harper stopped. "All right," he said to Geiger. "Go on back."

Geiger turned slowly and looked at him, still not believing. "Why are you doing it, Harper?" he said. "An old man. Just a crazy old man."

"You wouldn't understand," Harper told Geiger. "I'm not sure I do. Go on back."

"But he's wounded," Geiger said. "You haven't got a chance."

"I know," Harper said. "Go on, get started."

Geiger stared at him and then shrugged his shoulders. He turned slowly and started back, heading across the pasture.

HARPER turned into the woods, running. There were not many blood spots, but they were at regular intervals—on clumps of grass, on bushes and dead leaves. Harper thought of trying to cover the spots, but there was no need for that. They would have the dogs with them, of course.

The trail didn't turn, but headed straight through the brush toward the river. After a while Harper quit watching for the blood and just ran.

He overtook the old man at the edge of a small branch stream. The old man was sitting on a log—crouched there, watching. "Harper?" he said. "Is it Harper?" His eyes were glazed and he was panting.

"Yes," Harper said, staring at him. "It's me."

"Is—that a gun?" the old man said. "You got a gun?"

"Yes," Harper said, "I took it from Geiger."

"You come to stop me," the old man said, "to take me back?"

"You—ought to go back," Harper said. "You're hurt very bad."

The old man shifted slightly and Harper suddenly saw the big pine knot in his hand. He clenched it tight and looked at Harper. "Then it's good you got a gun," he said. "I reckon you'll have to use it."

"But you'll never make it this way," Harper said, "and besides, you need a doctor."

"You'll have to use the gun, Harper," the old man said. "I don't aim to go back."

Harper watched him for a moment. Across the woods, in the direction of the cane mill, he could hear faint sounds of shouting. He laid the gun on the log and advanced toward the old man. "What did you plan on doing?" he said at last.

"I'm going to the river," the old man said. "I thought I'd double back up this branch to throw 'em off, and then cut across to the river. I can find me a boat at the river."

"Can you walk?" Harper said. "At all, I mean?"

"I—think so," the old man said. "I got a little tired just now. I reckon I'm getting too old." He pulled himself slowly off the log and braced himself on the pine knot, wavering slightly.

Harper looked at him a moment longer; then he picked up the gun and thrust it at him.

"Here," he said, "hold this. We'll see if we can't make the river."

He slung the old man across his shoulders and waded into the branch, turning upstream, the way the old man had pointed.

THEY made the river. Harper waded half a mile up the branch, keeping well to the middle; then he laid the old man down on the bank and bound his leg. The old man was unconscious by then; his face was very pale and he was barely breathing. Harper carried him and rested, carried him and rested, the three miles across to the river.

It was dark by then and he could not find a boat, but he found two hollow logs. After tying his belt to the old man's, he lashed the logs together with them. The log raft was small and would not hold both of them, so he put the old man on it and pushed it out into the river, swimming alongside and guiding the raft with one hand.

The water was very cold and he soon became numb. He lost all sense of time and kept swimming automatically to keep from freezing.

Once the old man moved on the raft. "Where are we?" he said. His voice was very weak.

"We're on the river," Harper said.

The old man didn't speak for a while, and Harper thought he had passed out again. But then he said, "Have you got the trotlines?"

"Yes," Harper said. "I've got 'em right here. Don't worry about them; try to sleep."

When Harper could stand the cold no longer, he shoved the raft across the river and pulled it out on the opposite bank. The old man was dead.

Harper waited until daylight and found a high spot back away from the river. He gouged out a hole with the rifle barrel and a limb he had split. He put the old man in it and spread the dirt smooth over it. Then he got on the raft and shoved it out into the current and let it drift.

At a bridge about five miles down, he abandoned the raft and climbed up to the road. He did not know which way the camp lay, so he just kept walking until the patrol car came.

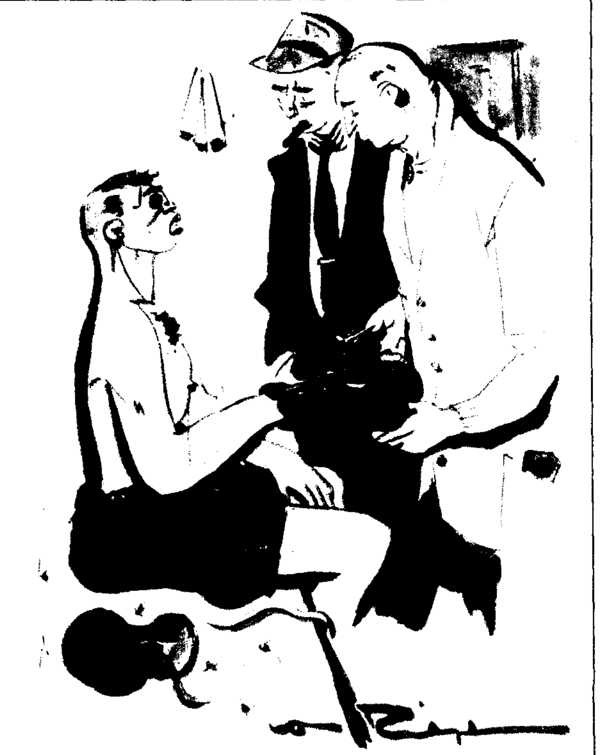
"Where's the old man?" one of the patrolmen asked.

"He got away," Harper said. "I don't think you can catch him."

They took him back to the farm, to the warden for questioning.

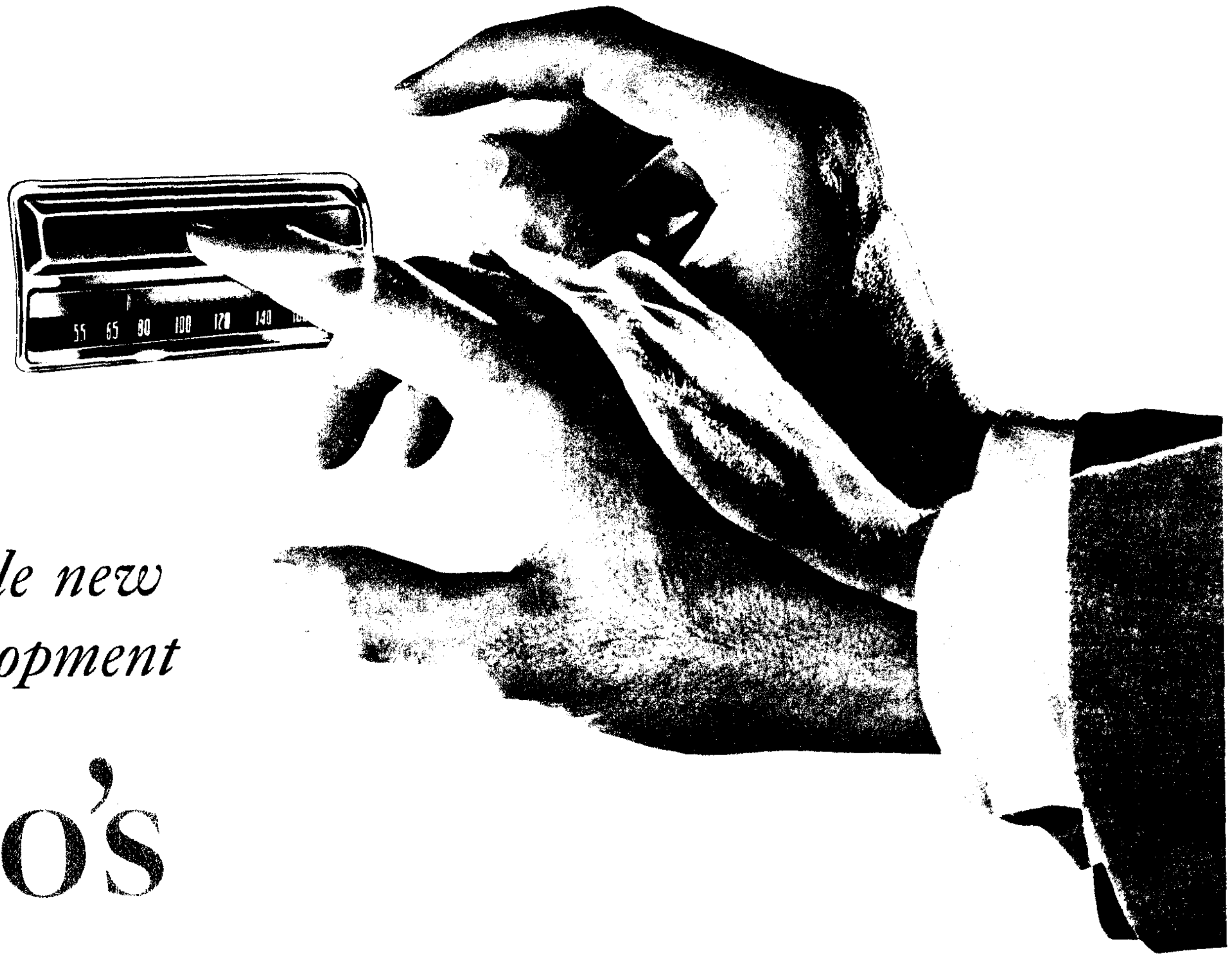
"Where is he?" the warden said. "It will be better for you if you tell us."

"He got away," Harper said. "He got away. I don't think you ever can catch him." —EVANS HARRINGTON



"Just be a little careful with your remarks. I've had just about all I can take for one evening"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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The ALL-AMERICA

Selected by the National Association of Basketball Coaches

By BILL FAY

THE big noise during the 1955 college basketball season was about the new bonus foul rule. It worked like this: when a player was fouled while attempting to shoot a field goal, he received two free throws. If the foul occurred in a nonshooting situation, the player received only one free throw; however, if he made good on the attempt, he was awarded a second free throw as a bonus.

This new bonus foul shifted the strategic balance of power between free throws (worth one point) and field goals (worth two points). Under the new rule, a free throw became as valuable potentially as a field goal; consequently, the 1955 season was highlighted by numerous games in which the winning team made more free throws but fewer field goals than its opponent.

Take the way Georgia Tech terminated Kentucky's fabulous home-court winning streak at 129 games. Kentucky topped Tech in field goals, 24 to 18; but Tech cashed enough bonus points to overwhelm Kentucky at the free-throw line, 23 to 10. The final score was Georgia Tech, 59; Kentucky, 58.

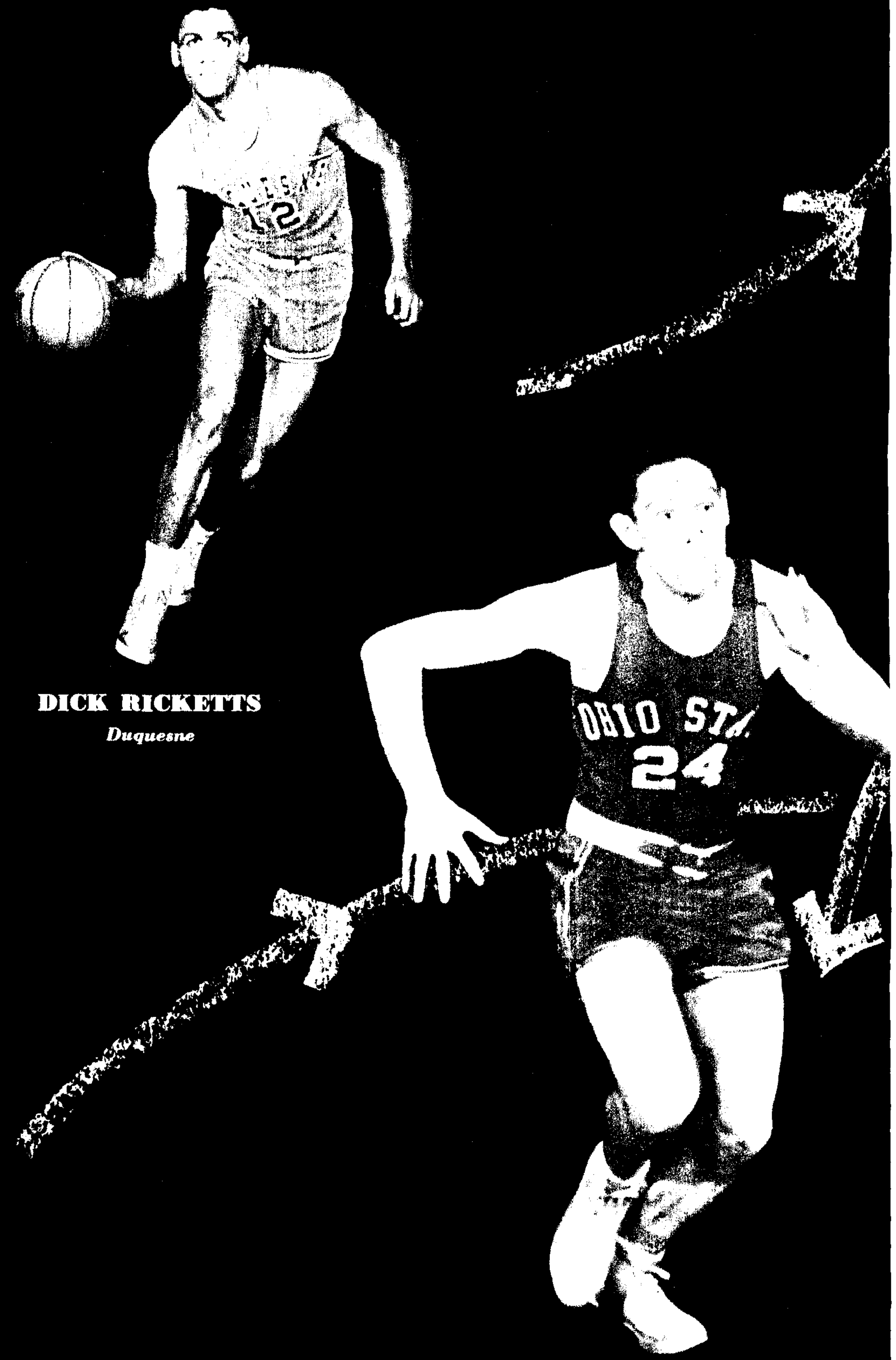
Coincidentally, when the two teams met a month later, Georgia Tech hit the bonus jack pot again, sinking 25 of 34 free throws. Kentucky made five of 15. This 20-point bulge at the foul line provided Tech with a 65 to 59 triumph, even though Kentucky again led in field-goal production, 27 to 20.

Similarly, St. Francis (of Loretto, Pennsylvania) accomplished a major upset by whipping Duquesne, 82 to 72, even though Duquesne held a 29 to 25 edge in field-goal production. Free throws were the decisive factor: St. Francis sank 32, Duquesne made only 14.

College rule makers adopted the bonus free throw in an effort to reduce the foul rate, which reached an average of 43.1 infractions per game over the last few seasons—roughly (and that's the way basketball is played these days) one foul per minute. Although complete statistics for this season have not yet been compiled, the National Collegiate Athletic Bureau estimates that the foul rate has declined to 38.8—a drop of 4.3 fouls called per game.

Whether the bonus free throw will be retained for 1956 is, however, conjectural. Some coaches favor it; others denounce it. Coach Adolph Rupp of Kentucky, a voluble member of the antibonus bloc, declares: "Since most fouls are called against defensive players, the bonus penalty discourages the use of aggressive man-for-man defenses. Instead, teams are inclined to fall back into a zone defense which slows the game and bores the spectators."

And coach Murray Greason of Wake Forest complains: "The best way to play under the bonus rule is to forget about shooting field goals. You



DICK RICKETTS
Duquesne

ROBIN FREEMAN
Ohio State

in College Basketball

SIHUGO GREEN
Duquesne

DON SCHLUNDT
Indiana

TOM GOLA
La Salle

The nation's No. 1 college basketball player: Tom Gola. He topped t

are better off if you pick five good ball handlers and have them pass the ball until fouled—then sink the free throws."

By way of rebuttal, coach Ed Hickey of St. Louis points out: "The bonus rule is accomplishing its purpose by making the penalty stiffer against the team committing the foul. As soon as the coaches realize this, there will be less whistle tooting.

"The coaches themselves are to blame for the seemingly endless parade of players to the foul line," Hickey insists. "They ought to stop teaching their players how to commit mayhem and concentrate on teaching them how to play according to the rules. Then the referees wouldn't have to call so many fouls."

Although the coaches reached no agreement on the bonus foul, they concurred on one point: Tom Gola of La Salle was the nation's No. 1 college basketball player. An analysis of the balloting for Collier's All-America team, selected by 234 members of the National Association of Basketball Coaches, reveals that Gola topped the voting lists in all eight National Collegiate Athletic Association districts.

Gola's selection marks the third straight year the brilliant Philadelphian has been named on the coaches' All-America. The 1955 line-up also includes Don Schlundt of Indiana, Robin Freeman of Ohio State and a pair of Duquesne sharpshooters, Dick Ricketts and Sihugo Green.

The All-America second team lists Tom Heinsohn of Holy Cross, Bill Russell of San Francisco, Dick Hemric of Wake Forest, Dick Garmaker of Minnesota and Jack Stephens of Notre Dame.

The coaches also picked an All-America third team composed of Ed Conlin of Fordham, Ron Shavlik of North Carolina State, Maurice Stokes of St. Francis (Loretto, Pennsylvania), Jesse Arnelle of Penn State and Darrell Floyd of Furman.

After La Salle whipped UCLA, 85 to 77, coach Johnny Wooden of UCLA was asked: "What did you think of Gola?"

Wooden, an All-American during his playing days at Purdue, replied: "It was worth traveling across the country and taking a beating just to watch Gola play. He's the quickest, most graceful big man I've seen. He grabs all the rebounds in sight. He makes all the shots and he's a smart playmaker. He's the best I've ever seen."

Wooden's testimonial is documented by Gola's spectacular four-year record. As a freshman in 1952, Gola sparked La Salle's surprise victory in the National Invitation Tournament. Tom and teammate Norm Grekin shared the N.I.T.'s most valuable player trophy. Last season, Tom was the key man in La Salle's drive to the National Collegiate championship.

"There's one important fact about Gola that has been overlooked," says coach Ken Loeffler of La Salle. "Tom's a big fellow—six feet seven and about 210 pounds—but he's the only big man we've had in recent years. Many of the tough teams we play have at least two big men. So Gola has had to work overtime on rebounding and still carry the brunt of our offense. Despite this handicap, he's averaged well over 20 points per game and grabbed about the same number of rebounds.

"If," Loeffler adds, "we could have found another big man to help Gola with the rebounding, Tom's average would have jumped to 40 points per game."

Gola is strictly a Philadelphia product. His father, Ike Gola, is a Philadelphia policeman. Tom lives within

N.C.A.A. DISTRICT ALL-STAR TEAMS

1

MAINE NEW HAMPSHIRE
VERMONT MASSACHUSETTS
RHODE ISLAND CONNECTICUT

ART QUIMBY	Connecticut
T. HEINSOHN	Holy Cross
JIM AHEARN	Connecticut
GLENN WILSON	Dartmouth
EDW. TOOLEY	Brown

Honorable Mention

Al Dennis, Middlebury; John Heneghan, Tufts; Doug Hawkins, Amherst; Jim Houston, Brandeis; Ronnie Clark, Springfield; Walt Supronowicz, Holy Cross; Tony Moro, Williams; Bill Pappas, New Hampshire; Dick Kross, American Intern'l; Clayton Bywaters, Springfield; Bob Young, St. Michael's (Vt.); Joe Liebler, Holy Cross.

2

NEW YORK NEW JERSEY
PENNSYLVANIA DELAWARE
WEST VIRGINIA

D. RICKETTS	Duquesne
S. GREEN	Duquesne
TOM GOLA	La Salle
ED CONLIN	Fordham
M. STOKES	St. Francis (Pa.)

Honorable Mention

Jesse Arnelle, Penn State; Ed Fleming, Niagara; Bart Leach, Penn; Hal Haabestad, Princeton; Mal Duffy, St. Bonaventure; John McCarthy, Canisius; Chet Forte, Columbia; Bob Schafer, Villanova; Ed Pavlick, Pitt; Hal Lear, Temple; Bill Thieben, Hofstra; Charles Hoxie, Niagara; Jack Sheehy, Cornell; Ed O'Connor, Manhattan.

3

MARYLAND DIST. OF COLUMBIA
VIRGINIA NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE MISSISSIPPI GEORGIA
LOUISIANA ALABAMA FLORIDA

D. BRACKEEN	Mississippi
DICK HEMRIC	Wake Forest
JERRY HARPER	Alabama
R. SHAVLIK	N. Car. State
D. FLOYD	Furman

Honorable Mention

Hal Cervini, Tulane; Buzz Wilkinson, Virginia; Ed Wiener, Tennessee; Bill Evans, Phil Grawemeyer and Bob Burrow, Kentucky; Bob Kessler, Maryland; Lenny Rosenbluth, North Carolina; Joe Holup, George Washington; Bill Kirkpatrick, Auburn; Eddie Galvin, Loyola (La.); Bob Emrick, Florida; Joe Helms, Ga. Tech.

4

ILLINOIS OHIO
INDIANA MICHIGAN
WISCONSIN MINNESOTA

R. FREEMAN	Ohio State
D. GARMAKER	Minnesota
D. SCHLUNDT	Indiana
CHAS. MENCEL	Minnesota
J. STEPHENS	Notre Dame

Honorable Mention

Dick Cable, Wisconsin; Jack Twyman, Cincinnati; Carl Cain, Iowa; John Horan, Dayton; Frank Ehmann and Harold Grant, Northwestern; Julius McCoy and Al Ferrari, Michigan State; Paul Judson, Illinois; John Fannon, Notre Dame; Jack Sallee, Dayton; Terry Rand, Marquette; George Dalton, John Carroll; Bill Logan, Ia.; Joe Sexson, Purdue.

5

MISSOURI NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA KANSAS
NEBRASKA OKLAHOMA
IOWA

C. LITTLETON	Wichita
BOB REITER	Missouri
DICK BOUSHKA	St. Louis
* D. BOLDEBUCK	Houston
LESTER LANE	Oklahoma

Honorable Mention

Dallas Dobbs, Kansas; Bob Patterson, Tulsa; Charles Duncan, Iowa State; *Guy Sparrow, Detroit; Burdette Haldorson and Bob Jeangerard, Colorado; Norm Stewart, Missouri; Mack Carter, Oklahoma A&M; *Jack Foster, Houston; Willie Cerf, Drake; Ed Cole, Creighton; *John Kent, Bradley.

*Rated in Mo. Valley group by NCAA

6

ARIZONA TEXAS
ARKANSAS

R. O'NEAL	Texas Christian
M. BAILEY	Baylor
JIM KREBS	So. Methodist
R. WARREN	Texas Christian
JIM REED	Texas Tech.

Honorable Mention

Monte Robicheaux, Rice; Art Barnes, Southern Methodist; James Scott, West Texas State; Carl Ince, Texas Tech; John Fortenberry, Texas A&M; Jim Miller, East Texas State; Hadie Redd, Arizona; Bryan Kilpatrick, Texas Christian; Bill Brophy, Texas A&M; Buddy Smith, Arkansas; Bill Clifton, West Texas State; Bob Tremaine, Hardin-Simmons.

7

WYOMING COLORADO
UTAH MONTANA
NEW MEXICO

GARY BERGEN	Utah
H. JORGENSEN	Wyoming
ART BUNTE	Utah
H. KINARD	Colo. A&M
DICK BROTT	Denver

Honorable Mention

Bart Johnson, Utah State; Terry Tebbs, Brigham Young; Morris Buckwalter, Utah; Glenn Buse, Denver; Joe Capua, Wyoming; Gary Hibbard, Colorado A&M; Zip Rhoades, Montana; Pat Dunn, Utah State; Ed Huse, Wyoming; Jack Bryant, Colorado A&M; Les Roh, Idaho State; Keith Edwards, Colorado State; Rick Bauer, Idaho State.

8

CALIFORNIA OREGON
WASHINGTON IDAHO
NEVADA

BILL RUSSELL	San Francisco
BOB McKEEN	California
RON TOMSIC	Stanford
D. PARSONS	Washington
* KEN SEARS	Santa Clara
* DICK WELSH	Southern Cal.

Honorable Mention

Ron Bennink, Washington State; Roy Irvin, Southern California; Don Bragg, UCLA; Jay Dean, Oregon State; Jim Loscutoff, Oregon; Don Porter, Linfield; Phil Jordon, Whitworth; Russ Lawler, Stanford; Bill Sanchez, St. Mary's; Bob Cox, Loyola (Cal.); Tony Vlastelica, Oregon State; Clyde Conner, Col. of Pacific.

*Tied for fifth position.

ting in all eight NCAA districts

walking distance of the La Salle campus. He prepped at La Salle High, setting an all-time Philadelphia high-school scoring record—2,222 points in four seasons—and turned down more than 50 out-of-town scholarship offers in order to play for La Salle. He's studying accounting, hopes to become a certified public accountant in Philadelphia, and plans to play pro basketball next season for the Philadelphia Warriors. "I guess," says Gola, "I just like Philadelphia."

Gola and Don Schlundt, Indiana's six-foot-ten-inch center from South Bend, are the only holdovers from the 1954 All-America. Schlundt has been among the nation's leading scorers since the '53 campaign, when he was voted the Big Ten's most valuable player (the first time a sophomore received the award) and his average of 25.4 points per game spearheaded Indiana's surge to the national championship.

Schlundt is amazingly accurate on one-handed hook shots and tip-ins under the basket. Last season, Don sank 177 of 354 field-goal attempts for an extraordinary .500 shooting mark. Recently, he hit on 15 of 19 field-goal tries against Southern Methodist. Don's a sure shot on fouls, too. In one three-game span against Michigan, St. Louis and Kansas State, he registered 42 of 47 free throws.

Schlundt raised his scoring average to 27 points per game this season—a three-point gain over 1954. "That was a real accomplishment," declares coach Branch McCracken of Indiana, "because our '55 club was considerably weaker than our '54 Big Ten champions. At times, the opposition played what amounted to a five-man defense against Schlundt, but nobody stopped him."

After receiving a degree in business administration this June, Schlundt plans to go to work in Bloomington as an insurance salesman. He has been selling insurance on a part-time basis and, characteristically, has been a persistent scorer.

Robin Freeman of Ohio State, the smallest All-American at five feet eleven, has developed a one-handed toss that makes him nine feet tall for all practical shooting purposes. Freeman leaps high, balances the ball over his head, then flips with his right hand. The ball is nine feet above the floor when Freeman flips.

This virtually unstoppable jump shot enabled Freeman to score consistently in the high thirties for an Ohio State team which ranked among the Big Ten's weakest quintets. Midwestern coaches predict Freeman, who's only a junior, will be college basketball's leading scorer in '56.

Freeman was an All-Ohio selection at Hughes High School in Cincinnati. An above-average student, he's majoring in physical education because "basketball's so much fun I want to be a coach someday."

Duquesne's strong bids for national championship honors during the last two seasons can be traced to the combined talents of All-Americans Dick Ricketts and Sihugo Green. Ricketts (six feet seven) provided the under-the-basket scoring punch; Green (six feet three) set up the plays with sharp passes and also scored heavily on drive-in shots.

Both Ricketts and Green are outstanding defensive players. "Green's a tremendous jumper," declares Duquesne coach "Dudey" Moore. "Against Dayton, I told Si to cover Bill Uhl, who's a seven-foot center. Si spotted Uhl nine inches and outplayed him on rebounds."

Ricketts, a senior, received more votes than any other player except Gola in the coaches' balloting. He lives in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. Green, a junior, hails from Brooklyn.

In addition to Freeman and Green, two other juniors, Tom Heinsohn of Holy Cross and Bill Russell of San Francisco, also received heavy support in the All-America balloting and appear headed for first-team recognition next year.

And some mention should be made of another junior, George Linn of Alabama. With one second left in the first half against North Carolina, Linn unloosed the longest field goal in college basketball history—a right-handed heave which traveled 84 feet, 11 inches. "I just grabbed a rebound, turned around and let 'er go," Linn explains. "Didn't have time to do anything else."

Linn's record may not stand forever, but nobody will beat it by much because a court measures only 86 feet from basket to basket. ◆ ◆ ◆

All-America Selection Committee

Voting for the 1955 All-America basketball team was supervised by a board of eight outstanding college coaches representing each of the National Collegiate Athletic Association Districts. The All-America Board included the following: Howard Hobson of Yale, chairman; John Bunn, Springfield, District 1 representative; Ben Carnevale, Navy, District 2; Cliff Wells, Tulane, District 3; Frank O'Connor, Iowa, District 4; Ralph Miller, Wichita, District 5; Thurman Hull, Texas, District 6; Hoyt Brawner, Denver, District 7; and W. H. Dye, Washington, District 8. Ballots were sent in by the 234 participating coaches

HOWARD HOBSON

SECOND TEAM

TOM HEINSOHN
Holy Cross

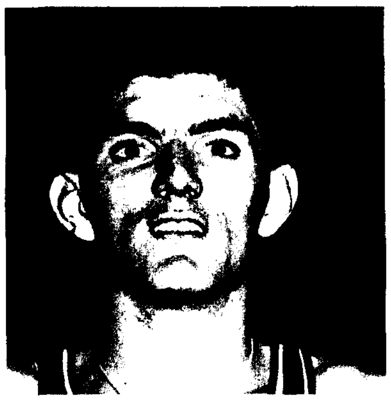
BILL RUSSELL
San Francisco

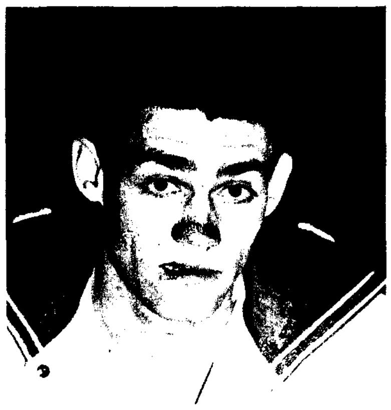
DICK HEMRIC
Wake Forest

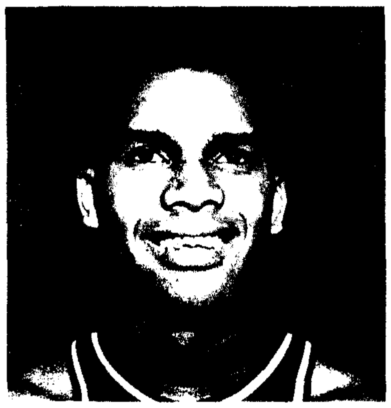
DICK GARMAKER
Minnesota

JACK STEPHENS
Notre Dame

THIRD TEAM


ED CONLIN
Fordham

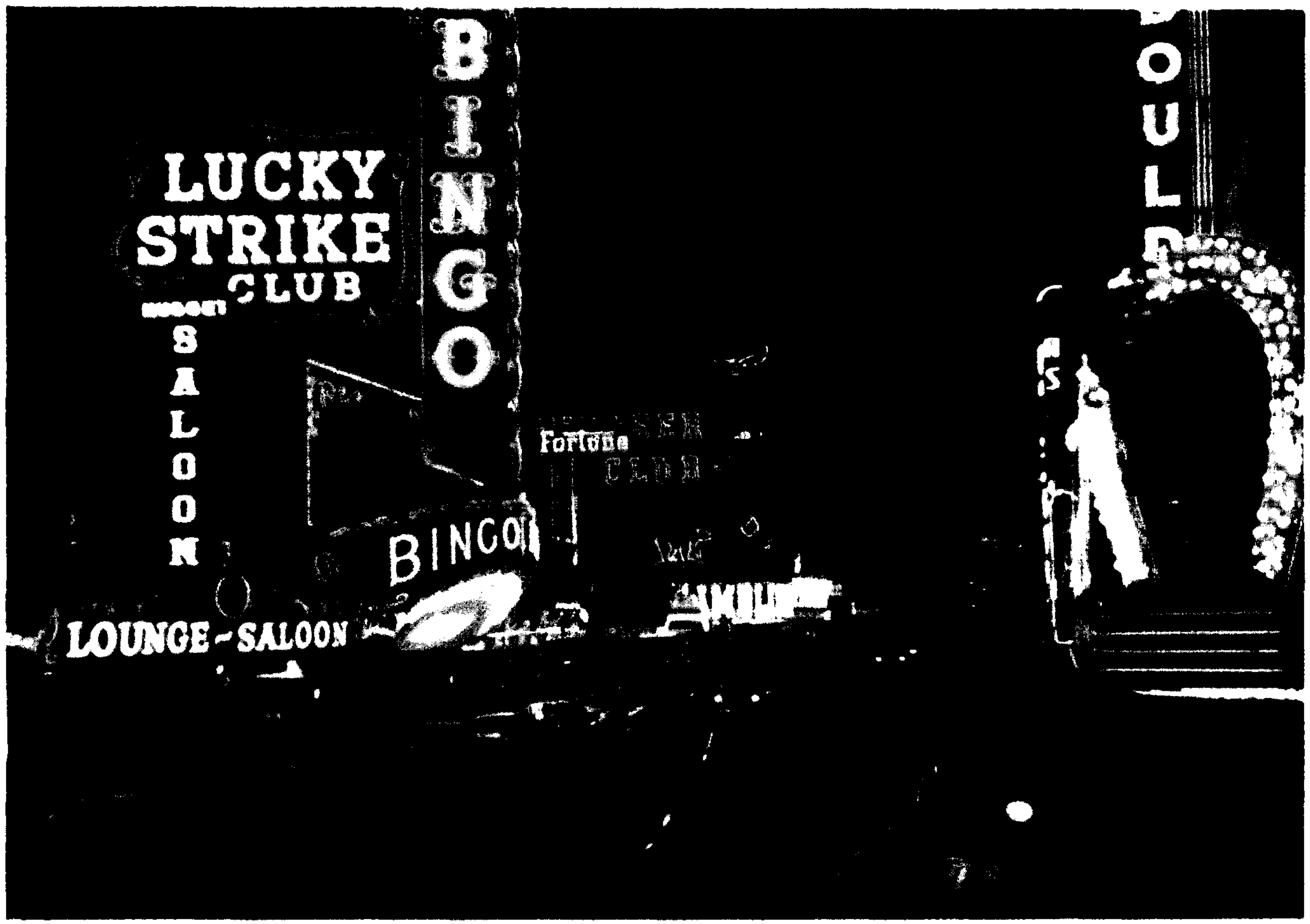

RON SHAVLIK
North Carolina State


MAURICE STOKES
St. Francis (Pa.)

JESSE ARNELLE
Penn State

DARRELL FLOYD
Furman

The Sorry State of NEVADA



ORMOND GIGLI

The glamorous front: bright, brassy gambling centers along Las Vegas' main street

By ALBERT DEUTSCH

Sure, it's a taxpayer's paradise: no state income or sales taxes—just gambling, and a huge average income. But its schools are bad, its crime rate tops. The poor? They starve—and, when sick, often die needlessly

VARIOUS "EXPERTS" of press and politics boom legalized gambling as the alternative to taxation necessary to meet a state's economic and social responsibilities. Many point to glamorous Nevada as a living example. Nevada has true glamor—as well as the glitter that blinds casual observers to some of the harsh realities. But this is not a story about all the citizens, nor all the things in Nevada. It is an authoritative report by Albert Deutsch which presents a side of life in "the taxpayer's paradise" that isn't pretty—specifically, Nevada's health and welfare program

MAYBE you are one of the many Americans who occasionally cast envious eyes toward Nevada, the "taxpayer's paradise," where the harvest gleaned from legalized gambling supposedly relieves residents of the onerous tithes exacted in other states. Nevadans pay no state income tax, no inheritance tax, no sales tax and extremely low corporation taxes. The state constitution puts a rigid limit on property taxes. Nevada proudly proclaims itself the "cyclone cellar of the tax-weary" as its promoters boldly entice the wealthy there.

The promoters also refer to Nevada as the "Sound State," pointing out that its government operates on a pay-as-you-go basis, owes no serious debts and even possesses a cozy treasury surplus of $3,500,000—a tidy sum for a state which, though sixth largest in area, is lowest in population, with some 210,000 souls spread over its 110,000 square miles. Finally, Nevada is listed as having the third highest average income per capita among the 48 states—$2,175 annual income for every man, woman and child, as of 1953.

It certainly sounds impressive. It tends to confirm a widespread belief that Nevada has found an effective formula for making vice work for virtue. But there are other facts and figures that belie this optimistic picture. I uncovered some of them in the course of a journalistic inquiry during which I visited public institutions, talked to scores of state and local officials, including the governor, to health and welfare experts, to ministers, judges, civic leaders, educators, millionaires and indigents.

I did find plenty about Nevada and its people that I admired, but for none of the reasons listed above. My assignment was to find out what a gambling economy does for the common people, especially as it affects health and welfare. The facts I found are not likely to spur other states to legalize gambling to help solve financial problems.

Nevada, according to the latest FBI figures, has the highest crime rate in the country. The overwhelming majority of Nevada's crimes occur in the gambling centers; to cope with the criminals attracted by its "liberal" attitudes, as well as the "gobrokes" who desperately plunge into criminal acts when they lose their money, Reno and Las Vegas employ police forces two or three times as large as most other cities of like size.

Nevada has the nation's highest suicide rate—three times greater than the national average.

Little of the high income average or the fat proceeds of legalized gambling drifts down to the sick and needy. Nevada's health and welfare services, experts agree, are on a primitive level, below those of many of the poorest states. Its infant and tuberculosis death rates are among the nation's highest. Hundreds of men, women and children with active cases of tuberculosis get worse, spread infection, and die for want of hospital facilities.

To a greater degree than any other state, Nevada depends on the federal government to provide health and welfare services. In 1953, the latest fiscal year for which figures are available, the state received $57.31 per capita in federal grants for health, welfare and education—three times the national average and more than half again as much as the approximately $36 per capita paid out to second-ranking Louisiana. (Grants are made on the basis of need.) Federal grants of all kinds to Nevada that year were equivalent to 35 per cent of the state's total general revenue—as compared to a national average of 19 per cent. In other words, instead of taxing its own citizens, Nevada has managed to work matters out so that it taxes the entire national population for many of its needs.

Inadequate Venereal-Disease Control

When Congress cut off federal aid for anti-venereal-disease programs two years ago, Nevada simply disbanded the VD division in its State Health Department. It refused to take up the slack as most states did—in spite of the existence of red-light districts in a number of Nevada communities and a generally tolerant attitude toward free-lance prostitution, which is always a serious source of venereal infection. A paucity of medical, nursing and other health personnel in public service makes a mockery of the state sanitary and other anti-disease regulations.

"We haven't got a real state health department," an official explained. "What we have is a skeleton of one."

The same might be said of the public social services. The State Welfare Department is headed by able, attractive Mrs. Barbara Coughlan and staffed by a handful of earnest, conscientious—although underpaid and overworked—people. But the department has been rendered well-nigh impotent by legislators who fear that more welfare supervision would require higher budgets and threaten the no-tax policy of the state.

Until recently, Nevada had no modern adoption law that would help orphaned, abandoned or neglected children find suitable homes. Usually, they were sent to the Nevada State Orphanage, now the Children's Home, where they often remained till they were eighteen or twenty. When the legislature finally passed an adoption law, it failed to appropriate the funds for services needed to make it more truly effective. The State Children's Home in Carson City, though well managed, is grossly overcrowded (all but the nursery infants sleep in double bunks) and largely antiquated. Among its hundred children are normal boys and girls in their late teens for whom homes in the community should have been found long ago. Many have never known any but institutional life since infancy.

"I guess any state could at least equal our low-tax record without having to legalize gambling, if it would just turn its back on its less fortunate citizens, as we do," a Carson City civic leader told me.

Nevada's general relief standards rank among the nation's lowest, in terms of its high living costs. Relief is still doled out by the counties mainly on a nineteenth-century poormaster level, with just enough food and shelter to keep the needy alive. Some counties don't even provide that much. The average relief grant is $15 a month; one county pays only $6 for a mother and child.

It is not uncommon for relief officials to try to solve their problems by encouraging, or ordering, indigent families to move on. Nonresidents who get stranded in Nevada get short shrift, usually in

The sordid rear: slum dwelling a few miles from picture on opposite page. Relief grants in the state are shockingly low. One county pays needy mother and child only $6 a month

GUS BUNDY

A Royal Favorite

Still standing on the Danube is the ancient Castle at Sigmaringen where royalty first enjoyed this famous brew.

1824-1888
Frederick Miller, royal brewmaster who founded Miller Brewing Company in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

1906-1954
Frederick C. Miller, third generation to continue the tradition of quality brewing in America established by his grandfather in 1855.

Photography—Leslie Gill

Warwick Vase—Museum Silver Shop, Inc.

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1955
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The Champagne of Bottle Beer

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HIGH LIFE

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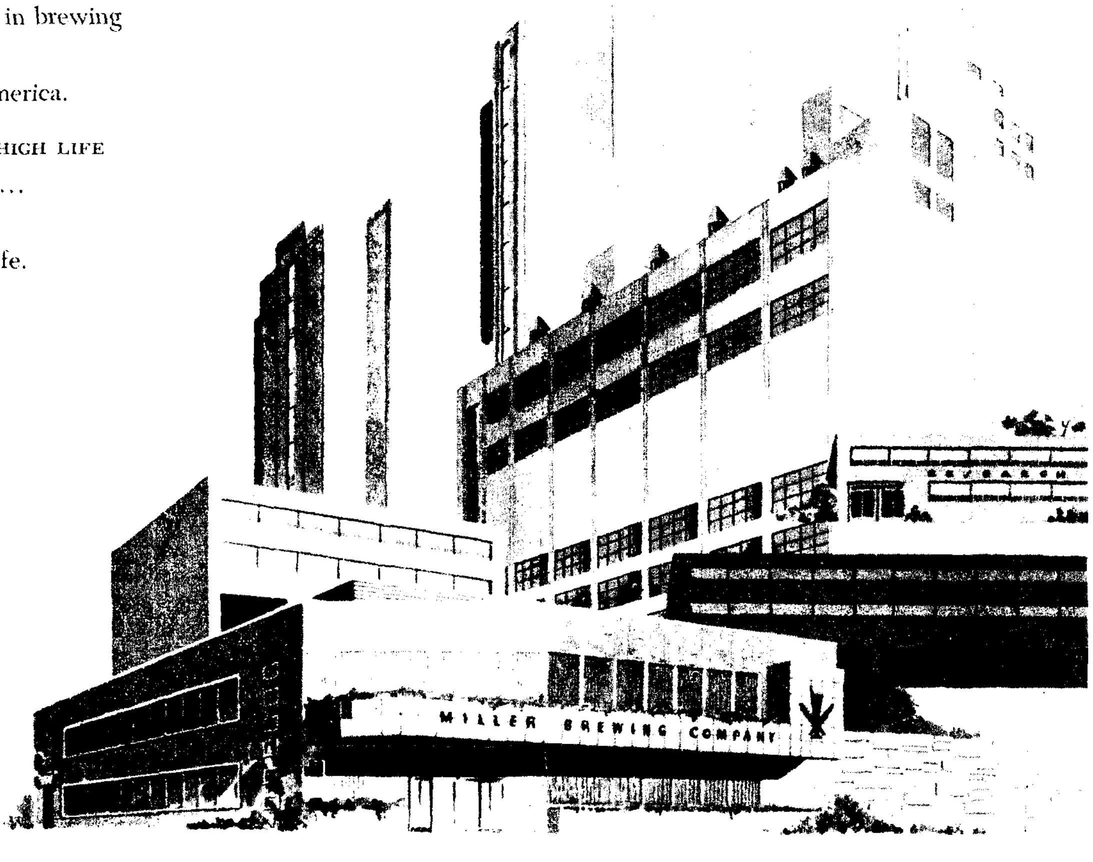
MILLER BREWING COMPANY

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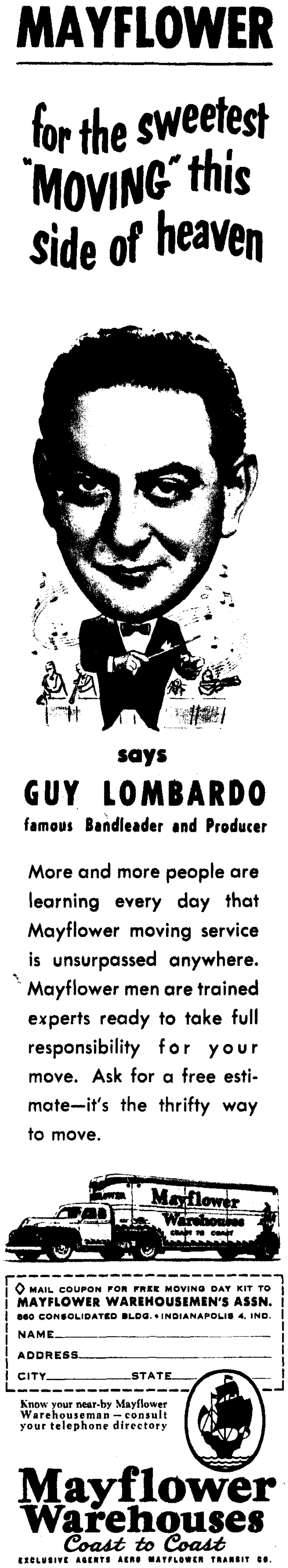

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COLLIER'S "You come back to bed! I don't care if you *have* got insomnia!" STAN HUNT

the form of sheriffs' or judges' "floaters" ordering them to leave town by a specified time or be jailed. At times destitute families are given bus fare or just enough gas to get them beyond county lines.

The entire country is experiencing a school crisis, but few states as acutely as Nevada. A state-financed survey resulted in a report last November to Governor Charles H. Russell revealing that the schools of Nevada were suffering from acute financial malnutrition, and were inadequate in nearly every area of education—antiquated buildings, overcrowded classrooms, wide use of the double-shift system which robs pupils of school time, grossly underpaid teachers, archaic curriculum, poor equipment, poor textbooks, and so on and on. No doubt Nevada's sharp rise in population—50,000, or 30 per cent, since 1950—has aggravated the school crisis; still, it didn't cause it.

Needy Children Are Neglected

But nowhere is Nevada's neglect of its children so glaringly evident as in the fact that it remains the only state in the Union without the federal-aided Aid to Dependent Children program (ADC). This program enables states to furnish decent minimum care for needy youngsters in their own homes, when these homes have been broken by death, desertion, divorce or disability of the breadwinner. Since 1937, every Nevada legislature has turned down a bill to establish an ADC program such as all other American states and territories have adopted.

Last December, Governor Russell received a report on child dependency in Nevada. It revealed that more than 1,400 needy children would be benefited by ADC—if the state had an ADC program. Its absence was causing acute suffering among these children. My own inquiry confirmed the survey committee's findings. Many needy youngsters were getting no help at all, living in demoralized households on a scavenger level, drifting into delinquency. Most of the rest were subsisting on penny-pinching relief—mainly in groceries and rental payments doled out grudgingly to their adult guardians by county officials.

Among the many tragic cases I encountered was one in Las Vegas, the city of startling contradictions. Clark County, which encompasses Las Vegas, still lacks a welfare department, although it is the most heavily populated area in the state, with about 70,000 inhabitants. Until a few weeks ago, when a single assistant was added, the county had virtually a one-woman relief agency, in the person of Mrs. Stella Fleming. Mrs. Fleming is ensconced in a drab, barnlike building on the outskirts of town. The setting, among junk yards and ramshackle auto-repair shops, could hardly be drearier. There, in a one-desk office, Mrs. Fleming judges and disposes of relief applications. The dispirited applicants, huddled on the benches lining the large, bare anterooms, wait their turn to tell their tales, while squalling and whimpering children crawl on the floor. If the family applying for relief has no legal settlement in Clark County, it is sent on its way as quickly as possible with a bunch of groceries fetched from the commissary shelves in the next room. If they can't get out of the county on their own, their places of legal settlement are asked to guarantee refunds for bus- or train-fare outlays.

"We don't write, we wire," Mrs. Fleming explains. "The sooner we get them on their way, the more we save the county."

For applicants able to prove local settlement, however, Clark County must make some provision. Since rents, even for hovels, come relatively high in booming Las Vegas, the county operates its own trailer camp for indigents. Eleven trailers huddle closely behind the relief agency headquarters—itself looking like a desert slum. At the time of my visit, they were occupied mainly by aging men—some of them waiting to reach the age of sixty-five, when they would be eligible for federal old-age security.

But one was tenanted by a young mother and her four children. The Brown family, Las Vegas residents, had been abandoned by the breadwinner about a year ago, and the mother had taken her children to Reno, where her own mother lived. In Reno, Mrs. Brown got a job as a change-girl in a gambling casino, leaving her children in the grandmother's care during working hours. But in time the grandmother became invalided by chronic arthritis and could no longer take care of the youngsters; she needed attention herself. Mrs. Brown returned to Las Vegas, hoping to find a job that would pay enough to send her children to a day nursery. She failed, and had to fall back on relief. Too budget-bound to provide rent for even a hovel in town, the Clark County relief agency crowded the family into a "pauper

COLLIER'S "There was something I wanted to ask. . . . Oh, yes, how much gas is there still in the tank when the gauge reads 'empty'?" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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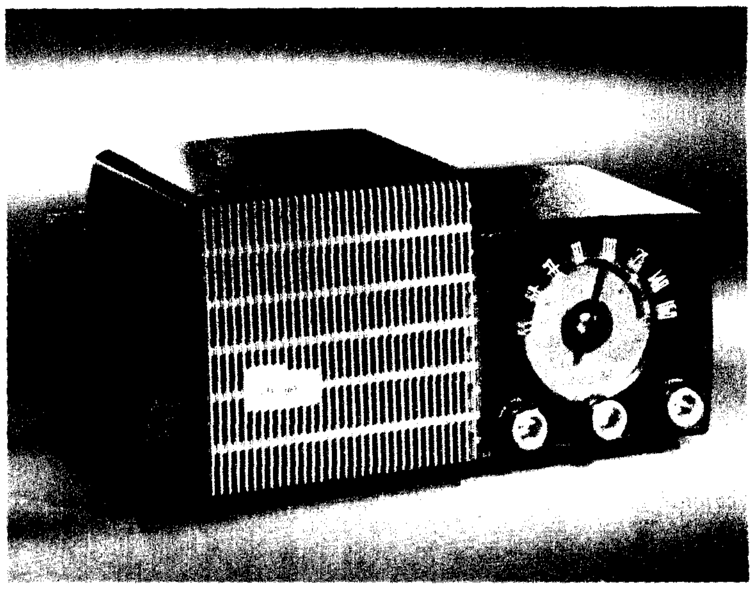

Musaphonic Model 431 in rich brown. Also in ivory or Dove gray.

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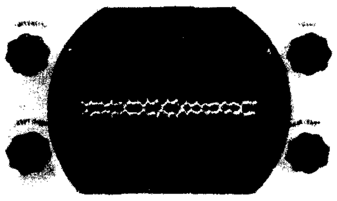
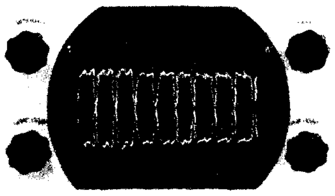
Compare the oscilloscope sound waves of ordinary radio, (right, above) with those of a Musaphonic, (below.) For rich tone that fills the room, and realism not found in ordinary radios, ask your G-E dealer to demonstrate G-E Musaphonics—now at lowest prices ever. General Electric Co., Radio & TV Dept., Syracuse, N. Y.

You now get 90-day free service on parts and labor with every radio.



Compare! High peaks and dips (below) indicate Musaphonic reproduces notes lost entirely in ordinary radios. (above).



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trailer," where I found Mrs. Brown distracted, trying to attend to a sick child while the other three cried and crawled about in the cramped quarters.

The trailer occupants, I had learned, got their food rations from the commissary daily. They were given no choice; they had to take what was doled out for the day.

"We get enough," Mrs. Brown said. "But we'd starve without a can opener.

"I don't expect much, being on relief, and I suppose I should be grateful for anything that keeps my children alive. But things are hard. There's no play space for the children. They have no companions to play with. Except for the old men in the other trailers, we're isolated, with nothing to do and nobody to talk with all day. As soon as it gets dark, we're shut in for the night. We've been here three weeks."

Mrs. Fleming, the relief administrator, told me the county would try to move the Browns into a flat in town as soon as they could find one suitable.

The bleak scene at the "pauper camp" contrasted sharply with the awesome glamor of the "Strip" on the other side of town, with its bright lights, its richly appointed hotels and casinos, where food, drink and extravagant entertainment are served in bountiful measures to gambling patrons at low cost, and sometimes for free. It seemed to me that an area providing such largess for its paying clients could do better by its less fortunate citizens.

If Nevada had an ADC program, as the rest of the nation has, much of the travail of Mrs. Brown and her four children could have been avoided.

The Crime of a Desperate Man

Another story: Mrs. Jameson lives in a small town in northern Nevada. The Jamesons settled there four years ago. The husband opened a small grocery, failed at it, went to California to find a job, but couldn't. Desperate, he held up a storekeeper there, was caught, and is now in prison. Mrs. Jameson works as a part-time maid, and takes in washing. A son and daughter help with after-school odd jobs. The mother suffers from a serious kidney ailment, untreated. Her youngest child has epilepsy, which has been getting worse as it, too, goes untreated.

BERTRAND MILES

ON MOST Monday mornings a United States Mail truck pulls out of Glennville, Georgia, to the accompaniment of an unmistakable "squeet, squeet" sound, which emanates from a cardboard box consigned to Mrs. Jay Freeman, of Millwood, New York. It contains crickets, a delicacy enjoyed by fish, of which Mrs. Freeman has none, and monkeys, of which she has two. The insects are the principal export product of Glennville, a sleepy town of 2,500 that owes most of its fame to the Armstrong Cricket Farm, a thriving business that during the summer employs as many as 21 people and last year grossed $75,000.

"Including a place we opened up a few weeks ago in West Monroe, Louisiana," states energetic A. T. (Tal) Armstrong, the farm's founder, "we expect to produce 20,000,000 crickets this year, and gross $200,000."

It was Armstrong's enterprising twenty-one-year-old son, Gene, who originated the venture in 1949 by dropping a few crickets into a sand-bottomed barrel. He returned three weeks later to discover Mother Nature had provided him with a month's supply of fish bait. In 1950 the elder Armstrong decided to grow crickets commercially. "Even my best friends laughed when I quit a prosperous plumbing business and spent $10,000 to start the business," he says.

The business thrived from the start. South Georgia anglers who had spent hours scouring fields for crickets found it much simpler to buy Armstrong bait, at a cent or two each. Magazine and newspaper advertising created an additional de-

'orm that might raise the taxes

In spite of these hardships, the Jameson morale is good, with plenty of love all around. But the family can't make ends meet. During the winter, Mrs. Jameson was forced to apply for county relief. She is getting $50 a month plus a few groceries. She fell behind in rent, and the landlord threatened eviction. On Christmas Eve the family got a call from a deputy sheriff, who bluntly told Mrs. Jameson that she had been on the county long enough, and it would be appreciated if the family pulled up stakes and moved somewhere else—anywhere beyond the county line.

There is a long catalogue of similar cases, equally heart-rending; often serious delinquencies develop among the children because working mothers can't give them the care and supervision they need. And Nevada has no program for them.

Governor Russell strongly favors an ADC program, having introduced a bill to that end, unsuccessfully, several times when he served in the state Senate. He failed to put it through during his first term as governor. Last spring he appointed an ADC study committee, which made a forceful case for the program.

The governor hopes it finally will be adopted by the 1955 legislature, but its supporters fear it may again get lost in the maelstrom of long-neglected social needs—schools, health and welfare—that can no longer go unmet.

State Shuns Humane Obligations

Where's the money to come from, in this state that boasts of its wealth? From new taxes and increased old ones? Perish the thought. Many arguments have been advanced against an Aid to Dependent Children program by its opponents. But the main arguments boil down to the fear that if ADC is adopted, although the federal government chips in about two thirds of the cost, it would extend the state's responsibility in public welfare, tend to increase pressure for better relief standards generally, and lead inevitably to that dreaded evil—a state income tax, frightening away the tax-weary refugees whom Nevada seeks so vigorously to attract.

From Mrs. Nellie E. Bohn, execu-

a Quart?

Farm owner A. T. Armstrong packs crickets for shipment

and that forced Armstrong to be-
n hiring help in 1952.
Armstrong crickets are treated
ith the respect due a product of
ch economic value. They spend
lifetime in 85-degree warmth.
ırge themselves on the best chicken
ashes and live in spotlessly clean
'ooders—aluminum boxes eight
'et long, two feet wide and 16
ches deep with screen-wire lids
ıd a bottom covered with sand.
The cricket's life is simplicity it-
lf. The cycle begins when the fe-
ale deposits her eggs in the sand,
process she repeats daily for a
onth, laying about 150 eggs in all.
nce each brooder is populated by
ɔout 400 females, the premises lit-
ally teem with small, antlike
ɔung when progressive hatching
:gins after 15 days of incubation.
"From then until the harvest they
/e the life of Riley," says Arm-
rong. "They nibble constantly at
eir food and suck water from sat-
'ated foam-rubber strips. They
ɔp all over the place and occasion-
ly play hide-and-seek in bundles
excelsior provided for cover and
:rching places." (At eight weeks
ey grow wings, signaling maturity
ıd the beginning of the end.)
Rusty tin cans or screen-wire rolls
'e placed in the brooder, and the
'ickets, lured by lofty perches,
warm aboard. The cans are tapped
/er "graders," and crickets unable
escape through quarter-inch holes

are on their way to the 2,000 dealers who buy them at a cent and retail them at two cents each.

Counting, which appears to farm visitors a difficult problem, actually is simple. The Armstrongs sell by the quart. "We found a quart bottle holds 1,100 crickets," Tal says; "so to fill an order for a thousand we just measure out a quart."

The Armstrongs send crickets to 23 states. The insects are used in the South to catch bream, in the Midwest for bluegills and sunfish, and in the East for crappie and rock bass. And, of course, in New York for Mrs. Freeman's monkeys, who reportedly turn up their noses when offered any other delicacy.

After all, it just isn't cricket.

—ROY ELKINS

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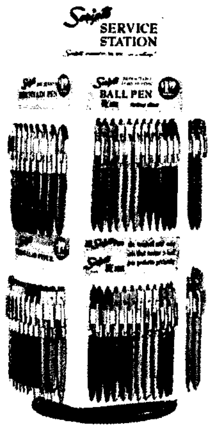

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3 Purpose Hair Tonic

The state hasn't a single mental-health clinic

tive director of the Nevada Tuberculosis and Health Association, and young Dr. Robert Locke, in charge of the State Health Department's TB section, I got a shocking picture of public neglect of a major disease problem. Nevada has no system of tuberculosis "case-finding"—discovering infected persons through the use of mass X rays, and the like. It hasn't even a setup for enforcing existing health regulations barring active tuberculosis cases from food-handling jobs.

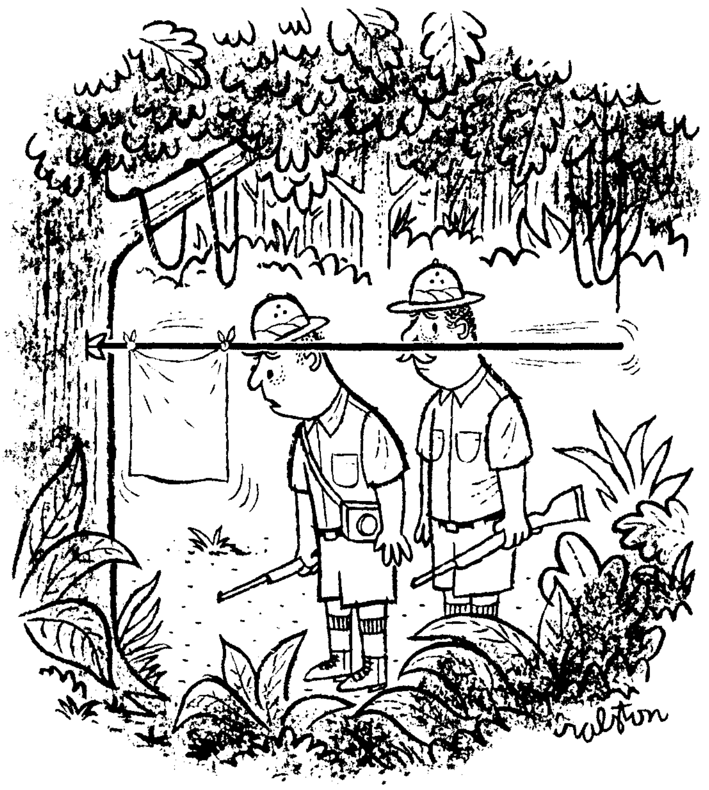
When the White Plague Strikes

Of the persons who died of tuberculosis last year, nearly half were not known to have the disease until the coroner's post-mortem revealed it as the cause of death. The state lacks elementary antituberculosis facilities found even in our poorest states. The state TB Association does what it can to find and get treatment for tuberculosis patients, but it can do little with the small fund at its disposal. Most states have accepted TB patients as a state responsibility when they can't get help from private or local public resources, but Nevada has gone no further than to share with county agencies some of the financial load for hospitalized charity patients.

Some county officials try to send TB victims to out-of-state institutions, notably the nonsectarian National Jewish Hospital in Denver and the City of Hope in Los Angeles—not so much because these are excellent treatment centers (which they are) but because they treat all indigent patients without cost. Clark County (Las Vegas) is especially adept at this device for sloughing off its responsibilities on the citizens of other states.

Here is one case history: Mrs. Newton worked as a come-on, or shill, in a Las Vegas gambling emporium, supporting her three children. Her sixteen-year-old son took to his bed last summer, and the doctor discovered that he had an advanced case of TB. Examination of the other children—girls aged fourteen and ten—revealed that they were infected, too.

Immediate hospital treatment was needed for the very sick boy, while supervised bed rest was required by the girls to check further inroads of tuberculosis. But the county officials began prolonged negotiations with the City of Hope sanitarium in Los Angeles, knowing that if the children were admitted there it would free the county of expense. Finally, in December, a bed was found for the boy at the sanitarium. He was admitted in a critical condition. The girls are in bed at home. The mother, unable to work because of worry, is on the verge of a nervous breakdown.



"This spear is made of the most durable materials. It is a replica of a model on display in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. With its attractive design and anthropological significance, it will enhance the trophy room of any explorer. . . . On sale at your nearby village store"

COLLIER'S RALSTON JONES

Luckily, the gambling casino is continuing to pay her salary. It is another "successful" disposition for Clark County, which hasn't put out a cent for the distressed family.

The smaller counties, Mrs. Bohn of the TB Association says, usually do take care of their known cases. "But the trouble is that we have a terrible reporting system, and the death certificates show that there are far more than the 380 officially reported active TB cases," Mrs. Bohn adds. "It is a disgrace that Nevada still has no case-finding program, and that we have to wait till TB cases get so bad that they must be hospitalized or buried to know they exist."

"No doubt about it," says Dr. Locke. "Many TB patients die needlessly because we don't provide adequate medical and hospital treatment."

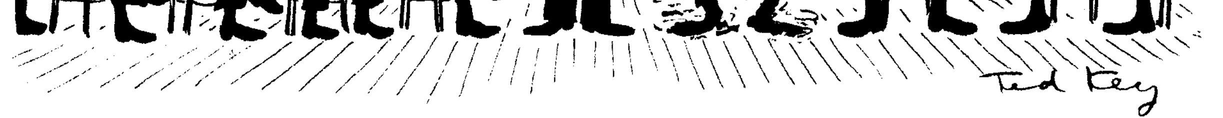
Nine years ago, the State Planning Board urged the immediate building of a state tuberculosis hospital with at least 50 beds, to check the number of avoidable deaths. That recommendation has been ignored.

Nevada hasn't a single mental-health clinic, although the mental-illness rate there is probably at least as high as in the rest of the country. On the basis of available figures, it appears that Washoe County (Reno) sends a higher proportion of its population to a state mental hospital than any other county in the land. It wasn't until two years ago that the state belatedly inaugurated some kind of mental-health program.

Facilities Are Still Inadequate

Today, it has two psychologists—one stationed in Reno, the other in Las Vegas—who make the rounds of the state to give psychological tests to school children, and to treat a case here and there. Both men told me that they weren't beginning to scratch the surface of existing needs with the present facilities available to them.

"It is pitiable to see so many cases, especially of emotionally disturbed children, and not be able to offer them



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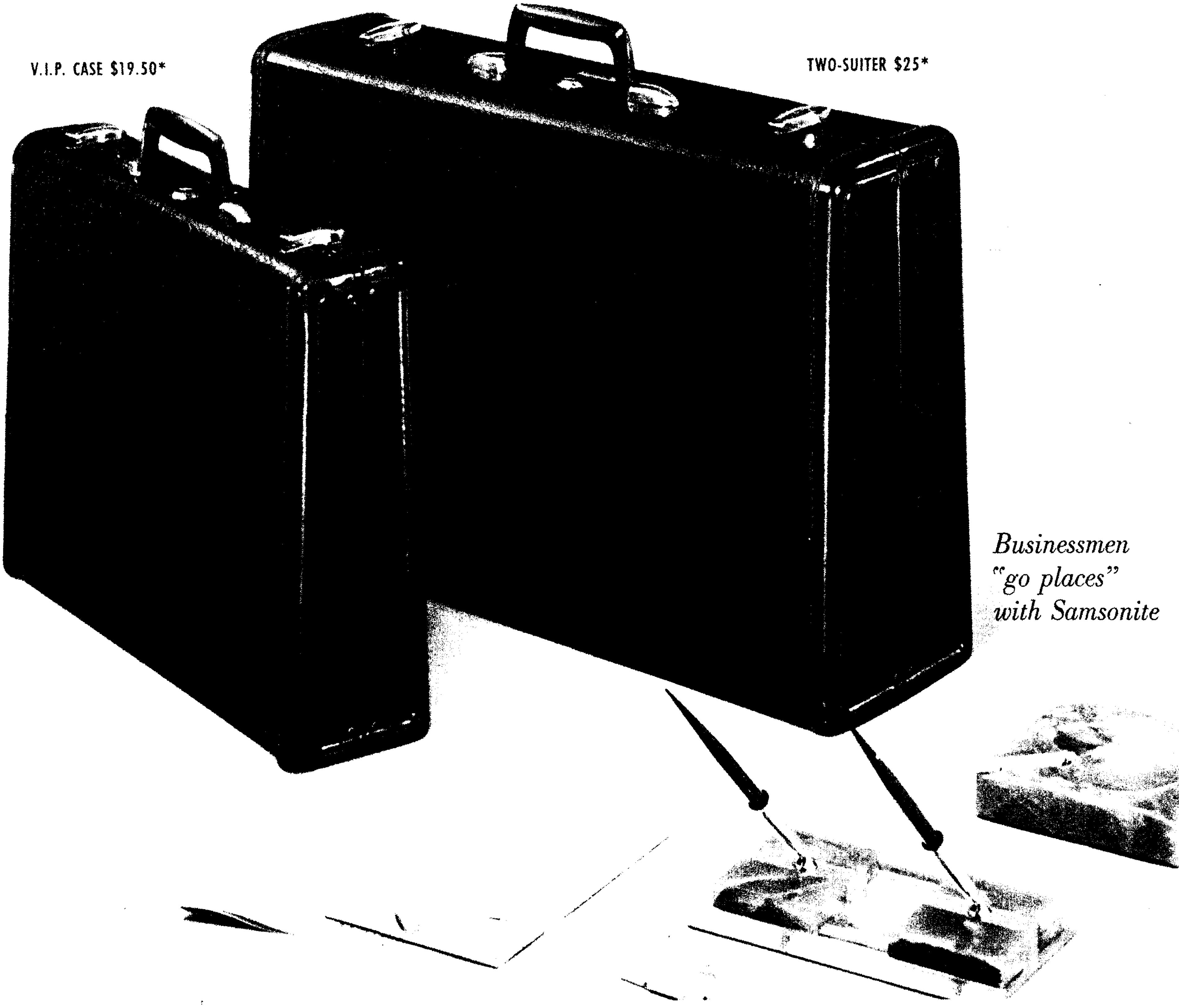

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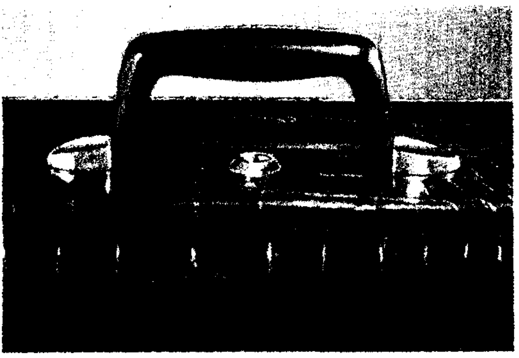

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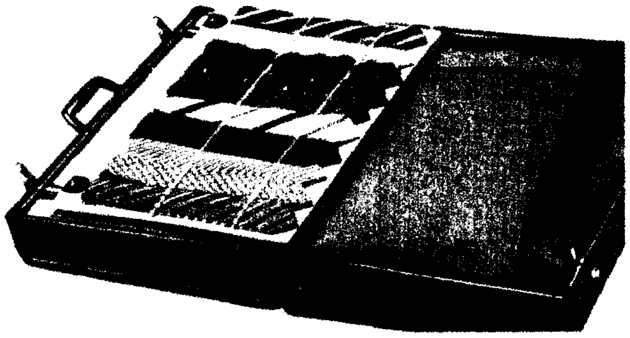

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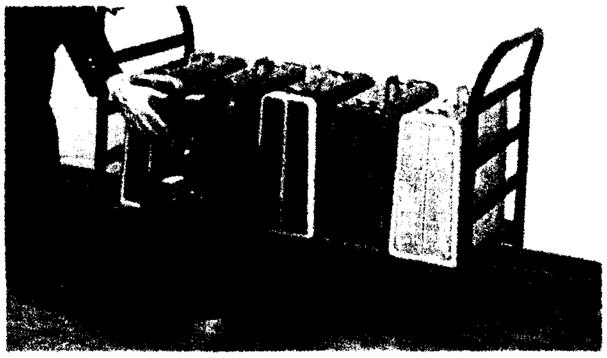

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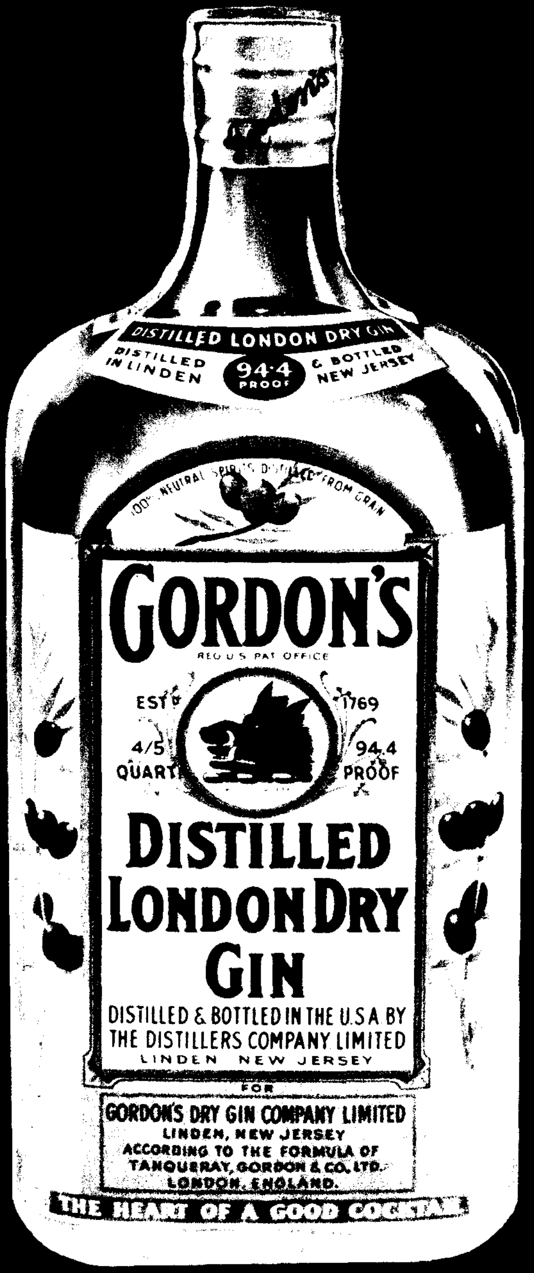
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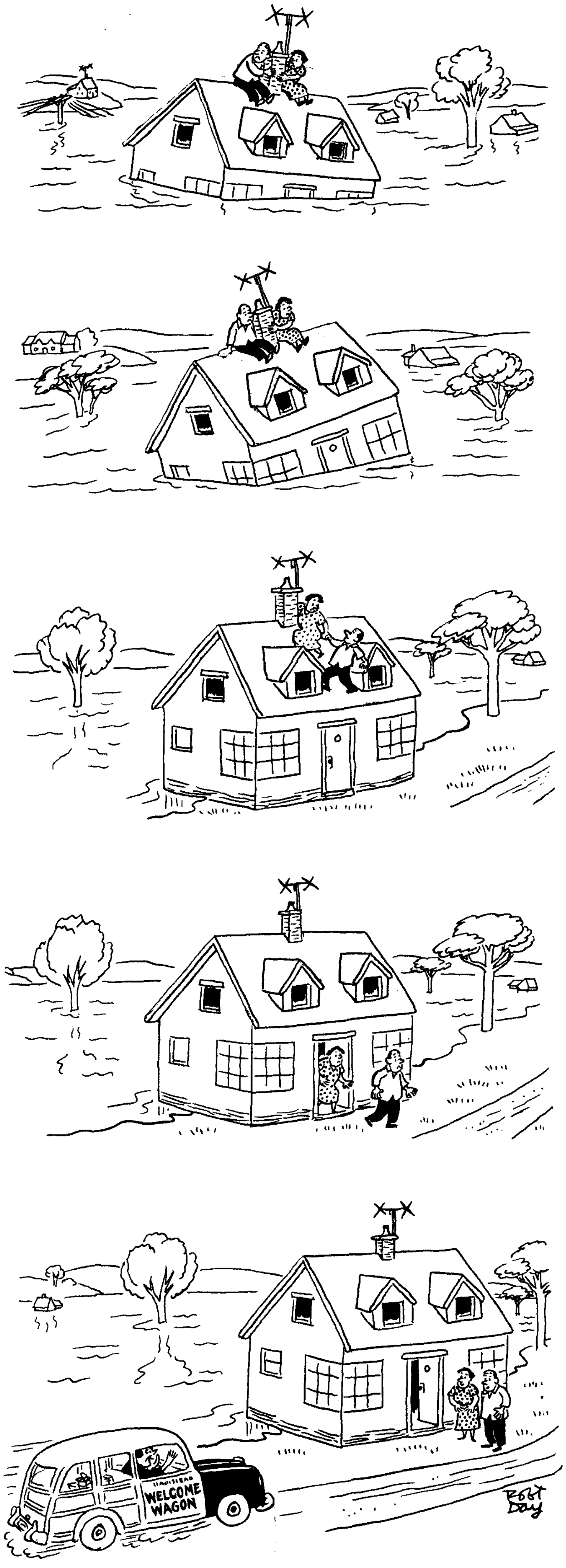

WELCOME WAGON
Rob't Day

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

A prison for 250 houses 400 inmates

effective help," one of them said. There is no psychiatrist, no social worker on the state mental-health division staff—just the two psychologists and one secretary for the entire state.

Nevada's one state mental hospital, at Sparks, is directed by an able and enlightened psychiatrist, Dr. Sidney J. Tillim, who does remarkably well with the little he has. Before Tillim came, a registered nurse and a part-time physician composed the whole professional staff. There wasn't a single psychiatrist. Now there are three, including Dr. Tillim, and three registered nurses.

A Hospital Saved from Chaos

But the hospital still suffers from gross understaffing and overcrowding of patients. Many staff members are housed in old buildings condemned as unfit for human habitation. Dr. Tillim observes that the ward attendants are mainly recruited from itinerants who get stranded in Nevada, and who usually push on as soon as they get a modest stake. The turnover rate is extremely rapid: very few employees remain permanently. Wages and working and living conditions are not attractive enough to keep them. Without Dr. Tillim's humane and professionally expert guidance, it appeared to me, the state hospital would again sink into the chaos it represented before he took over a few years ago.

I found the same story of budgetary niggardliness at the State Prison in Carson City—an overcrowded institution with a capacity of 250 inmates and an actual population, usually, of 400 men or more—jammed two, three and even four in cells intended for single occupancy, and watched over by untrained, overworked and overaged guards. The prison has no industrial shops such as all modern prisons have, and no rehabilitation program, so that two thirds of the population are in enforced idleness throughout most of the year.

Last fall, three desperate men—all under maximum security guard within the walls—jumped into a truck, kidnaped a guard as hostage, rammed into the weak prison gates, and broke out. The hostage was killed by fire from his fellow guards, who didn't know he was hemmed in between the escapees in the driver's seat. The convicts were caught before nightfall.

I happened to be at the prison the day of the breakout.

"I've asked time and again for money to purchase *real* prison gates in place of that tea-garden variety those fellows broke through," Warden Arthur E. Bernard said, as the hunt for the escapees was going on. "After all, I *do* have some maximum-security inmates here. Those men would not have got out, and that poor guard's life would not have been lost, if we'd had a strong enough gate."

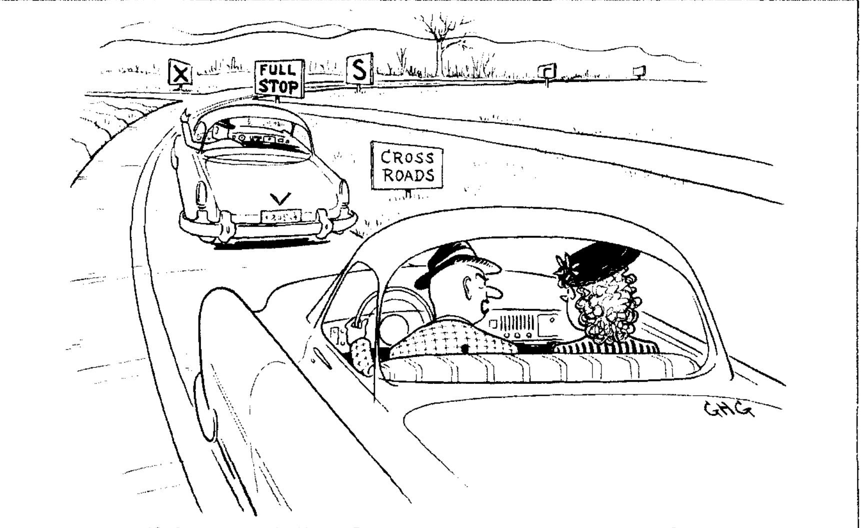
After failing to get money for a more secure gate, Bernard placed a couple of pipe-lengths across the old gate, hoping they will hold against any similar breakout attempt in the future.

And so goes the dismal story of Nevada's niggardliness. Too rich to accept normal taxes, too poor to maintain its institutions and agencies on a decent twentieth-century level, coddling known racketeers and making them respectable by legalizing their operations, while turning a cold, poormaster's eye to its poor, its sick, its socially misshapen. A widely prevalent attitude was recently given extreme expression by a state legislator in an attack on the proposed program for dependent children:

"A person who can't stand on his own two feet has no right to live. Children? If they haven't got parents able to bring them up, they're out of luck. Charity only breeds weaklings. I believe in the survival of the fittest."

There are, of course, many good people in Nevada, concerned about the deplorable neglect of child and adult unfortunates, and wanting to do something about it. But they don't set the effective health and welfare policies of the gambling state, nor have they been able to modify it much—as yet. An awakened citizenry will someday take into account the human costs of a gambling economy, and act on it, building up the vast potentials of this fabulously beautiful state. It will develop a healthy basis for public responsibility instead of tolerating an economy that leeches on a practice condemned by the rest of the country, an economy lacking in compassion for the sick and needy.

As the man said, any state could cut its tax load proportionate to Nevada's without having to legalize gambling, if it showed the same indifference to its social responsibilities. ▲▲▲



"I hate to follow behind an extremely careful driver— you never know what he's going to do"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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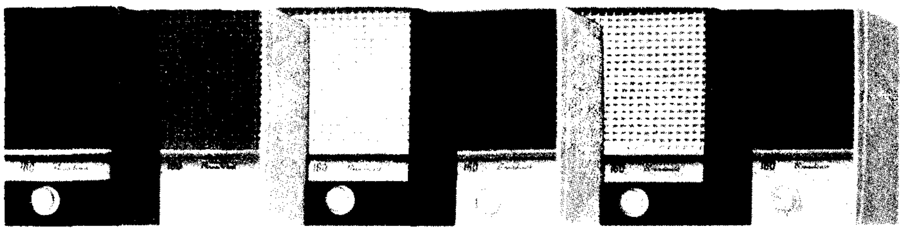

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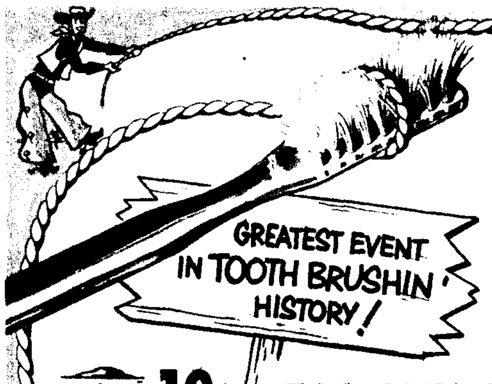
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10¢ FOR ANY OLD TOOTHBRUSH ON A NEW REXALL DELUXE TOOTHBRUSH

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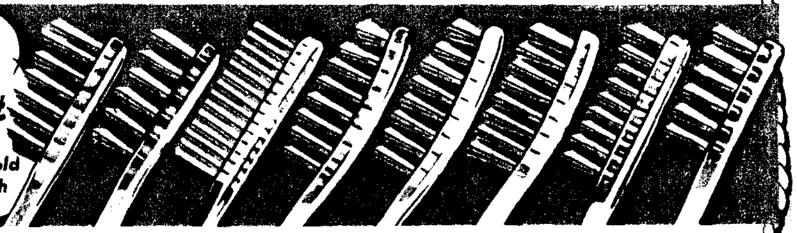
Adults, Reg. 59¢ ONLY 49¢ with your old toothbrush



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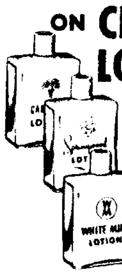

Cara Nome, Springwood, or White Mink $2.00 values, only $1.00

Giant 12-oz. bottles! Pink, yellow or blue. Save $1.00 on each!

SAVE 50% ON DEODORANTS

CARA NOME DEODORANT CREAM

2 oz. Reg. $1.00 Now only 50¢

Checks perspiration, won't stain your clothes.

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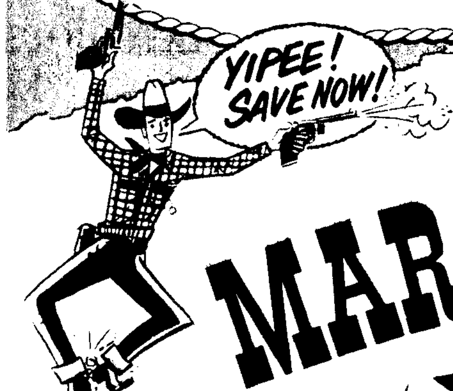
3-oz. squeeze-bottle Reg. 98¢, Now only 49¢

NOW HALF OFF CARA NOME HORMONE CREAM

1⅝-oz. jar, Reg. $2.00 $1.00

Helps retard effects of dry, aging skin. 3¼ oz., reg. $3.00, **$1.50**

Moth Fume Crystals,	protect valuable clothing and woolens in closets and drawers. Pound, 79¢ value, now only......	43¢
Envelopes,	Cellophane-wrapped jumbo packs. 3 15/16" by 6⅞" size. Choose plain, return address, or air mail style. Reg. 25¢, now only........	19¢
Cara Nome Liquid Lanolin Compound,	Excellent hair softener, skin conditioner, Reg. $1.50..	98¢
Bobby Pins,	Helen Cornell. Card of 72 rubber-tipped or 90 plain, regular 25¢ card, now only 18¢; 2 cards for only.........	35¢
All-Purpose Hair Set,	Helen Cornell. Curlers and bobby-pins. Regular 25¢ card, now only 18¢; 2 cards for only	35¢
Aerosol Moth Proofer,	Just push a button for effective moth protection. Big 12-ounce Aerosol can, regularly $1.95, now..	$1.19
First Aid Gauze Bandage,	3-inch by 10-yard roll of sterile gauze bandage. Always keep some handy. Reg. 39¢, now only	33¢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MARCH BARGAIN BONANZA at

TO HEAD OFF HACKIN COUGHS N' COLDS

SQUEEZE-BOTTLE NASAL RELIEF
REXALL NASOTHRICIN Nasal Spray

Vasoconstrictor quickly relieves stuffy nose as antibiotic fights many bacteria.

½-oz. squeeze-bottle 89¢

NONE FASTER-ACTING AT ANY PRICE
REXALL ASPIRIN

Each tablet contains 5 *full grains* of aspirin! Assures fast, effective relief from headaches, coughs and symptoms of colds.

Bottle of 100 54¢

HEARTBURN? BELCHING? FAST 4-WAY RELIEF
REXALL BISMA-REX

Neutralizes excess acid, assists in removal of gas, soothes irritated stomach lining, relieves annoying heartburn.

Big 4¾-oz. bottle 89¢

Physicians' Size, 1 lb...**$2.09**
Trial Size, ¾ oz...........**19¢**
Bisma-Rex Gel, 8 oz.....**$1.19**
Bisma-Rex Mates, 75 tabs., **89¢**
Bisma-Rex Tablets, Rolls of 12; Regular, 10¢, 3 rolls for **25¢**; With chlorophyll, roll, **25¢**

ATHLETE'S FOOT MISERY?
FUNGI-REX

4-oz. Powder 59¢

Soothes burning discomfort; combats perspiration, promotes healing.

Fungi-Rex, Liquid, 3 oz.; tube, 1½-oz; or greaseless, 1½ oz.......**75¢**
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THREE-WAY COUGH RELIEF
REXALL TRIPLE ACTION Cough Syrup

Penetrates, stops tickle, relieves pain of coughs due to colds. Non-narcotic.

4-oz. bottle 98¢

RELIEVE RAW SORE THROAT
REXALL BIOKETS

Anesthetic, antibiotic — relieve minor throat irritations, coughs due to colds.

Vial of 15 69¢

FAST 4-WAY COLD RELIEF
REXALL ANAPAC

15 tablets 49¢

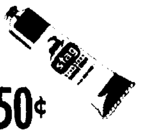
Contains antihistamine, aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine for fast symptomatic, prolonged cold relief. **36 tablets...98¢**

Stick Better — Stay Put
REXALL PLASTIC QUIK-BANDS

Box of 33 39¢

Waterproof, flesh-colored adhesive bandages. Plain or mercurochrome.

Want Quick, Smooth Shaves?
STAG SHAVING CREAM 50¢



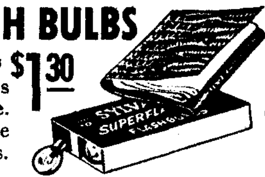
For closer, cleaner shaves! Choose Bay Rum, Coolated or Brushless.

CUTS? SCRATCHES?
REXALL SKIN ANTISEPTIC

Highly effective antiseptic first aid dressing. Always keep some handy.

1-oz. bottle 33¢

VALUABLE PHOTO ALBUM FREE! with SYLVANIA FLASH BULBS



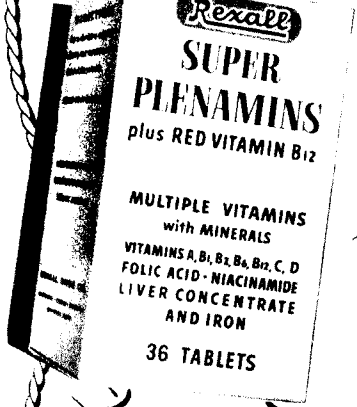
Sleeve of 10 Press 25's $1.30

Mail coupons from 2 sleeves for *free* album — a 69¢ value. Bulbs have blue dots for sure shots, work with most cameras.

"Make Rexall your Brand, Pardners"

Rexall drug products are guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back

NOW! 11 VITAMINS PLUS 12 MINERALS IN ONE TABLET!


Rexall
SUPER PLENAMINS
plus RED VITAMIN B12
MULTIPLE VITAMINS with MINERALS
VITAMINS A, B1, B2, B6, B12, C, D
FOLIC ACID · NIACINAMIDE
LIVER CONCENTRATE AND IRON
36 TABLETS

Bottle of 36 tablets, ONLY $2.59

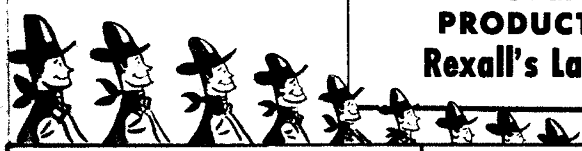
Ask Your REXALL Druggist about

NEW SUPER PLENAMINS

One tablet a day supplies more than your minimum daily requirement of all vitamins for which minimums have been set — plus vitamin B_{12}, folic acid, liver concentrate, and 12 important minerals including 1½ times daily iron and iodine requirements!

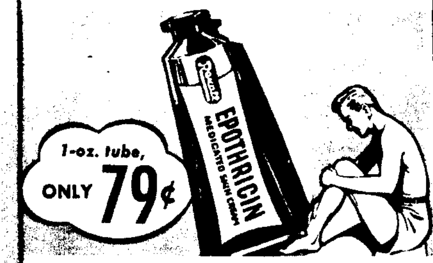
10-Week supply of 72 tablets......$4.79

Economy-size bottle of 144 tablets..$7.95



NOW SHOWING!
2 GREAT NEW PRODUCTS FROM Rexall's Laboratories

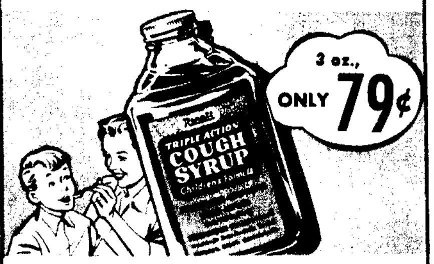
New Infection-Fighting Cream



REXALL EPOTHRICIN FIRST AID CREAM

An effective antibiotic dressing for cuts and scratches, minor skin irritations, shaving cuts and acne. Won't sting—antiseptic and antibiotic. Forms a protective film, promotes healing.

New Relief for Kiddies' Coughs



REXALL CHILDREN'S COUGH SYRUP

Triple-acting—penetrates, stops tickle, and relieves pain—but non-narcotic. Gives quick relief from coughs due to colds, has pleasant raspberry flavor.

Rexall Children's Aspirin. Eliminate guessing dosage. 50 1-gr. tablets.......**35¢**
Rex-Salvine for Burns. Salve, 1½-oz. tube, only 57¢; push-button 5-oz. Aerosol, **$1.39**
Alco-Rex Rub. Full pint bottle, only...**49¢**
Rexall Aspiroids for Colds. Bottle of 36, only 79¢. With antihistamine, 30, only..**98¢**
Rex-Eme for Skin Irritations. Quickly relieves sunburn, minor burns. 5½ oz.....**65¢**
Rexall Liquid Chest Rub for surface congestion. Rub on, or use as inhalant. 2 oz., **79¢**
Rexall Chlorophyll Mouthwash. Foaming action gets where brush can't. Pint.....**79¢**
Stag Cream Hair Tonic. Keeps hair neat without "plastered" down look. 3 oz....**43¢**
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Cara Nome Creams. Choose 3½-oz. skin cream; 3¼-oz. dry skin cleansing cream; 3-oz. cleansing, hand, or cold cream....**$1.25**
Cara Nome Make-Up Stick. Not drying or greasy. Choice of 5 shades. Each.....**$1.50**
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Rexall Motion Sickness Tablets. 12..**89¢**
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Rexall Boric Acid for Cleansing. Makes soothing lotion. Powder, crystals. 4 oz., **33¢**
Rexall Peroxide of Hydrogen 3%. Antiseptic lotion for cuts, scratches. 4 oz....**18¢**
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Rexall Witch Hazel for After Shaves. Also soothes sprains, bruises. Pint, only.....**57¢**
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Rexall Monacet APC for Colds. Proven combination of aspirin, phenacetin, and caffeine for quick, prolonged relief. 100...**79¢**
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Rexall Mineral Oil for Sluggishness. Odorless, tasteless, calorie-free. Pint...**69¢**
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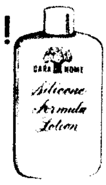
FIXIN'S TO BEAUTIFY THE FAIR SEX

PROTECT HANDS!
CARA NOME Silicone Formula LOTION



3-oz. squeeze-bottle $1.00

Invisible "glove" of wonder-working silicone repels water, protects and keeps hands smooth during dishwashing, household chores.

Freshen Breath
REXALL Mi-31 SOLUTION

Rexall Mi 31 Solution
ANTISEPTIC

Rexall's famous amber-color mouthwash, gargle, breath deodorant, and multi-purpose antiseptic for family use.

Full pint, 79¢

SQUEEZE-A-DROP SACCHARIN
REXALL LIQUID SACCHARIN DROPS

Rexall
LIQUID SACCHARIN DROPS

Two drops equal a teaspoonful of sugar. No waiting for it to dissolve. Ideal for beverages, fruits and cereals! You can take plastic bottle anywhere in pocket or purse.

25 cc. squeeze-bottle, 65¢

TAKES MINUTES LASTS MONTHS
CARA NOME COLOR SHAMPOO

CARA NOME
Color Shampoo

12 shades, each $1.25

As easy as shampooing—yet leaves lovely new color that lasts months and months! Don't neglect hair in beauty care!

STAYS ON FOR HOURS
CARA NOME FACE POWDER

Fine, smooth texture—lasts and lasts. Natural tints; slight fragrance.

Compressed $1.10

Regular Face Powder, $1.25

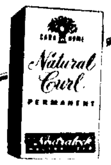
KEEP HAIR "PICTURE PERFECT"
CARA NOME "HAIR NET" SPRAY WITH LANOLIN

CARA NOME
Natural Curl
SPRAY HAIR NET

Controls unruly hair; adds body. Not greasy, flaky or drying. Wonderful for damp weather.

5 oz., $1.50

FOR SILKY-SOFT CURLS
CARA NOME NATURAL CURL HOME PERMANENT



Has "Neutralock" Neutralizer. 4 types: for Normal; Bleached or Dyed; Gray-to-White hair; and for Little Girls.

Also, New Pin Curl Permanent

Each, $1.50

LOSE UP TO 5 LBS. A WEEK
Ann Delafield REDUCING PLAN FOR WOMEN

30 days' supply of appetite reducing wafers and vitamins plus Beauty Book!

Complete $6.95

DELAFIELD REDUCING PLAN FOR MEN

10 days' supply with informative book.

Complete $3.50

You can depend on any drug product that bears the name Rexall

Rexall

INVASION of PRIVACY

By HARRY KURNITZ

Time was short; Zorn still lacked vital evidence. And now the killer struck again

The Story: Willard Morley, during a fake holdup he had arranged, managed to kill his wife and the hoodlum he had hired—without being charged with murder. Then, nine years later, Michael Zorn, New York chief of Continental Films, unwittingly bought for movie production an exact account of Morley's crime, by a writer named Shelly Gray. Two million dollars had been spent on the film when Zorn learned that Morley was preparing to sue Continental for libel. Shelly had got the story from Ben Jarrold, the late Mrs. Morley's cousin. Jarrold now offered to help Zorn find proof of Morley's guilt; for this proof would be Zorn's one defense against the suit. Also helping Zorn was private detective Arno Brackett, a police officer at the time of the Morley case; Brackett had been ousted from the force for his insistence on Morley's guilt. One night a stranger offered to Zorn, for a price, the necessary proof on Morley. Later that night Morley proposed a quick settlement out of court; but in a few hours Morley was found murdered. The suit seemed sure to be called off, but Police Captain Nicholas Rule urged Zorn to tell the newspapers that Julia Morley, Morley's second wife, was still suing; Rule hoped thus to bring forth the stranger who had contacted Zorn. Zorn agreed to this ruse only because the accompanying publicity for the movie would appease his boss, Hollywood mogul Louis Stradling. But then Zorn learned two startling facts. First, Julia Morley had fired her late husband's lawyer, Harold Fenn, and was now represented by her close friend Peter DiSanto, Fenn's former assistant. Second, the libel suit was no phony; Julia Morley was asking a million dollars in damages.

The Third of Four Parts

MICHAEL ZORN was lying on the couch in his office. So far, he had thought of no way—short of writing a suicide note—to tell Louis Stradling that the libel suit was real. His hollow groans mingled with the clinking of ice and the gurgling of highballs as Shelly applied restoratives.

The afternoon papers and the late radio broadcasts, as predicted by Captain Rule, had given the murder of Willard Morley a big spread; and featured even over the murder itself was the new element of the libel suit. The beautiful Widow Morley, ready to sacrifice herself to vindicate her husband's memory, was a photogenic and ready-made sensation.

Zorn's secretary, Midge Bolton, approached the couch with a new bulletin from the teletype. "You'll want this for your souvenir album," she said. "Stradling uses the word 'genius' three times in the first sentence, and get this: 'NEW INCINERATOR BEING BUILT ON STUDIO BACK LOT. STREET APPROACHING SAME RENAMED ZORN BOULEVARD.' "

"I'm really worried about Michael," Shelly said, as Zorn emitted a fresh groan.

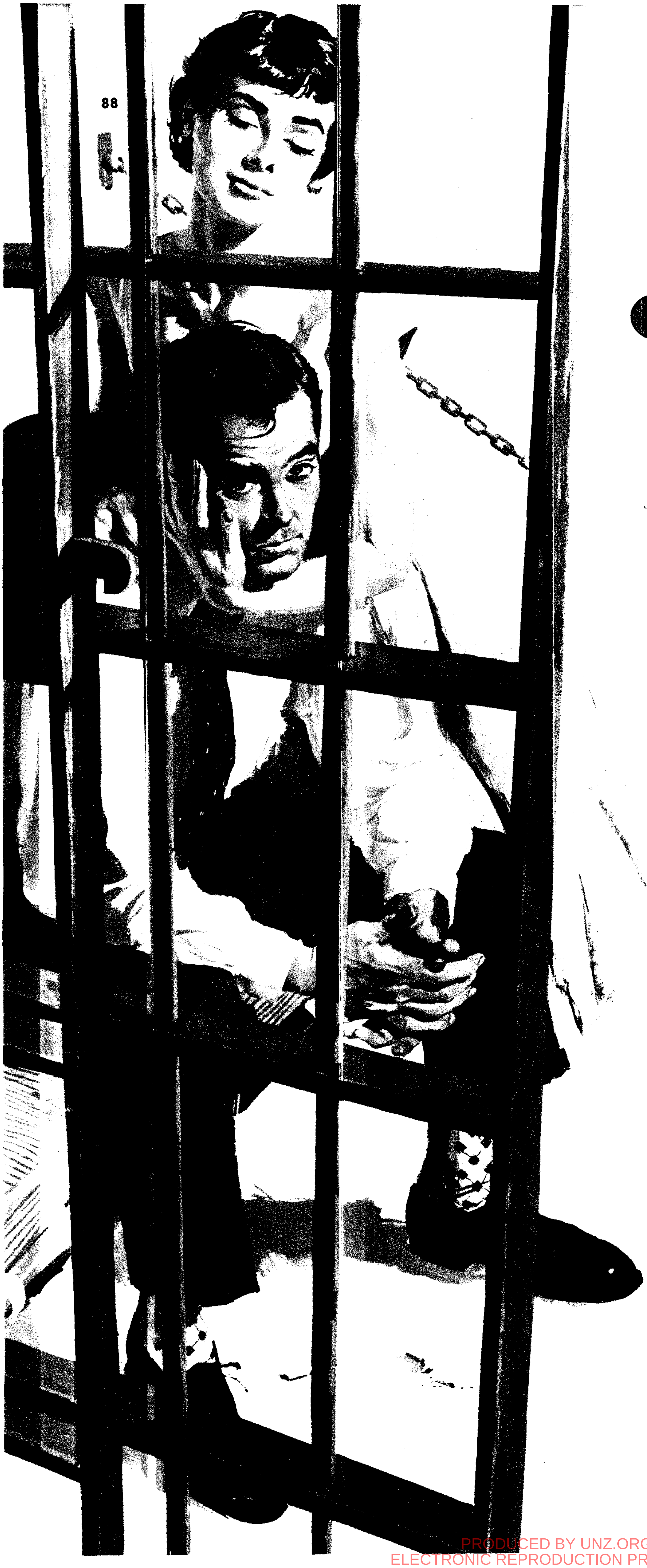
"He has the option sickness," Midge said judicially. "Medical science is helpless."

"Can't we do anything? Have him CinemaScoped—"

"I'm leaving," Midge said. "He may make a sudden recovery, so don't forget to pull down the shades."

"Michael, are you really, truly dying?" Shelly asked when Midge had gone.

"Can't you manage anything more than that mildly curious



Shelly said, "I don't care what you've done, Michael. I will wait for you. We can go away and start a new life"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

Each precious drop brings back The Golden Age of

Elegance

Schenley *Reserve*

Schenley
The House of Rare Whiskies
Schenley
A finer, richer whiskey, genuinely mild, smooth and mellow
Schenley
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey

Reserved for gracious living

All the skill and resources of The House of Rare Whiskies have gone into making Schenley Reserve the best-tasting whiskey in ages. You show excellent taste in choosing and serving this elegant whiskey.

BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DIST., INC., N.Y.C.

IMPORTED

Schenley
O.F.C.
CANADIAN WHISKY

O. F. C.

Ask for Imported Schenley O.F.C. Canadian whisky.

Imported Canadian whisky, a blend. 86.8 proof, 6 years old.

tone of voice?" Zorn said. He sat up. "Just for that, I'll live." He got up and started for the bar. "Ben Jarrold! Arno Brackett! The eager beavers, both prodding me into action. Where are they now? I'll tell you where they are—not here, that's where they are. And where am I? I'll tell you where I am—right up to my neck in essence of old egg. Did I whip up this libel suit? No. Your elegant friend Mr. Ben Jarrold had that bright idea. Well, I repeat, where is he now?"

"Right behind you," Shelly said, "in the doorway."

WHIRLING around, Zorn saw that this was true. And looming behind Jarrold was Arno Brackett. "Come on in," he said rather lamely.

"I'm sorry if you think I let you down," said Jarrold. "Fact is, I thought the suit was washed up. A little while ago they tagged me with a new paper."

"You too, eh?" said Zorn, not too displeased.

"I've been talking to Brackett about how we ought to go on from here," Jarrold said. "The widow seems to have run out on Harold Fenn. I think we ought to grab Fenn for our side."

"Now that," said Shelly, "is what I call a good idea."

Zorn nodded. "It takes money, though, and how do I explain it to the home office? You see, friends, my boss thinks the widow's suit is a phony, a publicity gag." He saw the startled look on Jarrold's face and digressed to explain Captain Rule's visit of that morning. "Rule is determined to smoke out the man who offered to sell me the information on Morley. He thought that if the suit broke wide open again, the market value would be re-established and the contact would be forthcoming."

Brackett nodded. "That makes sense."

"Well, then, *you* try explaining it to Louis Stradling," said Zorn.

"I can handle the retainer for Harold Fenn," Jarrold said. "I've got that much."

"All right," said Zorn. "When and if I work up nerve enough to tell my boss, you'll get a refund."

"Rule's had you down at the rogues' gallery, I suppose, looking at pictures?" asked Brackett.

"Thousands of them."

"No luck, eh? Well, all that means is that your salesman friend may not have a record. You never did give me a description of him, Mr. Zorn."

"About six one," said Zorn patiently. "Built big, dark hair, big hands. Well-dressed, in a flashy way. Otherwise, nothing much." He hesitated, frowning. "I remember he had a bulging eyebrow, as if it had been cut and then mended crudely."

Brackett leaned forward. "The sort of decoration a fighter might have?"

"Yes," Zorn said tentatively.

"Well!" Brackett seemed pleased. "A big guy—that would make him a heavyweight. About how old?"

"Tops, forty-five."

"Then he wouldn't have been fighting much further back than nineteen thirty. Look—I've got a friend on the sports desk of a paper. I'll take it up with him."

"Good luck," Zorn said cordially. "What about this big blackmail story, Jarrold?"

"I've been laying it out for Captain Rule," was the reply. "And for Brackett too."

"Willard Morley was paying off," Brackett said emphatically. "Started recently, and it was going strong right up to the day he died."

"Started recently?" Zorn's puzzled look checked the detective. "How could that be?"

"We don't know that yet," Brackett said. "Morley was pretty nearly broke, though, and that's probably why he was trying to swing a fast settlement with you."

"How did he go through all that money?"

"According to his books, business. Morley bought into a steel brokerage business with his first wife's money. Right after the war, with black and gray markets going strong, he cleaned up. He got in too deep, though, and when the market eased he was caught short. Then he plunged again when the Korean fighting broke out; that time the cease-fire pinched him off."

"You know, it's Rule's idea that somebody was squeezing Morley right along, starting right after his wife's murder," Zorn said.

"I know," Brackett said cheerfully. "He thinks it was me." He turned to Ben Jarrold. "Around the time of the Morley case, Mr. Jarrold, did anybody try to pump you about Morley—outside of the police, I mean?"

Jarrold shook his head. "Not that I can recall. Why?"

"Because I had the idea then that somebody, some free lance, was nosing around. You see, I figured maybe Morley acquired the murder gun from some Army pal. I tried checking up, and every once in a while I'd hear that somebody had been there ahead of me, asking questions about souvenir guns."

"I don't like being the cold potato in the crowd," said Zorn, "but none of this is going to do us much good when Peter DiSanto gets us in court."

"We might beat him to the punch." Brackett said mildly. "I mean, we might get him in court first. You see, Mr. Zorn, DiSanto was in the neighborhood when Morley got killed."

"Have you told Captain Rule?"

"How can he, Michael?" put in Shelly. "Rule would know that Brackett was also on the premises and clap *him* into the jug."

"The little lady is right," Brackett said apologetically.

"Isn't that a crime—withholding information?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose it is," Brackett said. "I figure on telling Captain Rule the minute I'm in the clear."

"It's a little late for good-citizenship day," Zorn said wearily.

"Do you think DiSanto knew that Morley wanted to settle the suit behind his back?" asked Shelly.

"Can't say, miss," Brackett said. "It might account for why DiSanto was meeting Mrs. Morley on the sly." He stood up to leave. "Personally, I think our best bet is this ex-pug who tried to sell Mr. Zorn the information."

AFTER Brackett's departure, Zorn said, "That guy gives me the creeps. He lies to the police, he tells me he lies to the police, and he expects me to go right on trusting him."

"What about Harold Fenn?" asked Jarrold. "Do we want him?"

"Yes," Shelly said promptly.

"You stay out of this, bigmouth. Yes," Zorn said to Jarrold. "We do want Fenn."

"You're going to fight it now, aren't you?" Jarrold asked.

"Just as long and hard as I can," said Zorn. "Barring acts of God and Louis Stradling, I'm in for the duration." . . .

Zorn stood on the west side of Ninth Avenue peering uncertainly at the untidy exterior of the Parrot Bar and Grill. "That's it," said Brackett. "If you picked the right picture, that is."

They had spent the early afternoon in the sports department of a newspaper. From a mountain of photographs of white heavyweights of appropriate age, Zorn had finally selected a clear print of *K. Dorsey, Golden Gloves semifinalist, 1930.* And their appearance opposite the Parrott Bar was the result of Brackett's subsequent researches.

"Grimy-looking joint," was Zorn's comment. "What do we do now?"

"Reconnoiter," said Brackett. They went across the street and into the bar. Beyond this was a semidetached back room with booths and tables. The patronage, fairly heavy, was composed of a variety of tough types, several of them already quite drunk.

There were two washrooms at the far end of the establishment, a corner entrance to the kitchen, and another door marked *Private.* Brackett eyed this latter door longingly. "The way I get it," he told Zorn in an undertone, "this is a small-time gambling parlor. The place is in the name of another hoodlum, Jerry Gallin—but your man Dorsey is supposed to be the manager of the game. We ought to look in on that," he said wistfully.

"How? By breaking down the door?"

Brackett rose from the booth, wandered out into the bar and wandered back in a few minutes. "The executives ain't arrived yet. If I set it up for you, Mr. Zorn, think you could do a little investigating?"

Zorn looked at the waiters, all of whom seemed to be former weight lifters. "I could try."

"I'll touch off a little diversion up front," Brackett said calmly. "Don't worry about me. Get in there"—he jerked his thumb at the door—"and stay in."

"How do I get out?" asked Zorn.

"You'll get out," Brackett said, leaving on this note of confidence. He seemed to be listing slightly, walking with a drunken, stumbling gait. He vanished into the bar, and in a few minutes Zorn heard loud, quarreling voices, Brackett's predominating. He eyed the door marked *Private* nervously. Then there was the sudden sound of a scuffle, the crash of glass breaking, and an excited roar from the bar. The patrons and waiters in the back room started forward instantly.

ZORN took two steps to the door, the knob turned, and he caught at the banister suddenly to keep from falling down a flight of dark stairs. He made his way down, entering a big musty room dominated by a pool table. The paraphernalia of the game was scattered on the table, and there was a murky light from two small windows set high up in the wall. He moved cautiously to the nearest of two doors, a tiny washroom. The other, marked *Office*, was securely locked. He was wondering at what painful and bloody cost Brackett had launched him on this dead end when the lights went on suddenly, both on the stairs and in the room. He gave one startled look around. Unfortunately, the washroom door was directly in line with the stairs. As heavy footsteps descended, Zorn dived under the pool table.

Tattoo

MIKE SHEA

Arlene Karp of Gary, Ind., gets A+ tattoo—her blood, Rh type

A LITTLE girl was brought to a Gary, Indiana, hospital recently in need of extensive blood transfusions. She proved to have a rare blood type—AB negative—and the local blood centers couldn't match it. The frantic mother appealed for help through the newspapers. In most cities, such an appeal might have gone unanswered: fewe
than five per cent of all Americar
have AB blood, and still fewer hav
AB negative: furthermore, the m
jority of people don't even kno
what type of blood they have. B
the Gary hospital got volunteer d
nors in such numbers they had to t
turned away.

They all had AB negative bloc
—and they knew it and could prov
it without testing.

The donors, like 60,000 other re
idents of Lake County, carried
tiny tattoo mark on their bodi
which identified their blood typ
and Rh factor (positive or neg
tive). In the near future, millions
Americans, including members
the armed forces, will have a simil
mark. The result may be the savin
of thousands of lives a year—an
possibly untold millions if anoth
war ever comes.

The tattoo is the brain child of
group of medical researchers d
rected by Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, fo
mer vice-president of the Universi
of Illinois Medical School and a
official of the Chicago Civil Defens
organization. Defense officials an

He had a worm's-eye view of the newcomers. One of them he recognized as his recent visitor, Dorsey. The other soon identified himself as the partner and licensee, Jerry Gallin.

"What the hell was that commotion?" Gallin demanded.

"Oh, some drunk," Dorsey said. "The bartender threw him out." Zorn could see Dorsey and Gallin going into the office. "We're back in business," Dorsey was saying. "The movie company is a cinch for a big pay-off."

"For what?" asked his partner. "What are you going to give them?"

"Plenty," Ken Dorsey said thickly. "Plenty—you hear me, Jerry?"

"Act your age, Ken," said Gallin. "All you know is that Lester Broda had something on Willard Morley. You don't know what or why or how."

Zorn listened with a quickening pulse. He crept as close to the edge of the table as seemed safe.

"You think Broda is going to cut us in?" Gallin continued in the same ironic tone. "You think he ain't smart enough to figure out he can contact the movie company by hisself?"

"We're in," Dorsey said stubbornly. "I don't give a damn for Lester Broda. We're in."

There was a long silence. Zorn could hear heavy breathing. Then Dorsey spoke again: "Lester coming here today?"

"Probably. He usually shows up about five o'clock."

Zorn winced. He guessed the time now at about four thirty. He started crawling to the opposite end of his improvised shelter. There was no likelihood, apparently, that both Dorsey and Jerry Gallin would leave the gambling room. Zorn knew exposure would be certain and unpleasant if he stayed. He remembered the assault-infiltration course at Fort Bragg, a ghastly 750 yards of barbed wire and assorted obstacles. On all fours, planting one knee carefully after the other, he crawled to the stairs. The massive bulk of the pool table generously hid him from view. One of the partners was fiddling with the radio in the office, and this noise helped cover Zorn's departure.

At the top of the stairs he opened the door so that he had a slit view of the back room, and then, when the waiters were in the kitchen, he stepped out, closed the door softly, and walked quickly out of the bar.

ARNO BRACKETT was sitting on a straight chair in Zorn's living room, his head back, stoically indifferent to Shelly's inexpert swabbing of his assorted wounds.

"I'm glad it's no worse than that," Zorn said. "It sounded like a thermonuclear device going off in the bar. What did you do?"

"Just made a few cracks about Durocher," Brackett said, apologetically, "I felt like hell doing it—I'm a Giant fan myself. How did you make out?"

"I'm not sure," said Zorn. He told the story of his descent to the nether world of the Parrot Bar. "All I really got out of it is that Ken Dorsey doesn't really have the information; somebody named Lester Broda has it."

"Lester Broda," Brackett repeated. "Ring a bell?"

"A sort of tinkle. He's in my business—private investigator, I think. Look up Midway Service in your telephone book, will you?"

The telephone book yielded no such subscriber, nor did Shelly's appeal to Information. Brackett stood up and paced the living-room floor. "Midway Service, the way I remember it, was quite an outfit," he said. "Firm like that doesn't just disappear. When it does, the police usually know why."

"What do I tell Rule if he asks me why I want to know?" asked Zorn.

"I think you'd better have a little white lie on tap."

Zorn sighed. "In that event, I'll take Shelly along."

"Chances are," Brackett said, "that Captain Rule has a man tailing you."

"I'll bear it in mind," Zorn said.

He walked downstairs to a cab rank with Shelly, keeping an eye out for surveillance, but he didn't detect it there or on the way downtown.

Captain Rule received Zorn's inquiry with his characteristic calm. "What is it that intrigues you about the Midway Service Agency?" he asked. "They're out of business."

"Did they go out of business, or were they pushed?"

Rule smiled. "Midway Service was a fence—receivers of stolen goods on a very big scale."

"What about a man named Lester Broda?" At Rule's blank look, Zorn added, "He was one of their operatives."

Rule dialed a number on the intercom telephone and gave this information to someone on the other end. "You haven't been contacted yet?" he asked Zorn while they waited.

"Captain Rule, do you really think anyone with incriminating information is likely to step up while New York's finest are dogging my footsteps?"

"Don't concern yourself about that. And please, Zorn, don't try to go into business for yourself on this case. I wouldn't like that."

A uniformed man brought Rule a bulky file. The captain shuffled through it quickly, then looked up. "Here's your man: Lester Broda. Arrested on twelve counts of grand larceny, conspiracy to defraud, extortion and receiving stolen goods. Sentenced on April eighteenth, nineteen forty-seven, to serve five to ten years. Served four years, five months and six days. Employed as collector by cleaning-and-dyeing firm operated by his brother-in-law, Victor Lonito."

Zorn studied the rogues' gallery photos of Lester Broda. "Mean anything to you?" asked Rule.

"Nothing." Zorn pushed the file back across the desk.

"You still don't want to tell me why you're interested in the Midway Service, or in this man Broda?"

"You've warned me against going off on my own," Zorn said. "Okay."

"Okay," said Rule, and turned back to some papers on his desk.

SHELLY was waiting in the taxi parked up the block. She leaned out as Zorn approached. "Michael, I think I've picked out the man who's following you. He's across the street now, looking in the hardware-store window."

Zorn turned that way casually. "Joe College? That crew-cut character?" He got into the cab. "Up Broadway," he told the driver. Looking back guardedly, he saw the man Shelly had designated scoot to a waiting taxi. "That's our boy," Zorn said. "Now my problem is how to lose him."

They rode in silence for a few blocks, and then he leaned forward. "Want to pick up an easy five?" he asked the driver. "I want to duck out

for Everyone

doctors had long sought a quick, simple way to determine the blood types of civil populations in event of disaster. The researchers first invented a swift method of finding and identifying blood types: they developed an acetate card with three circles printed on it and a drop of serum in each circle. When blood is mixed with the serums and allowed to dry, a technician can tell its type at a glance. The card with the telltale circles may be carried on the person.

The next step was to provide a way to identify a person's blood type even when he forgot his card or was hurt too badly to display it. The researchers came up with a small vibrating electric tool which they call the Tat-typer. Its 30 or so needles, dipped in common black fountain-pen ink and applied to the skin, painlessly tattoo a quarter-inch mark in less than three seconds. The tattoo is located between the eighth and ninth left ribs—the spot which (as Lloyd's of London discovered during World War II) is least likely to sustain damage in case of bombing or accident.

The card method of identifying blood has proved to be remarkably accurate; however, if a mistake is made, the tattoo can be removed medically without difficulty.

Having developed a testing and identifying technique, the researchers needed a large group to try it out on. Lake County was chosen for the test. A campaign was launched to familiarize the residents with what was going on, and the local Tuberculosis Association donated a mobile X-ray unit to serve as a traveling laboratory. The people of Lake County lined up for their blood tests and tattoos with enthusiasm; it's estimated that 80 to 90 per cent of the county's population will wind up marked with the tiny black spot. The United States Army has watched the experiment with great interest.

The Federal Civil Defense Committee hopes that the day may soon come when tattooing of the blood type will be as prevalent as vaccination, making of America's millions a great walking blood bank, ready for immediate action in an emergency.

—ANN CUTLER

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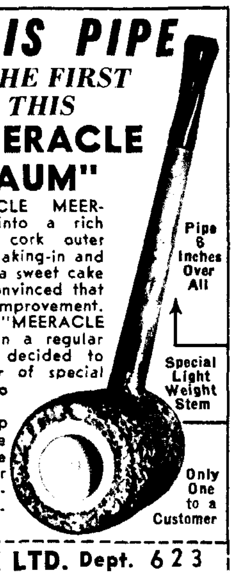

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without being seen by somebody who's following in another cab—a green job, about half a block back right now."

The driver studied the situation in his rear-vision mirror. "Okay. Just don't duck out without leaving the five—and the fare. The lady staying on after you get out?"

"I can," said Shelly.

"Okay. Ought to be plenty traffic up in Herald Square. Once I get a little lead, I'll turn into Thirty-third Street. You be ready to hop out, and you'll have a couple of minutes to lose yourself in the crowds from the stores. I'll keep on goin'."

Zorn cheerfully handed over five dollars, and added a generous guess at the fare plus tip.

THEY rode on uptown for another ten minutes. Then the driver said, "Thirty-third Street."

"Geronimo!" said Zorn, as he opened the door and stepped out. He buried himself in the entrance to a shoe store and was pleased to see the pursuing cab make the turn, then go on.

He found a telephone booth, called his office, and Midge assured him that all was well. "I'm offtaking the rest of the day," Zorn told her, in the language of the teletype. "Upcall home if anything breaks." Then he looked up the address of Victor Lonito, cleaner and dyer.

Lonito's establishment was an unprepossessing store on the fringe of the garment district. A small, dark woman of about thirty-five was working on accounts.

"Is Lester Broda here?" Zorn asked.

The woman stared at him. "No."

"He works here, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he works here." The woman looked fearfully at the curtained entrance to the back room. "Are you from the parole?" she whispered.

Zorn gave her his business card. "I'm a civilian." He saw the woman's gaze flicker past him. A bulky shirt-sleeved man was holding the curtain aside in one heavy hand.

"Mr. Lonito?" Zorn asked politely.

The man ignored him. "What is it, Tess?" he asked.

In a timid voice, she said, "It's nothing, Victor. This—this gentleman was asking for Lester. That's all."

Lonito dropped the curtain and took two huge steps into the store. "What do you want with Lester Broda?"

"No trouble," said Zorn. "I'm with a business firm, and I'm interested in a case Broda worked on for the Midway Service. He might make himself a nice fee." The word "fee" seemed to strike a responsive chord. "If you'll give me his home address—"

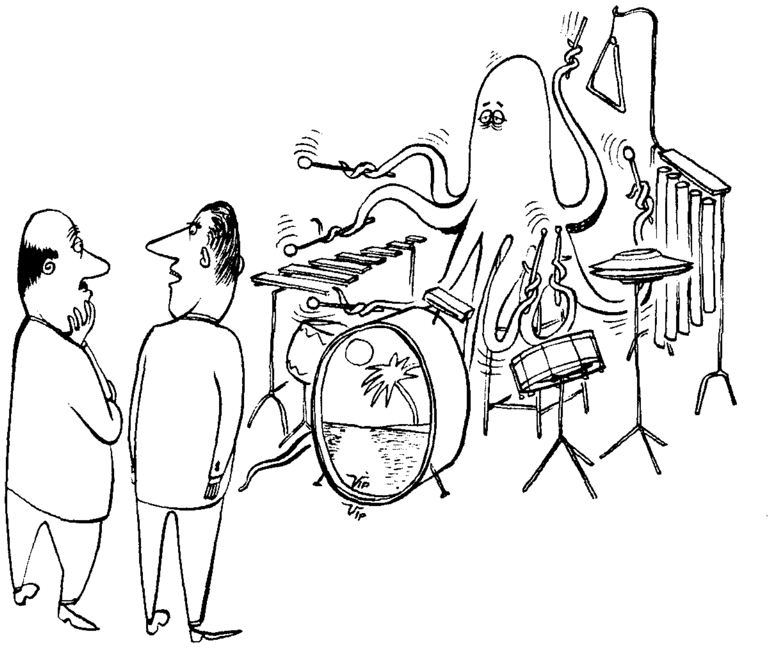
"Leave your card," Lonito said. He turned and started back toward the curtained room. "Remember what I said, Tess: Lester gives me any trouble and I'll turn him in."

"I'm sorry," the woman whispered when her husband had left. "Are you a friend of Lester's?"

"Right now I can help him," Zorn said earnestly. "I've got to get in touch with him. Where does he live?"

She peered into Zorn's face. "He's supposed to live with us—on account of the parole—but he's got an apartment. Five forty-two West Fifty-seventh Street. Apartment Eight E."

Zorn put a folded bill on the counter and slipped out quickly. On the chance that Rule's man might have picked up the trail, he took a circuitous route uptown, and when he arrived at 542 West 57th he was reasonably certain he had not been followed.



COLLIER'S **"He's good, but what about the union?"** VIRGIL PARTCH

The building, once a fashionable address, was now shabby. There was no doorman, but a sullen tough in an ill-fitting uniform was at the elevator.

"Mr. Broda. Lester Broda," Zorn said briskly, stepping toward the cage.

The operator blocked the way. "Not in," he said curtly.

"When did he go out?" asked Zorn.

"I don't keep track of tenants coming and going, Mac," the operator said. He stepped back into the car and closed the doors in Zorn's face.

Zorn started up the curving stone stairs. He was puffing when he arrived at the eighth floor, and he stopped to rest before moving down the hall to the door marked *E*. He was quite sure that he heard sounds of someone moving inside, but these stopped abruptly when he touched the buzzer.

Zorn put his hand on the knob, which turned easily, and pushed the door ajar. "Mr. Broda!" he called. There was no reply. He could see a portion of the living room, and it looked as though someone had been digging in it for oil. The carpets were pulled back, papers were all over the floor, and some pieces of furniture were overturned. Then a violent push from behind sent him headlong into the room. Even as he was hurtling across the floor Zorn turned and saw the elevator operator, but this backward glance cost him his footing. He tripped and sprawled helplessly on the floor. He was struggling to his feet when a voice said, "Stay right there." He paused on one knee and saw the menacing bulk of Ken Dorsey, fortified with a particularly ugly gun.

"Well, if it isn't my anonymous friend," Zorn said softly.

"Get up."

Zorn pushed himself upright. He was relieved to see the gun disappear.

"Beat it," Dorsey said to the elevator man.

"So you're Lester Broda, eh?" Zorn said when the operator was gone.

"Sort of a friend of his," muttered Dorsey.

"Packing a bag for him?" Zorn asked, glancing at the disorder.

There was a moment's silence and then Dorsey barked, "Siddown." Zorn sat down and lighted a cigarette. "What I offered you still goes," said Dorsey. "Fifty grand for proof that Morley murdered his wife."

"Proof is a big word," said Zorn.

"I said proof, I mean proof." Dorsey hesitated, greed and caution struggling in him. "Ain't there a record of the gun Morley used to kill his wife?"

"I would think so."

"Okay. Here's what I mean by proof: where and how Morley got the gun, and some rounds fired from the same gun. It's like fingerprints—no two alike. Is it worth fifty grand?"

"Offhand," said Zorn, "I'd say yes. What terms did you have in mind?"

"C.O.D., cash and carry."

Zorn crushed his cigarette in an ash tray on the floor and then stood up to go. "How do I get in touch with you?"

"You don't," Dorsey said. "You'll hear from me."

ZORN paused in the doorway of his office. Shelly was in his chair, her back to the room, her feet up on the window sill. She was playing to an admiring audience consisting of Ben Jarrold and Harold Fenn. She was holding the speaker of Zorn's dictaphone to her lips.

"The Case of the Stubborn Zipper," she recited. "A Study in Suspense by Shelly Gray, well-known author of Black Velvet and other stories. Period. Paragraph. Ellery Fordyce had been brought up to be neat and orderly in all his habits. He was very glad, consequently, to find himself bleeding to death internally."

Zorn started to choke, interrupting her creative flow.

"Miss Gray is a most imaginative young lady," Harold Fenn said respectfully, after he and Zorn had shaken hands.

"I lie a lot of the time," said Shelly cheerfully.

"I've explained our situation to Mr. Fenn," Ben Jarrold said. "He's anxious to help us."

"I have never defended a libel action," intoned Fenn richly. "My role has been, so to speak, on the attack. In this instance, however, I shall take a particular pleasure in defense."

"I thought you would," Zorn said.

"I raised Peter DiSanto," Fenn continued. "I taught him all he knows. I trusted him. 'The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart,'" he recited sadly.

"Mr. Fenn asked me about our main line of defense," Jarrold said. "I told him that we would take the line that our story was true. Isn't that right?"

Zorn nodded.

"A splendid defense, Mr. Zorn. Laientably, judges and juries being what iey are, we will require proof."

"I think we'll have it," Zorn said ioughtfully.

He didn't go beyond that, because aptain Rule strode into the office.

AT ONCE Zorn realized that the captain's yogi calm was shattered. What the hell is the idea?" Rule arked. "You threw my man off on our way uptown. Where did you go?"

"You know Mr. Fenn and Mr. Jarold, I think," Zorn said. Rule gave oth men a curt nod. "For the record, 'aptain, Mr. Fenn represents us."

"I don't care if you get Clarence Darow," shouted Rule, abandoning what 'as left of his poise. "Where the hell 'ere you?"

"I am a private citizen, Captain," orn said mildly. "You stuck my chin ut for me yesterday. Today, I'm tryig to pull it back to a point of safety. 'ou see my point?"

"Of course," said Rule, suddenly and urprisingly agreeable. "You know, of ourse, that I'm in a spot too. The Villard Morley murder is three days ld. I'll be quite truthful with you, 'orn: we're not getting anywhere."

Zorn sighed. "I'm a busy man, Capain. What do you want?"

"Where did you go this afternoon?"

"I took a walk."

"Did you make contact with the man ou told me about?"

"What if I did?"

Rule seemed to be holding his temer with both hands. "You may need iy help before you're through, Zorn.)on't hold out on me."

"The morning of the murder I made statement, signed it, and left it with ou. My responsibility to the police lepartment is fulfilled."

Rule stood up. "Fine," he said stiffly. We'll leave it at that."

When the captain was gone, Zorn vas aware that the three heads in the iffice were being shaken apprehenively. "Was that wise?" asked Fenn.

"I don't know. I did it deliberately. ou see, I made that contact today." He smiled at the surprise reflected in ll the faces. "I may make it again; too, ind I don't want Rule's bloodhounds niffing at me when and if."

"Mr. Jarrold has told me about your vould-be informant," Fenn said. "Are 'ou going to meet his price?"

"I don't know. If worst comes to vorst, it might be a cheap way out. We've had more than our money's vorth in free publicity, and that may ielp when Stradling learns the truth."

As if on cue, Midge brought in a eletype from Wally Sindell, Stradling's ight-hand man and Zorn's best friend n the organization: REWIRE IMMEDITELY REMORLEY SUIT. SOME LAWYERS)NHAND AGAIN. IS SUIT BY PREARRANGEMENT AS AGREED. QUESTION. LAWYERS OUND ON THE LEVEL AND HOPING YOU RE THE SAME. HEADMAN IN DARK BUT ANNOT KEEP HIM THERE INDEFIITELY. RUSH. SINDELL

"The bad news at last," Zorn said. 'Take this to Sindell, special and conidential, Midge; 'Situation upmessed y circumstances beyond control,' " he intoned. " 'Suit is McCoy but hoping o unravel before head offlopped. Grim Reaper must not repeat not know. Need twentyfour hours.' " He licked his lips. "How does that sound, Midge?"

"Like a death rattle," said Midge as she went out.

In a moment, Midge came back again. "I've got Arno Brackett on the phone. He says it's important."

"Put him on," said Zorn and snatched up the telephone.

"Get up here," Brackett said. "I'm in a drugstore at the corner of Stanley Avenue and Scoville Road in the Bronx."

"What's doing?" asked Zorn.

"Get up here," said Brackett, and hung up. . . .

Arno Brackett was huddled over a cup of coffee when Zorn arrived at the outpost in the Bronx. "That run-down one-family house up the block, a few feet past the blue sedan parked on the right—that's the home office, Mr. Zorn. Gallin and Dorsey are in there now. They've got company, too, I think."

"Company, eh? And this afternoon Dorsey was tearing up Lester Broda's apartment. Well, let's go."

Brackett seemed pained. "Look, Mr. Zorn, call the police and give them the tip."

"What's happened to you, Brackett? This afternoon you were rarin' to go, risking both our necks in the process."

"A rough and tumble in a saloon," Brackett said, "that's one thing. But breaking into a man's house is tricky, especially if he's practically got a permit to shoot you."

"I see what you mean," Zorn said thoughtfully. "How are we fixed for armament?"

"I've got a gun," said Brackett. "I won't use it."

"You're not quite the private eye of song, story and legend, are you?"

"I'm thinking of you, Mr. Zorn. The two men in the house up the street, they're professionals. So am I. So is Captain Rule. But you, you're an amateur. Ever follow an open tournament when the good professionals are in there trying? How many amateurs finish in the money?"

"They finish," insisted Zorn.

"Yeah, they finish," Brackett said unhappily. "Okay, Mr. Zorn. We'll do it your way."

"My way? Have I got a way?"

"Dorsey and Gallin run a saloon," said Brackett crisply. "One or both of them ought to he heading downtown sometime this evening. We'll make a move then."

GALLIN had the racing papers spread on the untidy kitchen table. Heavy, jarring thuds rattled the ceiling, and the naked electric-light bulb swayed on its cord. He ignored the noise and in a few moments it stopped. Ken Dorsey appeared in his shirt sleeves, breathing heavily.

"Struck out again?" Gallin asked.

Dorsey wiped his thick lips. "Try it yourself," he suggested.

"No, thanks. You're the muscle in the outfit," said Gallin mildly.

"So I'm the muscle. But I don't like this. Damn it, Lester Broda and me, we're pretty good friends."

Gallin laughed out loud. "How is your friend?"

"He's out cold," Dorsey said glumly.

"You'd better get it out of him tonight," said Gallin. "We're taking a big chance."

"You going downtown?"

"I'd better," Jerry Gallin said. "I'll be back after closing."

"Okay." Dorsey picked up a bottle of whisky and followed his partner into the hall. He let Gallin out, locked and bolted the door, and then went upstairs to the back bedroom, where Lester Broda was lying in an unconscious heap across an iron cot.

Dorsey turned Broda over and shook

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him. "Lester!" Broda opened his eyes slowly, focusing with difficulty. "I brought you a drink, Lester," said Dorsey. He raised Broda's head, holding the bottle to his lips. Broda knocked the bottle away with a feeble sweep of one arm.

Dorsey seemed excessively hurt. "Suit yourself, Lester." He put down the bottle and yanked Broda roughly to a sitting position. "One way or another, we settle this tonight. I know all about you and Morley. Jerry and I had the room next to yours on Fifty-seventh Street. I heard you and Morley talking in there the night Morley got it. I know what you had on him and I know he was paying you. He's dead now, and it's no good to you. But I know how to handle it for big dough. Hand it over and we'll cut you in."

BRODA muttered one sharp, obscene word. Ken Dorsey exhaled sharply. His big hands shot out, gripping Broda by the forearms. He lifted him in this position and with one seemingly effortless heave sent him crashing into a bare corner of the room. "Know what I mean, Lester?" Dorsey growled. "We're settling this tonight."

Broda's eyes opened wider.

"You going to spill it, Lester?" When Broda didn't instantly reply; Dorsey barked, "Do you hear me, Lester?"

Broda's eyes seemed to lose their flickering vagueness, focusing sharply for a moment. His lips moved weakly.

"You want a drink?" Dorsey said eagerly. "Anything you say, Lester."

He brought the bottle and knelt with his left arm under Broda to support him. He let Broda take the bottle for a long pull. "Try sitting up, Lester," he said. He set the bottle on the floor and helped Broda to his feet. As Broda tottered unsteadily, he put an arm around him. The smaller man clung to him for a moment, his right arm holding Dorsey by the shoulder while his left hand moved across his chest as if to suppress a sudden pain. "You'll be okay, Lester," Dorsey said heartily. "Sit down. I'll get you another drink, or coffee, or anything—"

"You louse!" said Broda, in an astonishingly steady voice, and Dorsey was aware of the muzzle of his own gun pressed into his side. The companionable arm around his shoulders fell away and Broda stepped back.

"Take it easy, Lester," muttered Dorsey. "Hey, Lester, take it easy."

Broda laughed, wincing with sudden pain. "Sit down, friend."

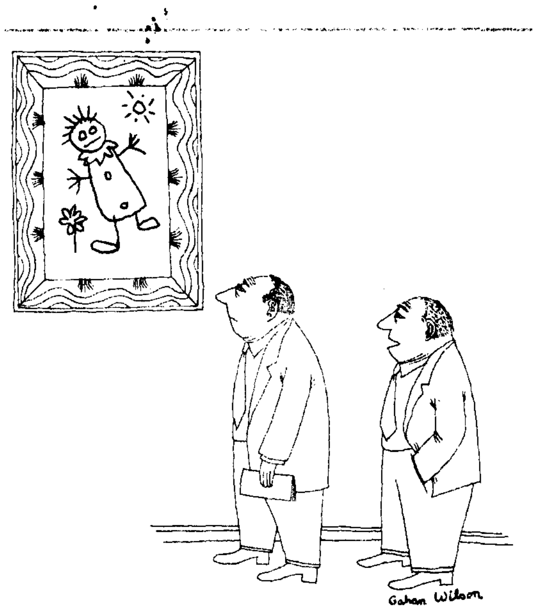
Dorsey sat down, his back to Broda, his thick neck wet with perspiration. He twisted in the chair and caught a flash glimpse of the gun reversed in Broda's hand, held by the barrel. Even as he tried to twist away, the butt of the gun caught him low at the back of the head. Some reflex carried him out of the chair, staggering and weaving, and then he collapsed.

Broda moved unsteadily to the hall. At the top of the stairs he took a firm grip on the railing, then moved one foot after the other in a slow, labored descent. In the dark hall below he heard whispered voices at the front door and the rusty squeaking of the knob. At the other end of the hall, at what seemed like an impossible distance, was the back door. His legs buckled as he stumbled that way. The sounds at the front door seemed to be amplified, and he flung himself at the back door, clawing at the knob. He threw the door open and staggered out into the alley.

His eyes were swimming and he reeled from wall to wall in the narrow alley. He fell twice in the thirty yards before he reached the street, but he dragged himself up each time and stumbled on. He made the end of the alley at last, leaning heavily on a refuse can. He saw a parked car at the curb, and it seemed to beckon as a refuge. He was only a few feet from the car when the door on the curb side opened. He caught at the door, consciousness fading, and was dimly aware of a hand gently detaching his fingers from the gun he still gripped by the barrel. He sagged over the low door of the car, swaying on it momentarily, altogether oblivious to the single shot that tore his brain to shreds. . . .

Captain Rule escorted Zorn to a cell with one of his rare smiles. "You're such a lone wolf, this ought to suit you fine."

Zorn slumped down on the iron cot. It took him a half hour to think of a withering retort, but by then Captain Rule was well out of earshot. The time passed very slowly and he was quite discouraged when he finally heard the rattle of the bolt on his cell door.



"Of course, it's a very *early* Rembrandt"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

Shelly swept in breathlessly, followed by Harold Fenn. She was at Zorn's side at once.

"I don't care what you've done, Michael," she cried. "I'll wait for you. We'll go away and start a new life."

ZORN waved sheepishly to Harold Fenn with his free hand. "Be calm, Shelly," he urged. He detached himself and plumped her down on the cot. Then he turned to Fenn. "How much trouble am I in, Counselor?"

"I'd say quite a bit," Fenn said judicially. "Just what have you done?"

"Brackett and I were trying to get into this house in the Bronx. By the time the police arrived, there we were with a fresh corpse."

"Nice," Fenn said. "Very, very nice. We saw Brackett upstairs in Captain Rule's office. He looked limp."

"Be a man, Michael," urged Shelly. "Shoot your way to freedom."

"Rule hasn't mentioned murder so far," Fenn said, "but he *did* touch on obstructing justice, breaking and entering, withholding information, interfering with the police—"

"And what could all that come to?" Zorn asked.

"Oh, five to ten years."

The door clanged open suddenly and Captain Rule loomed up. "I'm ready for you now, Zorn. You can bring your lawyer."

IN THE corridor, Shelly took her farewell in a blaze of remembered clichés. "Tell them nothing, Michael. Remember the code of the underworld and what happens to a squealer. Tomorrow," she said, glancing quickly up at Captain Rule, "I'll smuggle you an r-o-v-o-l-v-o-r."

"If you can't spell any better than that," Zorn said with a sigh, "you'd better just make it a g-u-n."

Rule led the way to his office, where Arno Brackett waited nervously.

"For the record," Harold Fenn began smoothly, "I'd like to make the point that my client, Mr. Zorn, is the defendant in a malicious and unscrupulous libel action, and that he has, therefore, every right to—"

Rule looked at Harold Fenn with marked distaste. "By the way, Fenn, weren't you pressing this particular malicious and unscrupulous action yourself until quite recently?"

"I have disassociated myself," Fenn said grandly.

"Who's defending *him?*" asked Rule, indicating Arno Brackett.

"He's with me," Zorn said promptly. "He was working for me all along."

A stenographer entered and took a chair in the corner.

"Exactly where were you when Broda was killed?" Rule asked Zorn.

"Around the corner, at the front of the house."

"Alone?"

"Yes. We couldn't get in the front door. Brackett left me there and went around to try his luck in back."

"After you heard the shot," Rule said, "what did you do?"

"I ran like hell in the direction I thought it came from. When I got to the corner it took me a second or two to figure out which way to go. It was dark, I couldn't see much, but then I saw Brackett."

"Exactly where was Brackett then?"

"He was near the car that was parked at the curb. The shadow of the car was the reason I didn't see him right away."

"Moving toward the car, away from it or standing still?"

"Toward the car. I remember that I shouted and he turned around. Then I saw Lester Broda on the ground—"

Rule interrupted. "Did you know it was Broda at once?"

"Yes. If you recall, you showed me pictures of him."

Rule nodded. "All right, you saw Broda. Did you see anyone else?"

"Well, in a couple of minutes we saw half the population of the Bronx."

"You didn't hear a car driving off?"

"No." Zorn looked at Arno Brackett, who also indicated a negative.

"The way I see it, Captain," Brackett said, "the murderer just eased himself into a doorway; and then, when the street began to fill up, he could easily have mingled with the crowd."

"When did you think of that?" asked Rule.

"Right away. I didn't go after the

iller because I had Mr. Zorn along nd my duty was to protect him."

"You're a big duty man, aren't you, rackett?"

"Some say yes; some say no," was he unruffled reply. "When I was on he force, I'd go up against anybody ith anything. I've got the medals at ome to prove it."

"What have you got at home to rove you didn't kill Lester Broda?" ule stood up, towering over the seated nan. "You could have spotted him oing through the hall to the back door, eft Zorn, and gone around to finish im off."

"Mr. Zorn just told you," Brackett aid. "I hadn't reached Broda yet. The hot was fired at point-blank—"

"How do you know?"

"I saw the gun, didn't I? How long lo you have to be a cop before you now what kind of damage a thirty-wo does?"

"Look here, Brackett," Rule said, iis voice rising, "you could have shot 3roda point-blank or any other way vhen he came out of the alley, then tayed behind him while he staggered ip the street a bit—"

Brackett laughed out loud. "He staggered forty yards? With half his head hot off?"

"You've been holding out on me all long the line, haven't you?" Rule demanded. "Why?"

"It's kind of hard to explain. I've got to prove Morley was a murderer. t's like a feud, or something, between is, even now that he's dead."

"Be on tap for the inquest," Rule aid abruptly, and Brackett accepted he dismissal.

AFTER Brackett had left, there was a brief silence, broken by Zorn. 'You know, Captain, Lester Broda was iolding evidence that Morley had illed his first wife. He had some bullets from the murder weapon and proof f how Morley acquired it."

Rule nodded. "We know that, from juestioning Dorsey and Gallin. That's he reason they roughed up Broda, to nake him tell."

"Did he?"

"Dorsey says he didn't."

"How good would that evidence be in court?" asked Zorn.

"Pretty fair. The police upstate have the gun, of course, and ballistics tests of bullets fired from it. If Broda really had all that—yes, I would say he could have pinned the crime on Morley and made it stick."

"Well, get busy and find the evidence," said Zorn. "It'll save Continental Films a million bucks."

"You can go now," Rule said icily. "Good night."

Outside, Fenn signaled a cab. "I must say, Mr. Zorn," he said then, "that it is foolish to anger Captain Rule. We may be deprived of all help from the police."

"You think I really loused it up?"

"Very probably. However, it is not a setback of crushing proportions. If Captain Rule finds Lester Broda's evidence, it will belong not to Rule but to the People of the State of New York. Whatever his opinion of you, that evidence can be summoned, subpoenaed, or otherwise brought into court in our behalf."

"Dorsey couldn't find it—I know that for sure," Zorn said. "Suppose Rule doesn't do any better? Don't you think—"

"I most certainly do not," Fenn said emphatically. "To search for it on your own would be foolhardy and reckless." He glanced up at the driver of the cab, then lowered his voice. "You made some contact, I believe, with the late Lester Broda's family?"

"His sister."

"Ah!" Fenn seemed deep in thought for a moment. "Are you a learned man, Mr. Zorn?"

"Just in fits and starts. Why?"

"I find great comfort in Holy Writ," said Fenn, as the cab was drawing up at Zorn's house.

"It is amazing how it soothes the troubled spirit. Let me recommend the Apocrypha," he continued, while Zorn goggled at him. "More specifically, the first book of Esdras, chapter four, verse twenty-two." He shook hands. "Good night, Mr. Zorn."

SHELLY was established beside Zorn on the couch in his apartment, her head on his shoulder. "Well, what with one thing and another," Zorn said comfortably, "I guess this is one of the nicest coming-out parties any convict ever had. You ought to take up welfare work among first offenders."

"I will. It's a worthy work to put the feet of transgressors back in the path of virtue, and—" She wriggled away from him abruptly. "Michael! You promised me you'd go straight."

"It's too late for a hardened old con like me to change his ways," Zorn said complacently.

"Louis Stradling telephoned," said Shelly. Zorn rose from the couch as if by levitation. "Golly, he can curse, can't he?" she continued. "Midge took it all down in shorthand."

"Am I still working?" Zorn asked.

"Yes, but I wouldn't spend any money fixing up your office. Does this mean he won't uptake your option?"

"I'm lucky if he doesn't have me uplocked. For all the prowling, gunfire and sounds of running feet, I'm right back where I started."

"Well, you've got me," Shelly suggested brightly.

"Just what I wanted." Zorn was pacing now.

"Did you talk to Harold Fenn? Didn't he think of anything brilliant?"

"He's busy estimating the size of his fee," Zorn said. "Personally, I'm inclined to think Harold Fenn is just the least bit self-centered—" He stopped pacing suddenly and made a stiff-legged leap to the far corner of the room. "The Apocrypha!" he shouted. He went on all fours to grope wildly in the bookcases while Shelly watched openmouthed. "Don't just sit there, Shelly. I've got a copy someplace. Help me find it. I need— Ah!" He got up triumphantly, the Book in his hands.

"Prison life has unhinged your brain," Shelly said. "What on earth are you hunting for?"

"Harold Fenn gave me some sort of mysterious tip when he brought me home. I forgot all about it the minute I walked in." He leafed quickly through the pages. "I've got it!" He looked down at the passage, and his enthusiasm faded visibly. "Here it is," he said doubtfully. " '*Ye must know that women have dominion over you: do ye not labor and toil, and give and bring all to the woman?*' "

"I like it," said Shelly. "It's a lovely thought."

"It was in the taxi," Zorn said, "just before we pulled up here. What were we talking about? Damn you and your feminine wiles, Shelly, you've knocked it clear out of my mind."

"I'll get you an ice bag."

"The sister!" Zorn shouted. "That was it—Lester Broda's sister. No won-

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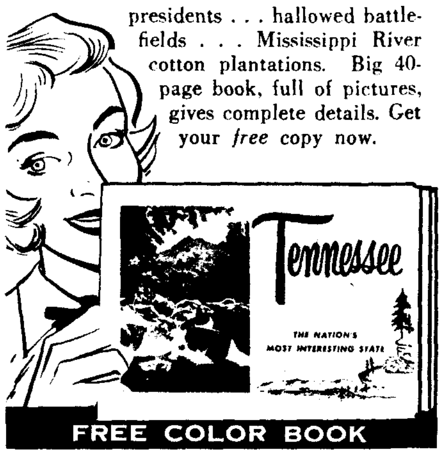
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der Dorsey didn't find anything searching the apartment. Neither will the police. The sister has it."

"I think you've got it too, Michael," said Shelly.

Zorn closed the Book and put it back on the shelf. Then he sat down beside Shelly on the edge of the couch. "Shelly, I think I've got something."

"A raging fever probably." She put her hand on his brow. Zorn, not to be outdone, put his hand on her brow. From this modest beginning, matters progressed rapidly until the door buzzer sounded. "Answer the door, Michael," Shelly whispered.

"The hell with it!" Again, as their lips nearly met, the rasp of the buzzer pulled them apart. Zorn looked at her suspiciously. "Are you doing that with your foot?"

At the third ring he went to the door to greet Ben Jarrold and Arno Brackett.

SETTLING himself in Zorn's easy chair, Brackett said, "I got hold of a crooked accountant the other day, sort of a friend of mine. I wanted him to look at Willard Morley's books."

"Any friend of yours is a friend of mine," Zorn said dourly.

"This is damned interesting," said Jarrold. He had a folded sheet of foolscap in his hand. "The way it looks now, Morley didn't actually lose money in the steel brokerage business. He only made it look that way on his books—to cover heavy withdrawals of cash."

"Paid out around a million dollars," Brackett said softly, "starting just after his wife died."

"I'll be damned!" Zorn said. "To whom?"

"If we knew that, Mr. Zorn," was Brackett's reply, "I think we would be pretty near the end of the trail."

Jarrold laid the paper out flat before Zorn. It was covered with tiny computations, each neatly ruled off from the others. "These are big losses," he said. "According to the accountant, they were what they call 'wash sales.' That's a sale that shows you a loss on the books, but actually it amounts to taking the money out of one pocket and putting it in another. The sales were made to dummy companies—outfits Morley set up for just this purpose. His own firm took a beating on each transaction, but these set-up companies profited to nearly the same extent. In nearly every case the money was withdrawn in some negotiable form—cash, warehouse bills of lading, and so on."

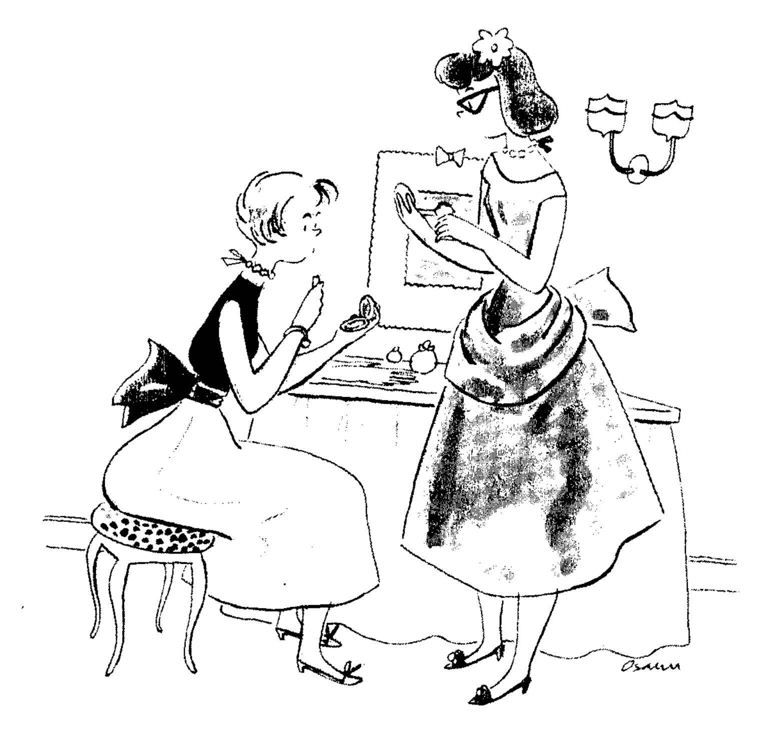
"Could Morley have been building up a pile for an emergency, a getaway?" Zorn asked.

"Maybe," Brackett said. "From the day I was put on the Morley case in forty-five I had the idea of watching his bank and his business for heavy outlay of cash. Jarrold here had the same idea. Morley's was a perfect crime for only as long as somebody else could be kept quiet. There could have been somebody who could connect him to Lonny Shires, the fake holdup man he murdered, or who could tie him to the gun he used. Keeping that person quiet, especially after Morley came into big money, would have been expensive."

Zorn chuckled suddenly, and the visitors looked at him curiously. "I was about to suggest," he said, "that you keep that fine theory strictly to yourself, because Captain Rule thinks more or less along those very same lines. Only, according to him, an ex-police detective named Arno Brackett is the mystery man in the setup."

"I know," said Brackett. "Any minute now, the captain is likely to throw me in the can and ask for an indictment. Trouble is, he's got no other suspect half as good."

TIZZY



COLLIER'S "A chaperon is just someone who separates the boys from the girls" KATE OSANN

"You could give him Peter DiSanto," said Shelly.

"I wouldn't want to risk it, miss," Brackett said.

"Which leaves us where?" Zorn asked. "I'm about to be fired, Jarrold has had his money tied up, Brackett may be in the cooler any minute—we're a hell of an enterprising little group." He paced the floor restlessly. "Harold Fenn gave me an idea, though. He thinks Broda's sister, Mrs. Lonito, may have the proof on Morley, or that it may be hidden in her apartment."

"Not bad," said Brackett. "You've met the sister, haven't you?"

"I can handle her. The fly in the ointment is Victor, her husband, who impressed me as being about nine feet tall and four feet wide. If he caught me breaking and entering, the chances are he'd break me and enter me. Besides, what about Captain Rule? He probably has cops stationed outside, ready to dog my footsteps again."

"That goes for me too," Brackett said. "Mr. Jarrold here is our best bet. He can move around freely."

"I don't mind," Jarrold said doubtfully. "Not if you think it might do any good."

"I'll get a line on the Lonito family by morning," promised Brackett. "You be ready first thing. You too, Mr. Zorn."

Zorn took them to the door. "If you can get me a suit of armor, size thirty-nine long," he said, "I'd appreciate it." . . .

The next morning Zorn's office staff, Midge included, treated him with the extreme courtesy of a condemned man. A mountain of teletype messages was on his desk, and at eleven o'clock the machine erupted again: TAKING FULL-PAGE ADS ALL TRADEPAPERS BRANDING YOU JUDAS TRAITOR BENEDICT ARNOLD AS OF PRESSTIME TOMORROW. ALSO PERSONALLY SUING YOU MILLION DOLLARS IF RELEASE OF PICTURE UPHELD. ALSO INTEND BREAK YOUR STUPID NECK FIRST OPPORTUNITY. STRADLING

The machine went on like this, spewing threats and invective, and for all Zorn's grim foreboding about his forthcoming adventure with the Lonitos, it was with a sigh of relief that he greeted Ben Jarrold just before noon.

They took a taxi to the street where Victor Lonito's cleaning-and-dyeing establishment was located. Zorn paid off at the corner and then they strolled casually down the block. "The sister, Tess, ought to be at the counter, at the left of the store," Zorn said. "The husband, Victor, hangs out in the back room." Zorn led the way past the open door of the plant. "If you could peer in there," he said, indicating the steamy, damp interior. "I'd gladly do it myself, but he knows me."

Jarrold moved casually to the open doorway of the plant and put his foot up on a steampipe, ostensibly to tie his shoelace. He straightened up, lighted a cigarette and then joined Zorn again. "Not a sign of your boy."

THE delivery truck was missing, and Zorn took heart from this omen. "I'll have a talk with Mrs. Lonito," he told Jarrold. "You hold this section of the terrain. The enemy, if and when he returns, will be driving a half-ton delivery truck, suitably monogrammed. A shrill, piercing whistle when you see this vehicle approaching will be much appreciated."

The clang of the bell over the door made Tess Lonito look up from her delivery sheets, and Zorn saw her shock and fear as she recognized him. "Get out of here, mister," she whispered.

"I had nothing to do with what happened to your brother, Mrs. Lonito," Zorn said earnestly.

"You were there. I seen it in the papers."

"I want to talk to you. Your husband isn't here, is he?"

"No, but he's coming back."

"I'm not a cop," Zorn said. "I'm the last person in the world who'd have wanted to harm your brother, Mrs. Lo-

ito, because I needed him. Maybe
ow you can help me."
"What do you want?"
"Did Lester ever give you anything
o keep, or to hide for him?"
She shook her head. "No. The po-
ce been asking me the same thing."
"Could he have hidden something in
our home?"
"Why should he? He had a place
f his own."
"According to the police, Mrs. Lo-
ito, he lived with you."
"He had a room with us," the woman
aid grudgingly, "but that was just for
he parole, so they'd have an address.
Ie didn't use it."
Zorn laid five twenty-dollar bills on
he counter. "They're yours if you just
et me have a look around his room."

MRS. LONITO'S eyes seemed glued
to the money. "The police have
een there," she said feebly. "They
idn't find anything."
"Then what's the harm in letting me
ave a look?"
Her hand went slowly to the money
pread on the counter. "It's on Bleecker
Street," she said and gave him the ad-
dress, her voice sinking to a guarded
whisper. "The third floor, you walk up,
Apartment Nine. Lester's room, the
oom he had, it's all the way back."
"How do I get in?"
"The key is over the door, on the
edge. We leave it there." She folded
he money nervously. "You're on
our own, mister," she whispered
iercely. "If the police find you there,
or Victor, you're on your own." . . .
The Bleecker Street house was an
ancient brownstone, its entrance hall
luttered with bicycles, baby carriages
and roller skates. There were no po-
ice visible, but Zorn had already
earned that it was sometimes difficult
o identify Captain Rule's operatives
and so he drew little or no comfort
rom their apparent absence.
Zorn and Jarrold walked up the
tairs to the third floor. Number Nine
was in the rear of the dark hall. Grop-
ng along the dusty ledge over the door,
as instructed, Zorn found the key, put it
n the lock, and was not particularly
pleased to find that it turned easily.
'Keep that warning whistle right on
tap, Ben." He opened the door and
stepped inside.
It was a long, narrow apartment, the
rooms opening off the hall. In the back,
with a view of a bleak tenement yard,
was Lester Broda's room—for parole
purposes, his home. It was quite
plainly maintained as a formality, fur-
nished at bare minimum. Zorn searched
t methodically, then worked his way
hrough the other rooms.
He was at the hall closet, having
been in the apartment for perhaps
twenty minutes, when he heard a shrill
warning whistle from Ben Jarrold. He
streaked from the back of the apart-
ment, Broda's room, even as footsteps
sounded in the hall. There was no
closet here, or any place for conceal-
ment; yet something of the sort was
clearly indicated. He opened the win-
dow, climbed out onto the fire escape,
closed the window again and pressed
himself against the brick wall, as far off
to one side as would shield him from
the interior yet give him a glimpse of
one corner of the room.
He caught a flash view of a towering
hulk moving through the room, and
with a sinking heart he realized that
Victor Lonito was at home. He edged
a little nearer and saw that Lonito was
not alone in the apartment. With him,
looking around, was Julia Morley. The widow, smart and lovely in mourning, was enjoying a personally conducted tour of the premises, and Zorn realized with some chagrin that he had plainly contacted the wrong member of the family.

Then a voice said, "Hey, mister!"

Zorn looked up. A grubby, fair-haired little girl of about four was looking gravely down at him from the next landing on the fire escape. "Catch, mister." Zorn put up his hands instinctively. It was a fairly wild throw, but by a desperate lunge he managed to catch the soft rubber ball she dropped. He gave the child a dazzling smile only to be met with a disapproving frown. "Now you throw it back, mister," said the blonde demon.

Zorn wound up with a prayer. Not if it were the crucial game in the World Series—two out, the tying run on base, three and two on the batter—could he have put more on the pitch. It was a slow, straight, underhand heave of some eight to ten feet, and wonder of wonders the child caught it in both hands. Then he heard again the fearful words, "Catch, mister."

Zorn shook his head emphatically.

"Catch, mister," said his nemesis, and the ball came at him again. This one was wide, but Zorn had a fleeting picture of the shrill screams that might be touched off if he missed the ball, and so he lunged for it. He caught it and scrambled back close to the wall.

He heard lumbering footsteps inside and braced himself for combat, but then they receded. In the same moment, as relief flooded over him, Zorn realized that he had dislodged one of the bricks at the window edge. It was still wedged half in and half out of the wall, but it had moved; and now he could see that it had been neatly cut, and that the pointing was fresher than on the surrounding bricks. He was about to reach over to it cautiously when he heard the voice of doom from above. "Throw it back, mister."

"You little rat!" Zorn muttered, looking up into the bland, lovely, innocent face.

"Throw it back, mister."

THERE was apparently to be no end to this. He put down the ball and, as a torrent of juvenile sobbing assailed him from above, groped carefully for the loose brick. He worked it out, and then reached into the cavity and withdrew a small oilskin pouch. He detected the outlines of a gun and, unwrapping the pouch, he saw three battered bits of lead. So far as Lester Broda's secret was concerned, the chase was ended.

He moved to the edge of the fire escape and looked down. The iron stairs came to an abrupt stop one floor above the courtyard, but there was a weighted ladder attached to the lowest landing. Blondie was still sobbing her heart out on the floor above, and Zorn made up his mind to buy her a platinum ball at the earliest opportunity. At the first floor he moved swiftly onto the horizontal ladder, and as he reached the center of this device his weight carried it down, creaking and protesting, until the bottom rung was about four feet above the level of the courtyard.

Then he jumped, still holding his precious package. But as he landed, something hit him a fearful blow on the back of the head. He tried to turn around, but a spinning sensation took hold. He clutched at the package, but his fingers were rubbery and could get no grip. Then he pitched forward into the dusty yard.

—HARRY KURNITZ

(This is the third of four parts)

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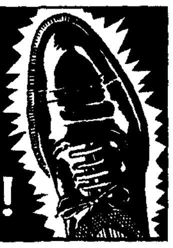

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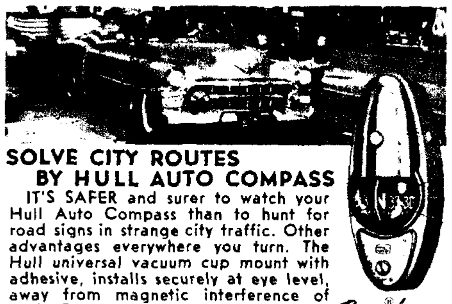

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The Dollar Is a Fightin

Foreign nations need U.S. help, yet they're making it to

HARRIS & EWING

By ERIC JOHNSTON

FOR the last few years I have had to travel a great deal abroad, sometimes as a businessman, sometimes for the government. As president of the Motion Picture Association of America, I occasionally confer with prime ministers and try to placate neighborhood-movie exhibitors (the exhibitors are usually more demanding) and I do my best to convert into dollars a percentage of the guilders and piasters and kronor earned by American films. As chairman of the government's International Development Advisory Board, to which I was appointed by President Truman and reappointed by President Eisenhower, I look for ways in which private American capital can replace government spending abroad.

My first activity, for the Motion Picture Association, might be called trying to take the dollars out. My second, as head of the government group, might be described as trying to put the dollars back in. In practice, however, no one ever faces the first problem until he has solved the second. And I have come to the reluctant conclusion that if there is anything harder than collecting a million dollars abroad, it is investing it abroad—not giving it away, but *investing* it. If there is anything more hesitant than a million dollars looking for a promising place to grow, it is a dollar-short country afraid to accept it.

Well, asks the average American, who considers life at home remote from this giant game of put-and-take, so what? How does that affect the price of beans?

Let's take coffee beans. Brazil, one of our stanchest friends in South America, has an awful lot of coffee and a chronic foreign-exchange shortage, which it tries to make up by selling us coffee. Brazil also has plenty of oil—but it must import (for dollars) nearly every gallon it uses, because Brazil's oil is still under the ground.

Getting its oil out of the ground would save Brazil millions in foreign exchange and cut the cost of transporting coffee and everything else. To develop oil resources requires know-how and capital, both of which the United States has in abundance. But legislation passed in 1953 put the Brazilian oil industry, from drilling to distribution, under a government monopoly in which private capital may participate only if all the shares are owned by Brazilian citizens. Even a simon-pure Brazilian corporation with one shareholder who's *married* to a foreigner is barred if the marriage contract includes a community property arrangement. Since many wealthy Brazilians would balk at divorcing their beautiful foreign wives just to get into the oil business, this supernationalist law also excludes a whopping chunk of local capital from developing a badly needed natural resource. So Brazilians still pay too much for their oil—and that's one reason coffee prices aren't lower.

Brazil offers only one example of the kind of obstacle American capital meets even among its good neighbors. But the stakes are higher than the price of coffee. Since World War II, America has spent $35,000,000,000 in nonmilitary aid. Some of this was straight emergency handouts, some long-range rehabilitation projects; however expensive in most cases, the policy worked out.

The present administration now wants American private enterprise to take a bigger part in bolstering the free world's economy—to support and, if possible, replace, federal spending abroad with self-sustaining investments.

Private Capital or Government Money?

Just before my last trip to the Far East, President Eisenhower asked me to explore every opportunity to put American private enterprise to work. He told me there must be plenty of jobs that private capital could do better than government money. He emphasized that private capital brings with it a special know-how—the surest kind of personal responsibility.

What many Americans forget—and most of the world now chooses to ignore—is that the United States, in its early days, was developed by foreign private capital. British, Dutch and German money financed our railroads, opened our mines and developed our timber resources. And we certainly didn't lose our independence in the process. We paid off the investors from the earnings. In my own home town of Spokane, Washington, there is today a remnant of the "foreign interests" which helped build the Inland Empire—the venerable and respected Hypotheekbank, once an outpost of Dutch pioneer capital. It is still owned by Dutch interests.

What happened in America we want to see take place in other undeveloped parts of the world. And "undeveloped" (rather than underdeveloped) does not necessarily mean a frontier country or an underpopulated one. A nation with a great percentage of its people on a bare subsistence level is undeveloped—no matter how old its civilization—and so are technologically advanced countries whose resources were drained by war but which possess a new potential.

Unfortunately, governments which have no objection to accepting U.S. federal grants or loans balk at the prospect of a partnership with private American capital on their home grounds and under their own house rules. Sometimes they make the rules so tough nobody will play. "Creeping expropriation," discriminatory taxes, import restrictions, miles and miles of red tape and all sorts of changeable interpretations of law face the would-be American investor today. On this and other trips abroad in which I visited 31 countries, I found a pattern of resistance to American venture capital based on a combination of motives. They are:

1. Rising nationalism, which sees a blow to national pride in building the nation with foreign help. This sentiment is strongest in former colonial countries, which need investment support most.
2. Fears of outright imperialism. Small nations recall that in the past the flag often followed the investment—and the soldiers followed the flag.
3. Fear of modern competition. In countries where fixed prices, rigged markets and curbed production are the rule, existing cartels are afraid of a newcomer.
4. Magnifying these fears is a tireless Communist propaganda machine. It is openly anti-American, but its real aim is to block development by private enterprise of any kind.

The obvious question is: In the face of such widespread opposition, why do American firms even try to invest abroad?

Most of them don't. For some 2,000 leading American corporations that do, however, the answer is: for profit and to expand markets—two necessary factors of modern competitive capitalism. More important from our national point of view, they help develop natural resources and create new wealth, jobs and industry wherever a rise in the standard of living is the best insurance against Communism. And that is anywhere. New capital can raise the standard of living in Europe (as it does from year to year in the United States), but its most fertile soil may be found in countries without even the most customary capital-forming agencies—savings banks, insurance companies, investment brokerages.

American firms hold $17,000,000,000 in direct foreign investments and $6,000,000,000 more in foreign securities. This is an imposing position. When an American investor complained against what he called discriminatory treatment, a Middle East government official remarked sarcastically, "Why don't you foreign capitalists revolt? You have nothing to lose but your gains."

That official might have pondered how much

Vord

Americans to invest. Why?

the host countries would lose if the investors stayed home. In 1953, direct U.S. investments abroad earned around $2,250,000,000, of which 30 per cent was paid in foreign taxes. These investments directly or indirectly accounted for 10 per cent of Latin America's gross production, and for one third of that area's exports to the United States. Globally our foreign stake generates 25 per cent of everything the rest of the world sells us. This share amounts to $2,700,000,000 a year—or nearly half a billion dollars more than the investments' gross earnings. Despite the torrent of dollars they attract abroad, American investors take home an estimated 6 to 9 per cent, applied to both earnings and original expenditures.

Prosperity Brings Social Benefits

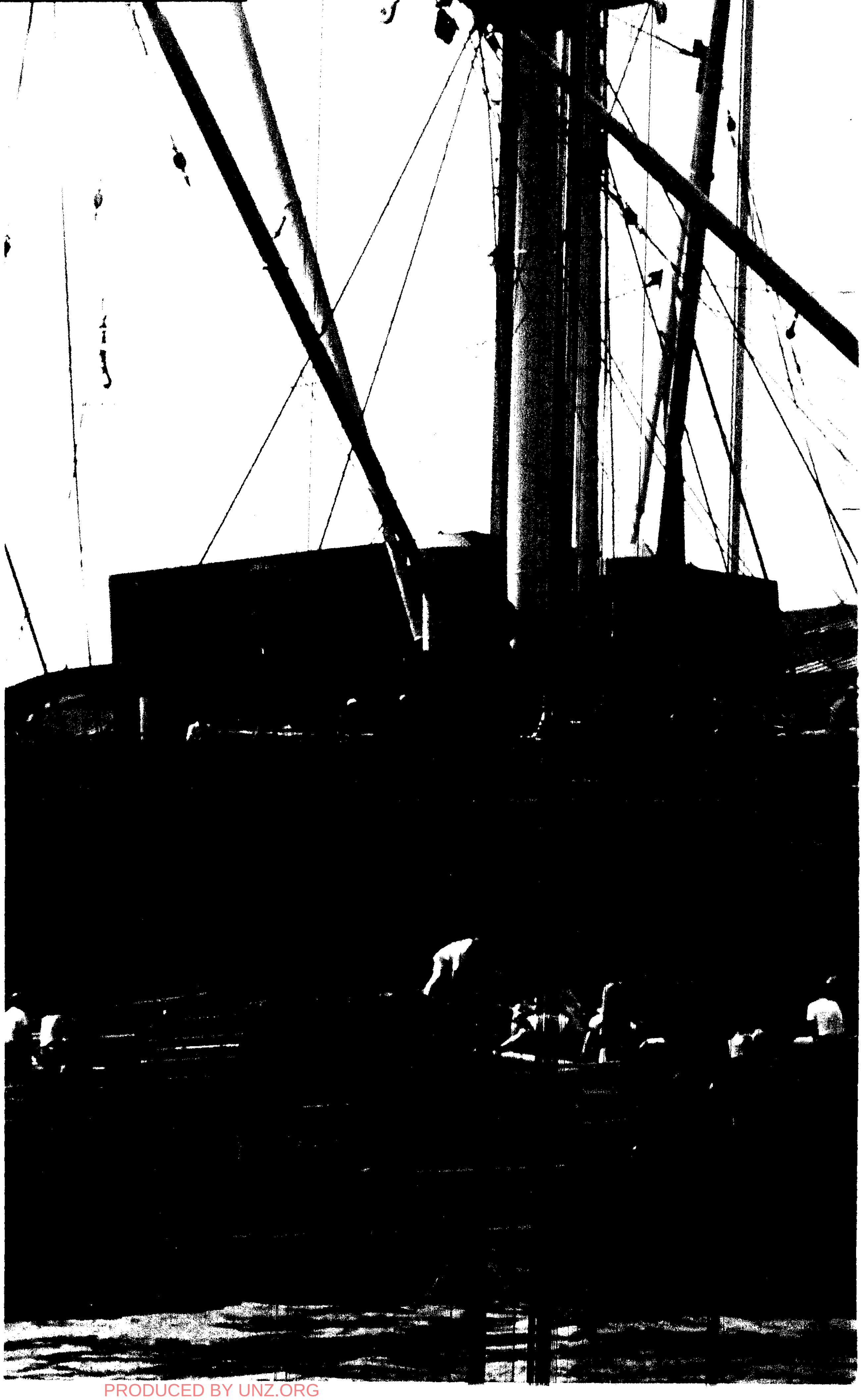
That's the balance in cold figures, but the social benefits are more dramatic. Through American development companies, oil has brought schools, hospitals and economic self-sufficiency to Saudi Arabia and Venezuela. (Some Venezuelans are so prosperous they like to say that the cheapest thing you can buy in Caracas is a dollar.) Sears, Roebuck, merchandising both local and American products in Mexico, has opened new fields for Mexican crafts and services; more important, it has stimulated a boom in retail selling by Mexican mail-order firms.

Firestone has plowed back a good share of its profits from Liberian rubber production into Liberian public works—and today that country is one of the leading independent African states.

Such private share-the-wealth programs—and there are dozens of them—are motivated by enlightened self-interest. The era of ruthless exploitation of natural resources is as dead as the sweatshop is in America, and for the same reason—it doesn't work any more.

That American foreign investment works for the benefit of the country as well as the investor is acknowledged everywhere on this side of the iron curtain—in principle. I have never heard a head of a state say that American capital was unwelcome. President Perón of Argentina, Prime Minister Menzies of Australia (as well as his opposition Labor party leader, Herbert Evatt), Japan's former Finance Minister Ikeda, Spain's Generalissimo Franco, the Philippines' President Magsaysay, several French premiers and even Marshal Tito of Communist Yugoslavia told me in all sincerity that their nations needed and wanted more American investment than they had. But something baffling takes place at the lower levels. As one American phrased it, "When you try to get down to brass tacks, it's all tax and no brass."

He might have had in mind the case of an Amer-



CHARLES RATKIN

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"When you try to get down to brass tacks," complained

ican manufacturer who worked two years building a factory in one European country and was about to begin operations when the government suddenly hiked the import taxes on a raw material necessary for his product. The new tax boosted production costs as high as the price of importing the finished article. It made the whole enterprise profitless to the American and pointless for the country which had encouraged him to build there.

Antagonizing U.S. Investors

Almost as exasperated were a group of American investors invited to buy and operate a plant in a foreign country, under government ownership. After negotiating for 18 months, they gave up. They learned the invitation had been just a public-relations gesture to show how friendly the government was toward the United States. Today the government is just as friendly—but not so the American investors.

In some places, rulings designed to conserve dollars actually keep dollars from coming in.

In one South American country, a U.S. company which had already installed several million dollars' worth of electric generators asked for permission to bring in some more that were needed. A government functionary rejected the request on the ground that Czech generators were cheaper. They were, according to the catalogue, but they wouldn't work with the existing installations. It took a direct appeal to the president of the country to straighten matters out.

Thinking up ways of repatriating legitimate profits is a game played by scores of American businessmen all over the world. Dedicated to frustrating them are hundreds of government bureaucrats. The bureaucrats nearly always win because they interpret the rules. One harassed American firm which found every avenue of conversion sealed hit on a simple but ingenious way to get its pile of blocked foreign currency home.

It asked for and received permission to print English-language Bibles—thousands and thousands of them—and then sold them in the United States.

I helped negotiate Hollywood's first venture into the shipping, iron-ore and steel industries, as a means of unfreezing a bankful of Swedish kronor belonging to American movie companies. It was like playing three-cushion billiards. First we canvassed American-Swedish trade and learned that an American steel company wanted a steady supply of high-grade Swedish ore but couldn't get a long-term lease on two ships to haul it. We found a Swedish shipyard that would build two ore carriers, then a shipping line that would operate them. The movie companies used their frozen kronor to pay for building the ships. The ships were turned over to the shipping line, which contracted to haul ore for the steel company on a 10-year lease—payable, naturally, in dollars. The movie companies collect 10 per cent of this operating fee until they get back the cost of the ships—then they become the property of the shipping line. It will take a decade, but in that time the Swedish mining company sells ore, the American steel company is assured of getting it, the shipyard will have built and sold two ships, the shipping line will own them, Hollywood will have changed its kronor into dollars and the Swedish government will have recouped the dollars and made more.

The Japanese, having established their industries on Western models some 80 years ago, have ever since resisted large-scale foreign investment as they would an offer to buy Mount Fuji. They lease patents and technical rights on a royalty basis, but carefully screen out foreign partnerships that would disrupt the unofficial cartel system. Today more than ever Japan must export to survive, competing with up-to-date producers all over the world. To remodel its worn industrial plant Japan needs capital—which it hasn't got. A reputable Japanese concern pays up to 10 per cent monthly on business loans, and banks reward depositors with free lottery tickets (besides interest) on deposits left more than six months. Many a prospective American investor has waited longer than that before learning the Japanese mean no when they say perhaps.

Yet Japan's attitude is much like the rest of Asia's outside the bamboo curtain, if for a different reason. Former colonies have a deep suspicion of foreign capital, which they associate with foreign rule. Even in the Philippines, our "democratic showcase in Asia," where the people deeply and genuinely like Americans, there is an understandable trend toward "Filipinization." A foreigner may not enter the country to take a job unless it can be shown that nobody in the Philippines is capable and willing to take it. This regulation discourages some American corporations which want their own management personnel in charge.

Recently the Philippines passed a retail nationalization law prohibiting the inheritance or purchase of a foreign-owned business by another foreigner after the owner's death. Americans, at present, don't come under the law, but they are getting nervous at the way the wind is blowing. It is blowing harder elsewhere in Asia, but there is nothing for us to do but weather it with patience and understanding. "Europe," wrote General Mark Clark, "may be the fulcrum of the power balance between Communism and the democracies, but the weight of Asia may tip the scales one way or the other."

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Keeping Free Asia on our side, or at least out of the Communist camp, is probably the toughest problem we face. It is largely an economic and social problem; we haven't yet found a political formula to weld 700,000,000 people of a dozen Asiatic nations into a military alliance. Over half these countries (with more than three quarters of the total population) recognize Red China, and the rest have no more than tepid enthusiasm for Chiang Kai-shek; Japan is hated by South Korea and distrusted by the Philippines; British Malaya is still a colony and thus it is anathema to many as an ally; India, Burma, Ceylon and Indonesia are aggressively neutralist and partly socialist.

The one common denominator is a blind but irresistible determination by millions of Asians to get more out of life than wretchedness and bare subsistence. Massive economic support to Asia is as vital to our military strategy as massive retaliation.

But our resources are not bottomless; government assistance has its limits. There is half a billion dollars' worth of opportunity in Free Asia for American investment to do the job as well or better—and at no cost to American taxpayers. Power projects, dams, basic factories, chemical fertilizer plants, timber, mining development—these are duck soup to American free enterprise.

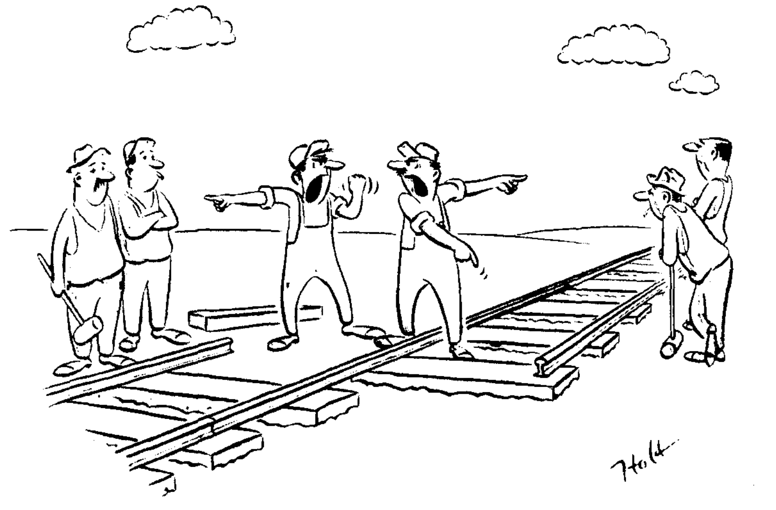
In the Shadow of Red China

India, perhaps Communism's highest priority target, needs nearly everything on that list, and a lot besides. One third the size of the United States, its 360,000,000 people have an average annual income of $55 per capita. India is awed by neighboring Red China's emergence as a world power and is uneasy over its ruthless methods of becoming one. In seeking a middle way, India welcomes certain foreign aid and investments, but vigorously exercises its sovereign right to be as exasperating about it as the traffic will bear.

There is the now legendary story of the Britisher who tried to get a hearing aid through Indian customs. A customs inspector immediately pounced on the device. After half an hour he conceded that India didn't make competing hearing aids, but what about those six tiny dry batteries? The Britisher explained that without a set of two batteries the hearing aid wouldn't work. Perhaps, said the inspector, but what was he trying to put over by bringing in *six?* One set lasted only a short while, said the Britisher, and besides, what ruddy crime could he commit by taking in the extras? "Very simple," said the inspector with a knowing smile. "You might build illegal radio sets." He impounded the four batteries.

Both Ford of Canada and General Motors closed down their long-established Indian assembly plants after the government insisted they make all parts locally, despite a lack of facilities and skilled workers.

Yet we should not permit ourselves to be needled out of helping India or anyplace else in the free world. We



COLLIER'S J. GORDON HOLT

n't afford it. In dealing with peoples hose psychology and prejudices are t the same as ours, we need infinite atience—never an outstanding Amer- an trait.

A representative for an American nstruction firm waited weeks in a Far ast country to meet a government de- artment chief, who, he was told, was way on vacation. Repeated efforts to nsult someone else about his prob- m met with no success. In desper- ion one day he barged into a new vernment office and demanded to now why he couldn't see *somebody* out a dam he had come 5,000 miles build. "Mr. T—— is the man you ant," an official told him. "But Mr. —— is on vacation," the American peated for the hundredth time, "and obody can tell me when he'll be ack." "Ah, neither can Mr. T——," id the official. "His department was olished six months ago and the new ne hasn't been organized yet."

Besides patience we need tact. We ust make it quite clear that—although we believe our system of competitive free enterprise to be the best —we are not trying to impose that ystem on anybody. American capital an function very well in countries with ate-operated monopolies (as is dem- nstrated by Squibb in Turkey, Aramco Saudi Arabia, International Tele- hone and Telegraph in Argentina).

At home the administration favors ncouraging foreign investment with x incentives (eliminating double tax- tion, for example) and promoting ommercial treaties and reciprocal ade agreements which would brighten merican investment prospects all ver the world. It has directed our mbassies to take greater interest in e individual problems of American usiness away from home.

In addition, there should be wider ublicity on the opportunities as well s the pitfalls in the entire foreign- vestment field. Many businessmen hose means and talents as organizers ake them potential foreign investors ever think of the possibilities because ey do not know about them. And yet ey do exist. The problems may be ew, but they are not insurmountable; hey should be nothing to a nation with ur tradition for daring business enter- rise. (I learned that the expression risk capital" is peculiarly American hen a European banker told me, "We don't have such an expression—it sounds too risky.")

Abroad we need able fact finders and salesmen to demonstrate through well-documented case histories that fair profit is not a synonym for plunder. We are not classic imperialists seeking only raw materials on which to survive. We are builders and developers who in our own self-interest are aware that America cannot survive as an island of prosperity in a world of want.

Why Co-operation Is Advisable

We submit that, on the record, development and advance have come in the wake of dollar investments and know-how. It is up to the countries which can benefit from such investments, in *their* self-interest, to help create the atmosphere of co-operation and partnership our leaders advocate.

There are strong indications that such a co-operative spirit is making headway. Two cases in point are Egypt and Israel. Although both countries are at loggerheads, they seem to agree on one fact—they can benefit themselves and develop their resources with help from American capital.

There was further encouraging evidence of this trend in New Orleans in February at the Inter-American Investment Conference, which brought together leading businessmen from Latin America who were seeking American dollars and know-how and leading Americans who were looking for investment possibilities. Although it is too early to see the results, the outlook for joint undertakings as a result of this exchange seems bright.

The Netherlands, too—perhaps because of the loss of Indonesia as a colony—is anxious to expand at home. This small nation, which built an empire on foreign investments of its own, finds nothing contradictory in making market surveys and exploring factory sites to attract American investors.

And to any nation suspicious of American motives and afraid that it can come out only on the short end of any deal with the Yanks, may I point to Scotland. The Scots, anxious to promote greater industry at home, have set up a council to prepare terrain for American capital and know-how in areas where they are most needed. No one has ever accused a Scotsman of being softheaded.

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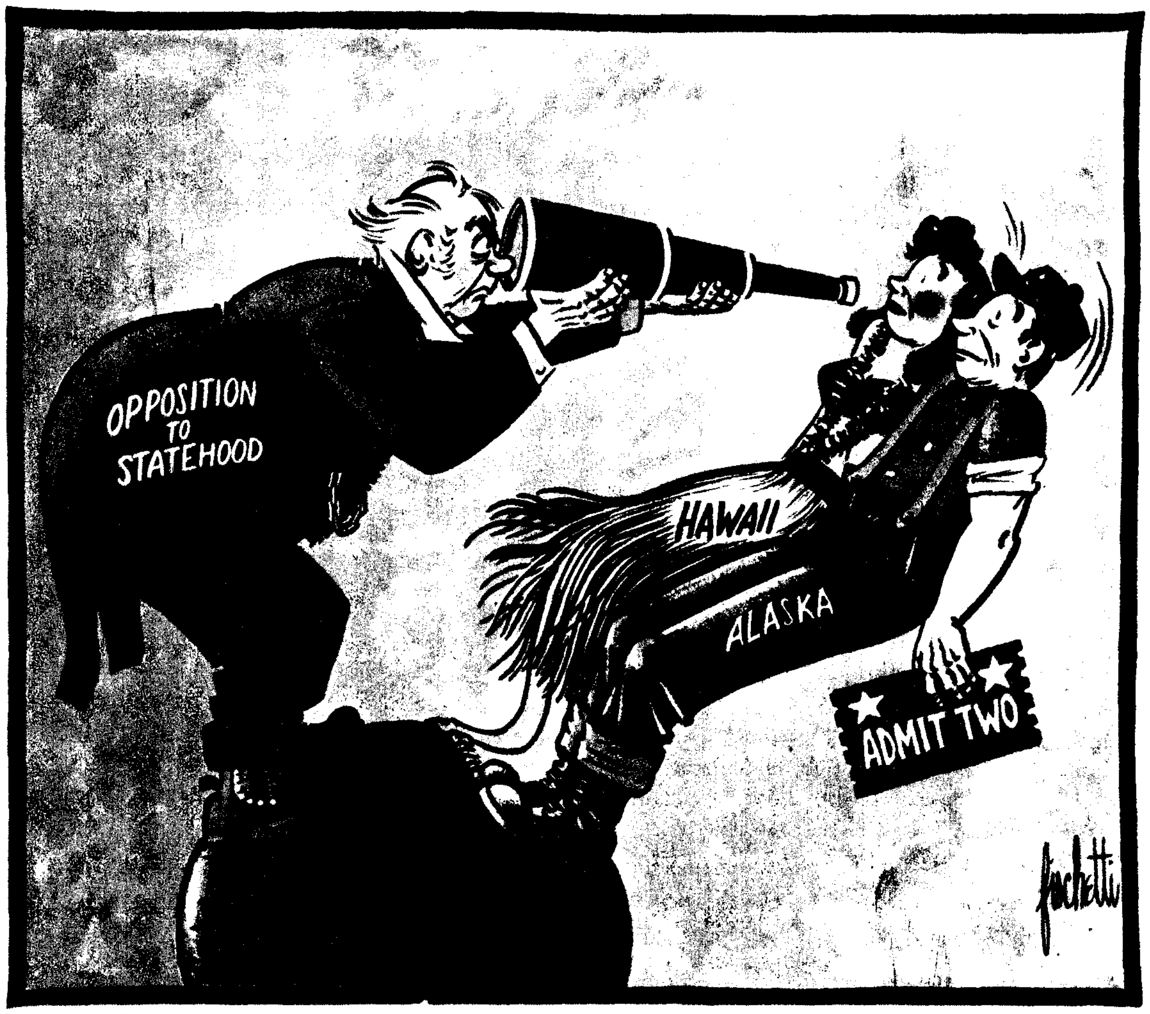


JOHN FISCHETTI

Let's Make It 50 in '55

OKLAHOMA'S SENATOR Mike Monroney, writing in the March 4th Collier's, opposed statehood for Hawaii and Alaska and proposed commonwealth status, instead. He made an earnest and vigorous argument which brought the issues out into broad daylight where the American people can sort them out and debate them intelligently.

With full respect for Senator Monroney, Collier's finds the weight of logic on the opposite side of the balance, and believes the time is long past when a satisfactory solution can be found by tossing Hawaii and Alaska a bone called commonwealth status. The two territories have served out their apprenticeships—Hawaii for 57 years, Alaska for 88. Hawaiians and Alaskans want statehood, not a watered-down compromise. They want to be full-fledged Americans and wear the honored badge of that status—the right to a voting voice in federal affairs. Commonwealth status would deny them that right. The issue remains, therefore, statehood or not.

The kernel of Senator Monroney's argument is that the addition of these two new states would diminish the "physical strength and symbolism in our land mass," and would dilute the common American heritage of ideals and democratic traditions with new voters of differing heritages.

The first of these arguments was blown out of the water by a series of explosions beginning at Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941, and culminating with the first hydrogen blast beyond the Urals. The second mistakes the very nature of the American heritage.

The events of the past 13 years have thoroughly gutted the concept of the 48 states as a snug fortress with oceans for walls. A nation's strength, in this age, is an amalgam of many elements—scientific and military wherewithal, the speed and mobility of its striking power; its economic know-how and stability, its access to far-flung vital raw materials; and perhaps most important of all, the faith it inspires in its people.

Hawaii and Alaska, in the atomic age, are part and parcel of this pattern of American strength. They are military outposts of incalculable value. They are reservoirs of vast and varied natural resources. And they are communities of people—citadels of great potential spiritual strength. What we make of them is up to us. What we have made of them up to now, compared with their potentials, is very little.

We have denied these people a voice in the control of their own destinies, and in our own conduct of their affairs we have been shortsighted, whimsical, discriminatory and indifferent. We have stunted their industrial development with arbitrary restrictions. We have shortchanged them in various forms of federal development aid. We have imposed restrictions which have stifled the development of their natural resources. And by denying them both the privileges and responsibilities of full citizenship we have inhibited their progress toward political maturity.

It is no satisfactory answer to point out that in spite of these handicaps the Hawaiians and Alaskans have moved steadily forward, building their cities and roads and industries, rendering loyal service in every crisis. They have labored in patient expectation that their country would one day recognize their deserving and take them into full partnership. To grant them such partnership will not only open the way to accelerated development of their resources and strength, it will spread before the world a practical example of the kind of democracy we preach.

Senator Monroney fears dilution of the "American heritage"; these people have been sharing and defending that heritage for generations. Within the narrow limits allowed them, their performance has been superb. Our own performance, as custodians of that heritage, has left a good deal to be desired.

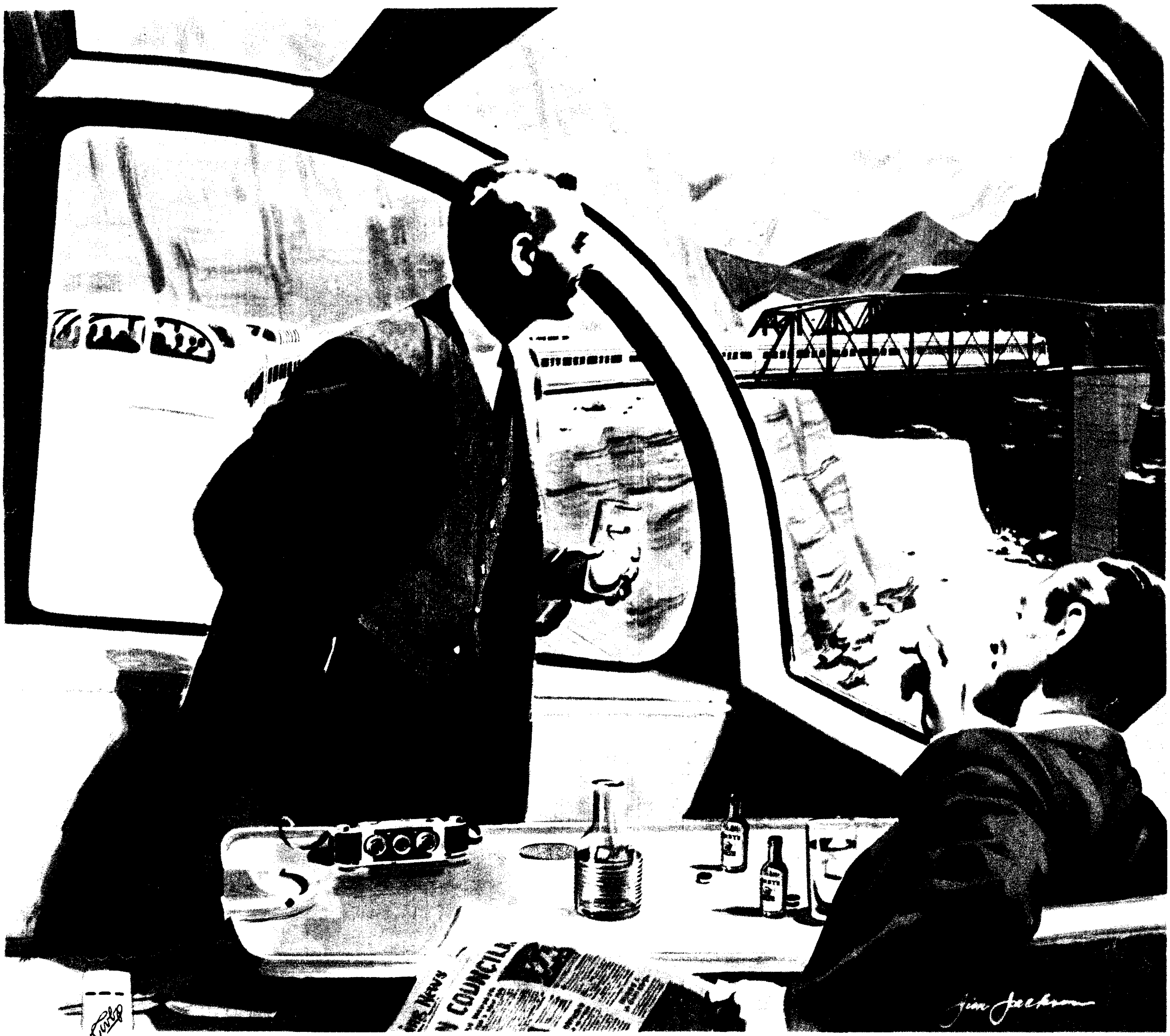
Our 48 states are a renowned melting pot of races and creeds, brought together in respect for a doctrine that says a man shall be judged by his character, not his ancestry; much of the rugged strength of America derives from this very diversity of peoples. Equality and individual justice are the essence of the American heritage, and we have tried to respect that principle in our policy toward territories and possessions. Rejecting the way of colonialism, we have brought the territories along to a level of political and economic maturity and then given them either independence or full partnership. That is how it was with the Philippines; that is how it was with Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona and Oregon. That's how it should be with Hawaii and Alaska.

Senator Monroney fears for the future of a 50-state Union. He fears that conflicts of interest would arise between the new states and some of the older ones. There have been such conflicts ever since an industrial Massachusetts and an agrarian Virginia aired their mutual suspicions and fought out their differences in the original Constitutional Convention, and the Union has grown steadily stronger. He points out that the populations of Hawaii and Alaska would have more per capita representation in the Senate than would some of the more densely populated present states. So do New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho and Rhode Island; Nevada has almost twice as many senators per capita as the new territories would if they came into the Union at this moment. After all, one reason we have a Senate is to afford an arena where the sovereign states can meet on equal terms. He fears that the admission of Alaska and Hawaii might bring a parade of other territories pounding on the door for statehood. Probably so—but the American people can be trusted to bar the undeserving, and admit those whose entry would strengthen the Union.

This is an age when a businessman can fly to Honolulu in the time it took his grandfather to drive a wagon from Chicago to Gary, Indiana, and a bomber can fly from Bering Strait to Detroit in the time it took a frigate to sail the length of Long Island Sound. In such an age it is neither sound nor safe to regard Hawaii and Alaska as remote, picturesque possessions, nor their loyal people as outlanders. Hawaii and Alaska are essential, integral parts of the United States of America.

To make sure that their development proceeds with maximum speed and effectiveness requires that those most directly concerned—the people of Hawaii and Alaska—gain a positive voice in the basic decisions governing that development, and that freedom be given the same meaning for the people of Alaska and Hawaii that it has for the people of the present 48 states.

Hawaiians and Alaskans are ready for full citizenship—ready and anxious to pull their full weight on the American team. In justice and common sense they ought to have statehood, now.



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